

The Palmer Journal.

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TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

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JON PARVIN executed in the most modern styles, at short notice.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

ORIGINAL PUZZLE.

No. 1.—I consist of thirteen letters.
My 1, 12, 13, is what many folks like to eat.
My 13, 6, 4, is a part of your person.
My 7, 13, 6, 4, 5, is what boys and girls must do.
My 9, 6, 5, is indispensable in hot weather.
My 9, 11, 13, is a word of contempt.
My 12, 6, 7, is a nickname.
My 9, 11, 4, 13, is needed in cold weather.
My 4, 3, 10, 9, is a bird of Europe and Asia.
My 4, 2, 13, is a species of deer.
My 1, 2, 13, is a nickname.
My 4, 6, 9, 10, 7, 13, is a game of chance.
My 9, 3, 4, is what ladies wear in winter.
My 10, 2, 13, is an enemy.
My 4 and 11 are the initials of a small state.
My 9, 8, 9, 4, is a number.
My 4, 2, 9, 13, 4, was a learned man among the ancient Goths.
My 9, 8, 2, 7, is a buffoon.
My 2, 10, 9, 11, 12, 13, 4, is what thieves hate to see following them.
My whole is a place of driving business.

No. 2.

Moore's ingenious nose hid diller's sues
Tis to him fulfill our law's needs.
Thaw's hat buries hawthorn's joy
One hint will hallow veal no more dies.

No. 3.—There is a pile of cannon balls, the ground tier of which contains 289 balls, and the top tier one ball. Require the whole number of balls in the pile.

No. 4.—E-E marriage E-E.
No. 5.—How many feet had a thief ought to have?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

No. 1. Palmer Journal.
No. 2. Clay, Horse, Swallow, Whale, Oak.
No. 3. Hour-glass.
No. 4. 96,628.
No. 5. A living sinner's transgression procured damnation.
A dying Redeemer's passion purchased salvation.
No. 6. Herschell. (her shell)

PLEASANT READING.

Ladies' bonnets, now-a-days, are bare-faced falsehoods.

The jealous man poisons his own banquet, and then partakes of it.

Why isn't a reporter like a policeman? Because one takes down what the other takes up.

It is a sad fact that of the fifty-seven children on board the Austria not one was saved.

A woman will tolerate tobacco smoke in a man she likes—and yet, curiously enough, how she abominates it in a man she dislikes!

Five glasses of whiskey and a gallon of beer will enable one to see a sea-serpent, even on dry land.

"Boy, where does this road go to?"

"I don't think it goes anywhere. I always see it here every morning."

The victory is not always to the strong, as the boy said when he had killed a skunk with a brickbat.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they will burn.

In an Irish provincial paper, there is an advertisement running thus: "Wanted, a handy laborer, who can plow a married man and a Protestant, with a son or a daughter."

The most remarkable case of indecision heard of, was that of a man who sat up all night because he could not decide which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

"Mick, what kind of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones to be sure. Do the holly hoker! an' does your honor think I would beafter plantin' biled ones?"

A young physician asked permission of a lady to kiss her. She replied, "No, sir, I never like to have a doctor's bill thrust in my face."

We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

Our disagreeable contributor is in favor of veils. He is of opinion that they materially improve one half of the women.

A Quaker's admonition to a man who was pouring forth a volley of ill language to him: "Have a care, my friend, thou mayest run thy face against my fist."

If petticoat government is not more oppressive now than formerly, it is certainly double in extent.

"Sir," said an irascible man to his opponent, "I believe you are either a deist, or an atheist." "Wrong, sir," replied the other, "I am only a dentist."

We don't know what is best. The rose prayed to Jupiter for a gift, so he gave it thorns. At this the rose wept, until it saw the antelope eating lilies.

"Master at home?" "No, sir, he's out."

"Mistress at home?" "No, sir, she's out."

"Then I'll step in and sit by the fire." "That's out too!"

"Did I hurt you?" asked a lady the other day when she trod on a man's foot. "No, madam, I thank you, seeing it is you. If it were anybody else I'd holler murder."

A cement composed of six parts of rich lime, ten of sand, three of uncalcined clay, and one of powdered silicate of potash, is said to be capable of withstanding the effects of water, as in wells and cisterns.

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety spinster to her maid. "Oh, work," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them in to the oven to dry."

The Sleigh-Ride.

Bright gleam the golden stars, tracing the blue, Round the white moon lifts her beauty to view; Low in the East the faint light of day Dies in its red-dusk softly away. Ice-clear the sun-robe spreads o'er the world, Loading the trees which the frost has caparisoned.

Glistens the road down the white, misty track, Winding by river and ice-cataract, Over the hill and away thro' the glen, Past the white birches, round by Vaulen; Crossing the intervals, meadow, and farm, Down to the shore of the black-bosomed tarn.

Bring up the courier, hang on the bells, Hurrah! for a sleigh-ride o'er highlands and dells! In mid the fur-robes' slacken the rein, Away! like the wind, o'er the hard-trodden plain! O Fate! grant us wings, as thy blessed doom, Steed, jingle the bells; toss thy rich flowing mane! And we're off like the breath of the desert simoon! On o'er the piled drifts, like lightning winged light—

Up, up the steep hills, like deer in a fright! Right merrily onward and onward we go, Ye gods! there is naught will compare with the snow!

Sing of the divans of velvet and gold, And of the silk curtains by splendor enrolled; Of rich Southern frescoes, and soft crimson light; But give us the stars of a clear Winter's night! With a charger as fleet as the winged bird of Jove, And we'll east off awhile e'en the spell of sweet love.

INTELLECT IN RAGS.

It was a bleak wintry day. Heavy snow drifts lay piled up in the streets of New York, and the whole appearance of the streets was very cold and dismal.

Seated on the steps of one of the large dwellings on Fifth Avenue, was a boy, apparently thirteen years of age. He was literally clothed in rags, and his hands were blue, and his teeth chattered with cold. Lying upon his knees was a newspaper he had picked up in the streets, and he was trying to read the words upon it. He had been occupied thus for some time, when two little girls, clad in silks and furs came towards him. The eldest one was about twelve years old, and so beautiful that the poor boy raised his eyes and fixed them in undisguised admiration.

The child of wealth stopped before him, and turning to her companion exclaimed: "Marian, just see this fellow on my steps! Boy, what are you doing here?"

"I am trying to learn to read on this little bit of paper," answered the boy.

The girl laughed derisively and said: "Well, truly! I have heard of intellect in rags, Marian, and here it is personified."

"Marian's soft hazel eyes filled with tears, as she replied:—

"Oh, Louise, do not talk so; you know what Miss Fannie teaches in school, 'the rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is Maker of them all.'"

Louise laughed again, and said to the boy: "Get up from here, you shall not sit on my steps, you are too ragged and dirty."

The boy arose and a blush crimsoned his face. He was walking away when Marian said: "Don't go, little boy, you are so cold, come to my house and get warm. Oh, do come," she continued, as he hesitated; and he followed her into a large kitchen, where a bright, warm fire was shedding its genial warmth around.

"Well, Miss Marian, who are you bringing here now?" asked the servant woman.

"A poor little boy, who is almost perished; you will let him get warm, will you not, Rachael?"

"Oh, he shall warm; sit here little boy," and Rachael pushed a chair in front of the stove; she then gave him some bread and meat.

Marian watched these arrangements, and then glided from the room; when she returned she had a primer with the rudiments of spelling and reading. Going to the boy, she said: "Little boy, here is a book that you can learn to read from better than a piece of paper. Do you know your letters?"

"Some of them, but not all. I never had anybody to teach me. I just learned myself; but oh, I want to read so badly!"

Marian sat down beside him, and began to teach him his letters. She was so busily occupied in this work that she did not hear Rachael enter the room, nor hear Rachael exclaim to the boy; and she knew not that her mother stood sometime behind him, listening to her noble child teaching the beggar boy his letters.

There were but few that he had not already learned himself, and it was not long before Marian had the satisfaction of hearing him repeat the whole alphabet.

When he rose to go he thanked Rachael for her kindness, and offered Marian her book.

"No, I don't want it," she said, "I have given it to you to learn to read from. Won't you tell me your name?"

"Jimmy," he replied.

"I will not forget you, Jimmy, you must always remember Marian Hayes," was the little girl's farewell.

Louise Gardner and Marian Hayes were playmates and friends. Their dwellings joined, and almost every hour of the day they were together, for they attended the same school. Those two girls were very different; Louise was proud and haughty. Poverty in her eyes was a disgrace and a crime, and she thought nothing was so severe for the poor to suffer. These views she learned from her mother.

Mrs. Gardner moved in one exclusive circle of the bon ton of New York. Without its precincts she never ventured, for all others were beneath her. Louise, taught to mingle with no children except those of her mother's friends, was growing up believing herself even better than they.

The teaching that Marian Hayes received was totally different from this. Mrs. Hayes was acknowledged by Mrs. Gardner as one of her particular friends, yet, though she moved among that circle, she was far from being one of them.

Her doctrine was the text her little girl had used: "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is Maker of them all." This

she taught Marian; there was no distinction as to wealth and position; the distinction was in worth alone. She taught her to reverence age, and to pity the poor and destitute; and that "pleasant words are sweet as honey-comb, sweet to the soul," a little kindness was better than money. Marian learned the lesson well, and was ever ready to dispense her gentle words to all, whether they were wealthy and influential, or ragged and indigent as the boy she had that cold morning befriended.

A gay and brilliant throng were assembled in the city of Washington. Congress was in session and the hotels were crowded with strangers. It was an evening party. The brilliantly lighted rooms were filled with youth and beauty.

Seated near one of the doors, were two young ladies, busily engaged in conversing together. The elder of the two suddenly exclaimed:—

"Oh, Marian, have you seen Mr. Hamilton, the new member from W.?"

"No, but I have heard a great deal about him."

"Oh, I want to see him so badly. Mrs. N. is going to introduce him to us. I wish she would make haste, I have no patience."

"Don't speak so, Louise, I wish you would not be so trifling," said Marian.

A singular smile played around the mouth of the tall, handsome gentleman who was standing near the girls; and as he passed them, he scanned them very closely.

In a short time Mrs. N. came up with Mr. Hamilton, the new member, and presented him to Miss Gardner and Miss Hayes.

As they were conversing together, Mr. Hamilton said:—

"Ladies, we have met before."

But Louise and Marian declared their ignorance of the fact.

"It has been long ago, yet I have not yet forgotten it, nor a single sentence uttered during that meeting. I will quote one that may recall it to your memory—'The rich and the poor meet together and the Lord is the Maker of them all.'"

The rich blood tinged the cheeks of Marian, but Louise still declared herself ignorant as before. Mr. Hamilton glanced for a moment at Marian, then turning to Louise he said:—

"Long years ago, a little boy, ragged and dirty, seated himself upon the steps of a stately mansion on Fifth Avenue, New York, and to be had at Oeono, which is his left, track of vessels in any trade. When the ship had not broken up, and the Captain got out his specie and carried it down with him. Pitcairn's Island, it will be remembered, is a fertile and pleasant island, only four miles in circumference, which was settled, many years ago, by the mutineers of the British vessel, the Bounty. It has long been a favorite stopping-place for whalers, and the Captain went there in hopes of meeting some one of them who would carry himself and his men to the Sandwich Islands.

Upon the 14th of March, started in his life boat, with his first mate, Mr. James F. Bartlett, of Binghamton, N. Y., and five men, for Pitcairn's Island seventy-five miles to the southward, expecting to find relief there, not to be had at Oeono, which is his left, track of vessels in any trade. When the ship had not broken up, and the Captain got out his specie and carried it down with him. Pitcairn's Island, it will be remembered, is a fertile and pleasant island, only four miles in circumference, which was settled, many years ago, by the mutineers of the British vessel, the Bounty. It has long been a favorite stopping-place for whalers, and the Captain went there in hopes of meeting some one of them who would carry himself and his men to the Sandwich Islands.

Arriving at the island in forty-eight hours, he found it uninhabited, the settlers having been removed to Norfolk Island. In landing, the life-boat was stove and ruined. Of course the unfortunate men were now without a boat of any description, and had no tools with which to construct one. There seemed to be nothing for them to do but put up with their situation until next February or March, when they might hope for succor. The whaling fleet bound up the Pacific. The island abounds in tropical fruits which, with goats and chickens left by the late settlers, promised abundant support meantime. The Captain fitted up a deserted tenement, and made himself comfortable as possible. An old gun-barrel picked up on the island was mounted upon a rude stock, so that one man could fire it with a match while aimed by another. In this dual fashion the goats were brought down for meat.

In walking about the deserted settlement one day, they found old rusty tools, consisting of a few axes, planes and augers. With these the Captain determined to build a boat to get away with, and the party proceeded at once to carry the plan into execution. Of course it was no small undertaking, for they had no saws, nor rigging, nor ironwork for fastenings. They went into the woods, however, with their axes, until the whole was ready to put together. In the meantime they found a few nails, and burned a couple of houses to get more. With these and wooden pins, they fastened the vessel, and in about three days had it ready to launch, a trim looking, though frail schooner, thirty feet in length. From a quantity of condemned ropes picked up on the island, they made oakum to caulk the seams, as well as rigging for the schooner. The sail of the life boat, and some old sail cloth, also picked up at Pitcairn's, furnished sails for the John Adams as the new craft was christened. From a bucket of tar, and several pounds of resin, found in a deserted tenement, the bottom seams were paid, and the lead were painted with some refuse white lead from the same source. The hold was eight feet deep, and got a set of oars. These the Captain soon provided, an old shirt furnishing the white stripes and stars, some trimming from the church pulpit the red, and the curtains before a bunk in a deserted house furnished the blue for the field.

After three weeks effort, the Adams was launched, provisioned with jerked goat's meat, chickens, fruit, a few cans of preserved meats, and an abundance of water. Three of the sailors, fearful of the craft, preferred to remain where they were. So Captain Knowles, his mate, and two men set sail from Pitcairn's on the 3d of July for Tahiti, intending to call in at Oeono Island, where he had left 32 men. The first night out, they encountered a severe gale from the northwest, which lasted three days, forcing them so far to the eastward that they could not make Oeono. They bore away accordingly for the Marquesas, 1,300 miles from Pitcairn's, where they arrived safely on the 5th of August.

Here they found the United States sloop-of-war Vandalia, Commander. Sinclair, who immediately got under weigh for Tahiti, to get wood and water, and proceed thence to the rescue of the Wild Wave's crew, remaining on Oeono and Pitcairn's. To Captain K. and his companions also proceeded. The mate went with the Vandalia on her errand of mercy, and the Captain Knowles was carried by the French frigate Eurydice to Honolulu, whence he started for San Francisco on a merchant schooner, arriving here on the 28th Sept., bringing his colors and his specie with him. He starts for home to-day, as already stated, and carries the first news of his ship which has reached the East since last Spring.

His family, who live at Cape Cod, have long since given up all hope of ever hearing from him, as he learned from his friends here. He is evidently an intelligent and honorable gentleman, and his misfortunes command the sympathies of the San Francisco merchants and shippers.

A New Robinson Crusoe.

Captain J. M. Knowles lately arrived at New York from San Francisco where he had been landed by a French frigate. Captain Knowles had been missed several months, and had been given up as lost. In Sept. 1837, he left New York for San Francisco in charge of the clipper ship Wild Wave. He arrived at San Francisco in February, and left on the 9th for Valparaiso.

The strong easterly winds which prevailed for some time after starting, forced the vessel considerably to the westward of the usual track of vessels bound for the South American ports. All went well, however, until the night of the 4th of March. Captain K. had taken fair observations daily, and on the night in question supposed himself at least sixteen or eighteen miles from any land. An hour or two later he discovered breakers upon the lee bow. The helm was put hard down, but the ship mis-stayed, and, and soon struck upon a sunken coral reef, and soon fell broke over her side and bilged. A heavy surf broke over the ship, and it became evident at once that she must be lost. Her topmasts were cut away, to ease her as much as possible, but all efforts to relieve her materially failed.

Daylight at last revealed their position, and showed that the vessel had struck the reef surrounding Oeono, a very low lagoon island, and a mile and a half or two miles in circumference, the reef extending in some places two miles from the shore. Soon after daylight the boats were got out and all hands landed. In the course of the day the Captain succeeded in getting his nautical instruments and a supply of provisions ashore. During the ten days following they were unable to get out to the wreck more than twice in consequence of the surf. While upon the island Captain Knowles made very careful observations, from which he ascertained that Oeono lies sixteen miles East of the position ascribed to it on the latest English Charts, by which he had navigated the ship. To this error of the chart—which Captain Knowles is confident will be also exposed by the officers of the sloop-of-war Vandalia, soon—the loss of the Wild Wave is attributed.

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LETTERS TO MY SCHOLARS.—No. 4.

BY A DISTRICT SCHOOL TEACHER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—You have heard so much said about Punctuality that you know well enough your duty in this respect, and it is only the lazy children of lazy parents who are habitually tardy. It is enough to know of any family that the children are late at school two or three mornings every week. They may be set down at once as lazy, shiftless, good-for-nothing people. Therefore if you do not wish to disgrace your family, be punctual at school.

There is apparently a very great scarcity of water in some localities, and in consequence of this, I suppose, there are some children at school who are almost as filthy as negroes from the hold of a slave-ship. Not only their clothes but their hands and faces have that greasy, glazed appearance which becomes like a coat of varnish over the whole surface from which water slides off as from a bladder.

Many large boys come to school with hands which have been only half washed for so long a time that the dirt has become a part of the skin and nothing less than an hour's soaking in strong soap-suds will dissolve the fond union between them. You are not so much responsible for the cleanliness of your clothes as your parents are, and if they will not keep them decently clean you must wear dirty ones, but you can keep your hands and faces clean. I do not believe you are so poor that you cannot afford soap, and you can certainly find water somewhere within ten or three miles, and if you can possibly pick up wood enough to heat it boiling hot, you can try for once to find out what the color of your skin is. You may possibly discover, when the dirt is removed, that you are neither a Negro nor an Indian, but belong to the European race.

Next in importance to clean scholars is a clean schoolroom, and if you have neatness enough to keep yourselves clean you will not be willing to study in a dirty room.

Your teacher will not probably make many rules unless he is obliged to. You would not expect him to lay down this rule: "No scholar shall leave the schoolroom in school hours without permission." Such a rule would be useless, for no scholar thinks of going out in this manner, because he knows it is improper, and he would as much deserve and expect punishment as if the teacher had expressly forbidden it. Many teachers make no rules except the general rule that all shall do as well as they can, and if everyone will adopt this rule there is need of but few others. It will be more easy and pleasant for you to do as well as you know how, and thus escape the long array of rules which your teacher will be compelled to impose upon you if he finds you too ignorant or too ill disposed to govern yourselves.

Some of you recollect, I hope, how much I detest tattling and informing. I mean by this, running to the teacher with stories about your schoolmates: that Charles has whispered, or that Henry is eating his dinner, or Julia is doing something out of the way. I have sometimes punished the latter instead of the first offender, and one or two examples of this kind have usually broken up the practice. It is so mean to be watching others and telling of their faults without any reason for it except mere spite or envy, or a desire to secure favor with the teacher, that I cannot endure it. I had much rather have a scholar by any honorable means try to save a schoolmate from detection and punishment. It shows a nobler spirit. When the teacher asks for information the case is different. It then takes the form of evidence in a court of justice, and there can be nothing mean in telling truthfully what the teacher requires, for the good of the school demands it and he has a right to require it of you. I have known this tattling to be encouraged by teachers and have seen children grow up under the influence of such a habit and become pests to society, always babbling something had about somebody, or croaking ravens fattening upon official and ear-rolling. "Out, then," I say, "upon the tattlers!"

I cannot close this short series of letters to you without a few words upon bodily education, a great part of which you receive during your school recess. It is at school that you watch yourselves against your fellows in those contests of bodily strength, speed and agility in which bone and muscle are developed. I always pity the narrow-chested, white-faced, lily-livered schoolboy, who is afraid of a snowball and wants to stay in the schoolroom and play with, or tease the girls. On the other hand I admire a bold, brave boy, with sun-burnt cheeks, deep, broad chest, strong limbs and hard fist, who can run as fast, jump as far, climb as high, strike as hard, and wrestle as well as any of his fellows, and yet not brag of his accomplishments or study his marks. He will do more either of bodily work, enjoy more, and live longer, than you baby-boy who cries and threatens to tell the teacher, when he gets ducked.

In order to accomplish this, boys, you must expand your chests so that your lungs will have room to play. Throw back your shoulders, hold up your head and be careful how you sit in the schoolroom. Do not bend over your studies or writing-books, but keep straight if you can. At any rate, when you go out, throw your head and shoulders back, and your chest forward, inhale as much air as you can three or four times to open all the air-cells of

your lungs, and then be ready for anything that tries wind and muscle, if it is fight and proper for the occasion, and "Be a hero in the strife." This will give you a constitution which will be worth to you more than any amount of money.

These remarks are for you, too, girls. You need sun-burnt faces, broad chests, and strong limbs as much as the boys, and you must get them in the same way, by hearty, out-door exercise. I do not think that any girl who is not too old to go to school is too old to run and jump, to play ball or throw snowballs, skate, coast, or engage in any out-door exercise which is not immodest. I should like to see the girls have their balls and quoits as well as the boys, and skates, too, it there is good ice near, and let them practise till they are a match for their brothers in these games. Do you fear that this would make you rude and coarse in your manners, tan your faces and make your feet too large? Your complexion will be much better at twilight by peering painted in tints of the rainbow by peering of rough winds brings to your cheeks will not fade away with your teens. If small feet and pretty ankles are the ambition of your life the destroyer Consumption will be your most enthusiastic admirer.

What if your manners should become a little more masculine? The rough corners and sharp edges can be smoothed off much easier than a good constitution can be given to one of those delicate, lady-like little dolls, and then you will be worth a dozen of them.

But I must close this random, rambling letter, and with it my communications to you for the present. If they have interested or profited you I am glad. To know that you are making good progress in your studies, and are growing up brave and generous boys, and girls, will ever gratify

YOUR OLD TEACHER.

Meeting of Husbands and Wives.

The Rev. Mr. Taylor, the well known street preacher, says he boarded the steamer Panama, on her arrival at San Francisco, on one occasion. About four thousand persons crowded the wharf. Quite a company of anxious wives, who had come to join their husbands, stood on deck, looking out to catch in the distance the joyful recognitions of those they loved. One simple-hearted beautiful woman, getting a glimpse of her husband in the crowd, clasped her hands, and danced for very gladness. One man rushed on deck, and threw both arms around his wife, as though he would run right away with her, and then, with arms around each other, they walked "abait" in the greatest glee, not seeing to be conscious that anybody was in sight of them. A man by the name of Brown was expecting the arrival of his wife, pressed through the crowd with eager haste to see if she was aboard, and inquired:—

"Is Mrs. Brown aboard?"

"Yes," answered one, "she is down in her room."

She, in the meantime, learned that Mr. Brown was coming, and was filled with raptures at the thought. Mr. Brown found the room, and rushed in to embrace his dear wife, and, to their mutual disappointment, it wasn't either of them. He was not the man, and she was not the woman.

But a sad case I saw, and it was but one of many of the same kind. A man hastened aboard with joyous heart to meet his wife, and was told that three days out from Panama, she had suddenly sickened and died, and he had found a grave in the deep blue sea. He was taken to her state room, and there were her trunks and clothing and everything just as her own hands had left them. Ah! the sadness of that heart has never been told!

TALKING OF OUR NEIGHBORS.—Upon this subject the Newport Mercury has the following timely and judicious remarks:

"Talking of one's neighbors is an evil which the human family is guilty of. In small communities it is more noticeable than in larger ones, and greater harm is the result. This would be a blessed world if every one would try to correct their own evils, instead of judging of others, and thereby embittering the life of their fellow beings. Every one conducts himself in life according to the dictates of his own conscience, and it is not our duty to interfere with another's character, and by idle gossip mark the full circle of his private reputation. No one is perfect, and whoever would speak ill, should first see how their own character and habits stand before the world; whether the shaft which they are about to hurl could not be thrown with equal force against themselves. Many families are made unhappy by the talk of those who, in idleness, busy themselves by reporting calumny and destroying the sweetness of future anticipations; but although slander may for a moment fix its fangs on a person's character, if above reproach, it will rise from the temporary wound with invigorating strength. The malicious and wicked may vent their evil surmises and endeavor to tarnish the fair name, but their attempt will recoil upon their own heads. The upright should not suffer calumny to move them; if they do, it shows they fear the tongue of man more than the eye of God."

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE LADIES.—A patent has just been issued at Washington to a gentleman of New York city, who, it seems has made petticoats his study, for an entire new skirt, of the expansive and collapsible variety, that will infallibly turn out all the women. It is made of white horse-hair in open work, and so pliable are the bars, through their saturation with some new material, which is also patented, a full skirt or forty yards, all the essentials of elasticity, fullness and strength, can be carried within a muff, occupying scarcely more space than a portmanteau, and in an instant be adjusted to the person, expanding a robe to a diameter of six or seven feet, giving the wearer the agreeable and imposing circumference of from 18 to 21 feet. Ladies moving in the "first circles" will wear them, of course.

The Palmer Journal.

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1859.

BILLS.—We are now sending bills to all persons indebted to this Office, with the expectation that the money will at once be remitted. The beginning of the New Year is the time to settle all accounts, and no one should forget the amount he may owe the printer.

The Old and New Year.

The light of day had gone out. Darkness hovered over the world, shrouding in shadows and mystery the pursuits of life. It was the last night of the Old Year! Seated in our sanctum, musing over newspapers and quires of foolscap, we heard the sound of retreating footsteps die away upon the walk, and saw the lights disappear one by one in the village cottages. The click of the type as they fell from the compositor's hand into the composing stick, and the creak of printing presses had ceased. All was silent—all was hushed in the surrounding gloom.

"Sleep chains the cat, the bright stars glide on high,
Filling with one effulgent smile the sky;
And all is hushed so still, so silent there,
That one might hear an angel wing the air."
Peering moodily into the shadows that enveloped type cases, presses, and the whole array of materials that give life and immortality to thought, we glanced backwards over the events and changes of the year. At that moment we heard a slight rustling at the farther end of the room, and the dim outlines of an aged patriarch rose up before us. In his white locks, furrowed face and bending figure we recognized the form of Father Time. At the same instant the whole machinery of the room was set in motion. The press stretched its black legs across the floor, and the lever which moves the world swung round in its socket; type cases opened their hundred mouths, and the little pieces of lead clicked themselves into place in long columns upon the imposing stone. We asked for the meaning of these strange things. "There," said Father Time, pointing to the array of lettered metal, "is what you seek—a record of the events and changes of the year! There is a history of opening buds and blooming flowers—of summer skies and wintry storms—of dangers by land and calamities by sea—of war, bloodshed and crime—of human affections and Christian charity—of disappointments, ingratitude, brutal wrongs and treacherous friendships—of new born life, bridal happiness and the formal solemnity of the grave—all that has interested, amused, instructed—all that has brought gladness, joy and pleasure—all that has guided human action and formed public opinion—even all that has bro't sorrow and the shadow of death! All these are there, and every week in the hurrying round of the months they have gone forth on printed pages to be read by thousands. The good accomplished by those weekly messages will not die with the dying year, but be felt through coming time, till many a child who now reads with lisping tongue shall grow grey with age and teach his children's children the knowledge he has gleaned from his family newspaper. The records of earthquakes, pestilence, wars, tempests and fearful casualties, are soon forgotten, but great truths, though conflicting with established opinions, live forever. Thrice blessed is he who bursts the shackles of bigotry and speaks the honest convictions of his own heart. The untrammelled Press gives power and immortality to his thoughts, gathering them like sheaves of wheat for a famishing nation.—There are bounds set to prevailing error and wrong, but the influence of good actions and correct sentiments is imperishable. Look not upon the Past with repining or regrets, for it has gone to the grave of years; but rather improve the Present and greet the Future with new resolutions and a determination to go forward in the path of duty. The record of the Old Year is full. The history of another year shall be written and published." With these words Father Time unfolded his grey wings; a shadow flitted through the room, the Old Year went out with a moan upon the midnight air, the clock struck twelve, and we awoke from our reverie to wish our readers a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

SPRINGFIELD.—When in Springfield a few days since, we dropped into Burt's Ready-made Custom Boot and Shoe Store in Music Hall Block, and were exceedingly gratified in viewing his beautiful establishment, but not more so than in examining his elegant Boots and Shoes, for both Ladies and Gentlemen, all of which we were informed, are manufactured expressly for his own trade, thus securing to his patrons the best of goods. We noticed as a very desirable characteristic in Mr. Burt's Fine Boots and Shoes, that they were all made of several different widths and fullnesses of the same number, so as to fit every body. And as his prices cannot fail to suit, we think that we shall be doing our readers a favor by advising them, when visiting Springfield, and in want of a superior article of Boots and Shoes, to be sure and give him a call.

ADMINISTERING PENITENCE ACCORDING TO SCRIPTURE.—A married woman was brought before a Virginia Justice charged with the larceny of some power plates. After hearing the evidence, and deciding that the woman was guilty, he ordered that ten lashes should be inflicted upon her husband, who was then and there present, giving as his reason that the scriptures declared that man and wife were one flesh, and as the wife was the weaker vessel, it was right that the man should bear the penalty.

A MONEY MAKING CLERGYMAN.—Rev. Dr. Chapin is a money making clergyman. He generally delivers four lectures a week, receiving \$50 apiece, exclusive of expenses. Each of his Sunday services is rewarded with \$125, making together about \$325 per week.

A TOWN HALL DECLARED A NUISANCE.—The hall where the Town Council of Smithfield, R. I., meet to transact their business has been declared a common nuisance, because liquor was sold there by the keeper of a tavern.

Massachusetts Legislature.

The General Court of this State will assemble next week. The most important business to come before it will be the code of laws as revised by a committee of legal gentlemen. If not accepted as reported, the tinkering business will go on all winter, unless it should be decided that an extra session shall be called for this purpose. Three or five good sound-headed, common-sense men can make a more wholesome set of laws than three hundred members of any legislature that ever assembled. What, then, is the use in going over the entire code, unless it should prove to be decidedly out of joint in many particulars. A short session is again predicted. We hope it may be so, but if the "code" should be tinkered we shall not know when to expect the end.

There is considerable "figuring" for several offices in the gift of the legislature. The clerkship of the House is conceded to Wm. Stowe; that of the Senate will be sharply contested by Gifford, Boyden of Amherst, and perhaps one or two more. For Sergeant-at-arms there are several candidates, prominent among whom are Morrissey of Plymouth, and Brown of Adams. Major Stevens is going in for a hard fight, but he is pretty sure to fail this winter. The Speakership of the House, as we have before stated, will probably be given to Charles Hale of Boston. Charles A. Phelps, also of Boston, aspires to the Presidency of the Senate. Perhaps all these offices may be quietly yielded to Boston and the eastern part of the State, but we believe there is pluck enough in the members west of Boston to resist such monopoly. It would be wrong to select both presiding officers, who have in their hands the appointment of committees, from Boston; besides it is contrary to established practice. The press of Western Massachusetts has mentioned Col. Walker of Hampden, for presiding officer of the Senate. This suggestion has met the approval of prominent individuals in all parts of the State, and an effort will be made to carry it into effect. Mr. Dranning of Berkshire, will also be brought forward, but as his County had the speaker of the House, last winter, it would be hardly fair for Berkshire to ask for another presiding officer so soon. Of the three candidates mentioned, Col. Walker seems best entitled to the position. If he should receive it, Western Massachusetts will be justly recognized, and the Senate will secure an accomplished presiding officer.

NORWEGIAN ROMANCE.—An old Norwegian, whose young wife had eloped to this country, and a more youthful native of her own land, suddenly appeared to the runaway couple not long since, in Detroit. The woman would not leave her young husband, however, and the old man struck a bargain to buy off the usurper, the latter receiving about \$100 in gold. The legally married couple were then coldly turned out of doors, and the old man, unable to get work, soon exhausted the remainder of his cash funds. He was thrown upon the public for support, and his wife went back to her old quarters, where she was willingly received, and the happy pair are now reveling in the comforts which the \$100 in gold enabled them to buy.

MEXICAN OUTRAGES.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald reports several more Mexican outrages. Five American vessels have been fired into, detained, and robbed by Gen. Garza, and the cargo of one was ordered to be discharged on the beach of Tampico while he was besieging the city, and was then sent by him into the interior on his own account. The vessel was then made a cover to his launches in an attack on a fort, was perforated with shot holes and the chief mate's hand shot away. Her commander, Capt. Trevis, was imprisoned for eleven days, and only released on the arrival of the United States steamer Fulton; but no indemnity was exacted.

THE CHEAPEST LIGHT.—Mr. John Fallon, the chemist of the Pacific Mills, Lawrence, has made some careful experiments as to the relative costs of the various kinds of light, and he found that ordinary coal gas, at \$3.50 per thousand feet, is the cheapest. Kerosene oil, to be equally cheap, would have to be furnished at 84 per cent. of its present price; sperm oil would have to be furnished at 76 per cent. of its present price; burning fluid at 53 per cent., and lard oil at 56 per cent.

OFFERS TO SETTLE.—Kennedy, the forger, now in jail at New London, Ct., awaiting trial, has issued a card to his creditors in which he offers, on condition of his release from jail, to pay them fifty per cent. of their claims within one week of his release, and give his notes for the balance, all of which he promises to pay in one year from date. He also informs his creditors that if this proposition is not accepted, they will not get much on their claims against him.

ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Dr. Hayes, surgeon to the last Arctic expedition of Dr. Kane, lectured in New York last week, upon the open polar ocean, and stated his intention of proceeding to the northern regions to verify Dr. Kane's discoveries. He says he hopes to be ready to start in 1860 with a vessel of one hundred tons burden and twelve sailors, and asks those having means to contribute aid.

NO PLACE FOR JEWS.—North Carolina, it is known, is the only State in the Union that excludes Jews from holding offices of profit and trust within its limits. Many ineffectual efforts have been made to remove this proscription feature from the Constitution of the State, and a resolution to this effect has engaged the consideration of the Legislature now in session, but has failed to receive its favorable action.

MINISTER FINED.—Rev. James Wilson, a Methodist clergyman at Locks Village, has been fined \$1, for throwing a fork full of manure on E. H. Pitts, a school teacher. If it had been the "E. H. Pitts" we know of, he should say the minister ought not to have been fined.

ANOTHER DONATION TO THE MOUNT VERNON FUND.—A letter from New York announces that Mr. Washington Irving has made a donation of five hundred dollars to the ladies' fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon.

POOR MAN.—Elijah Porter, late of the Westfield News Letter, writes to that paper from Wisconsin that he is too poor to get back, and has actually received money contributed by the citizens of Westfield to aid him there.

TO FARMERS.—The Northern Farmer, published at Utica, N. Y., is an excellent monthly publication for farmers, and is offered at the low price of 50 cents per year.

Small Paragraphs.

—The New Year has arrived, looking very much like the old year except it has a 9 in it.—People who have no almanacs cannot tell the difference between December and January, and consequently will not know that the year has changed. For their benefit we would announce that it is the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine.

—A whole military company in Dayton, O., fell in love with a beautiful young lady, a Jewess, and as they couldn't all have her, they compromised the matter by selecting her as their captain.

—Quite a humorous ghost has been visiting the people of Clinton, Mass., and cutting up various ridiculous pranks in the village. On one occasion the ghost, it is said, chased a girl from somewhere to somewhere else. We think we should have done just so if we had been the ghost.

—In New Bedford, on Saturday last, a woman presented her husband with a Christmas token in the shape of a baby weighing nearly sixteen pounds.

—The ignorance of the English of the American continent is illustrated by the London Times, which, in a recent editorial, speaks of Portland, Me., as a Canadian town.

—Miss Harriet Green, and Bryan J. Butts were married at Hopkedge a few days ago, at the same time making a protest against matrimony as "cohabitation," &c., and commencing a divine affinity which shall extend to Heaven. The silly fools ought not to get married with such ideas in their heads.

—Hon. George P. Marsh says there are not more than fifteen thousand words used in all Shakespeare's writings. Evidently, then, Mr. Buchanan is a greater writer than Shakespeare.

—Payments of judgments at New Orleans are refused if tendered in silver, coin being a drug in that market.

—A young Irish girl who was giving testimony against an individual in a court of law, said, "I am sure he never made his mother smile." There is a world of a biography of unkindness in that sentence.

—Speaking of knowledge, Lord Bacon says:—"There is no power on earth which setteth up a throne in the spirits and souls of men like knowledge."

—A lady in St. Louis has caused the arrest of Wm. Fluke, upon a charge of biting off the tail of her pet cur, and claims \$20 damages.

—At this rate how much would the whole dog cost?

—Some fireman has parodied the following from a similar verse about the doctor:—"When fire is cried and danger's nigh, God and the firemen are the people's cry; But when 'tis quenched and all things righted, God's forgot, and the firemen slighted."

—Some good people in Kingston, N. Y., have been holding prayer meetings in the county jail with a view to convert the prisoners. On Wednesday last a Mr. Hamblin, who "led in prayer," earnestly exhorted the prisoners to "flee from the wrath to come." That night six of them followed his advice and broke jail!

—A divorced lady at Litchfield, Ct., who lives in the same house with her late husband, for the purpose of taking care of his children, lately gave birth to three children at once!

—She says she always kept the door of her room locked at night and is puzzled to account for the accident.

—A gentleman in New Bedford received as a Christmas present, a check for \$100, sent him by some one who had defrauded him in a business transaction.

—In lecturing on the life of Washington, Theodore Parker says:—"It is rather refreshing to find that this cool, cautious, diplomatic man, could once in a while swear."

A MILD PENITENCE.—Wm. H. White, the party who eloped with a young lady from Hartford, a few weeks since, and then deserted her in New York City, was brought before the Hartford police court, on a charge of seduction. This charge had to be withdrawn, because the young woman in the case, upon whose testimony the prosecution relied, refused to appear, as her evidence would criminate herself. Upon a charge of fornication, White was fined the largest amount allowed by law, \$7, with the costs.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST IN CONGRESS.—Father Boyle, a Catholic priest, opened the Senate with prayer, on Thursday of last week. The Senate Chamber was full of priests in the dress of surplice and cassock. This is the first time since the foundation of the government that the entire vestments of the Romish clergy have been seen in either house of Congress. We don't suppose any harm will come of it, tho' a great many bigoted minds will be wonderfully shocked at the act.

BRIGHAM YOUNG BEFORE A U. S. COURT.—The Salt Lake mail of Nov. 20 brings intelligence that Brigham Young was to have been tried before the U. S. District Court on the Monday following, for false imprisonment of the Gentile citizens. It was rumored that he would have to be forced to attend Court by the U. S. soldiers.

FREE LOVE IN TROUBLE.—At Burt's Mills, Ohio, a man named Almond who had a wife living, took to himself another female companion named Pepper. Lately he was joined by a man named Speck, and the neighbors became indignant, and with more anger than modesty, seized the trio, stripped them naked and tarred and feathered them.

MINISTERS PROSECUTED.—Ministers of the Gospel are not allowed to hold seats in the North Carolina Legislature, and Rev. Wm. P. Taylor would likely have lost his seat as member from Chatham county, last winter, had it not been proven that he had not been for some time past "in the exercise of pastoral functions."

A GOOD RESOLUTION.—The Ohio State Board of Agriculture has adopted a resolution concerning the payment of premiums by Agricultural Societies for the speed of horses, on the ground that such trials of speed tend to divert attention from everything else, and are demoralizing.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

The number of inmates in the State Almshouse on Thursday, Dec. 30th, was 612.

MARCUS P. KNOWLTON of Palmer, Mass., is announced to deliver the "High Oration" at Yale College at the next Commencement.

JOHN BLACK, a straggling vagabond, who assaulted sheriff Hfills with a razor last fall, was last week sentenced to the house of correction for one year.

THE RECEIPTS.—The donation visit to Rev. E. H. Watrous, at Three Rivers recently, resulted in contributions to the amount of about seventy-five dollars.

SOCIAL GATHERING.—The social gathering at the Methodist church at Four Corners on Tuesday evening was well attended. Rev. Mark Trafton gave an able address. The receipts amounted to \$100.

FIRE IN MONKSON.—On Wednesday evening the woodshed of the academy in Monkson was destroyed by fire, which created quite an alarm without causing very serious loss. It was probably set on fire.

A NOTE OF IT.—Last Sabbath a man attended one of our churches who had not been to meeting for thirty years, though he had lived within sound of Sabbath preaching all the time. This is truly an age of wonders.

POLICE.—John Connor was found dead drunk in the middle of the street on Wednesday night, for which Justice Collins sent him to the House of Correction for three months. Connor had just been let out of jail for a similar offence, and was on his way home.

ALMOST A FIRE.—On Thursday noon Louis F. Shoals discovered a fire in a corner of his barn. It had burned up a horse blanket and was running up the boards, and in a few minutes would have been beyond control. It was easily extinguished without giving an alarm.—How it took he is unable to say.

STORE-BREAKING IN MONKSON.—On Friday night, 17th ult., the store of T. F. Packard at Monkson was entered by a false key, and about \$100 worth of jewelry and goods taken. The burglary being similar to those that have lately happened in this village, it is reasonable to suppose that it was committed by the same individual.

APPOINTMENTS.—Rev. A. D. Bullock, of the Baptist church in this village, has been appointed Chaplain of the Monkson State Almshouse, in place of Rev. E. B. Wright, resigned. In addition to discharging his duties at the Almshouse, Mr. Bullock will continue his connection with his church and society here. Dr. William Workman of Worcester has received the appointment of consulting physician.

THE REASON WHY HE DIDN'T APPEAR.—It was stated in court at Springfield, last week, as a reason why Fitz did not appear for trial, that he had been exposed to a prevailing sickness, and was expecting soon to be confined to his bed. A legal gentleman remarked that if his story about being seduced last Spring was correct, it was about time to expect such an event.

STOLEN PROPERTY RETURNED.—The belts which were lately stolen from D. A. Calkins' grist mill in Wilbraham, were returned one night last week, with the following letter of explanation, and a \$20 gold piece. The belts were worth over \$100:

MR. D. A. CALKINS:—I understand, by Mr. D. A. Calkins, that you have exchanged your Old Miller for a new one; if so, I hope he will not take the grist and give me the toll. By the strength of this I return the belts with twenty dollars for the use of them four weeks. Honesty is the best policy for Millers. M. S. L. V. I.

A SAD CASE OF CRIME.—About half past seven o'clock last Sabbath evening the jewelry store of Samuel Blair, in Nassawanno block, was broken into and about \$800 worth of jewelry stolen. Entrance was effected by breaking one of the large panes of glass in the front door, and reaching in and drawing down a spring bolt, which allowed the springing open of the double doors. After entering the store in this way the back door was opened, to allow an escape in case of discovery. The time occupied in doing all this could not have exceeded five minutes, and being transacted in the edge of the evening, when people were usually passing upon the walk, rendered the burglary a very daring one. Mr. Trumbull, who lives in a tenement in the rear of the store, was out at the time, but on returning and finding the back door of the store open, and hearing a noise in the store, suspected all was not right. The alarm was immediately given, and the robbery discovered, but no trace of the thief could be found. The surprise created at the boldness of the robbery was only equalled by the announcement Monday morning that MASON A. STONE, a young man boarding at the Nassawanno House, had been arrested for the robbery, the watches being found in his possession. The watches were found done up in his shawl, under his bed. When the officer entered his room, accompanied by Mr. Blair, Stone was highly indignant that he should be suspected, and at once opened his trunks for them to examine, but when sheriff Hills found the stolen property under his bed he disclaimed any knowledge of how it came there, and said that it must have been placed there by some one who wished to injure his character.

Young Stone is only twenty-one years of age. He grew up from a child in this village, and was respected by all who knew him. About three years ago he went West and South, and for two years resided at Vicksburg, Miss. He came back last May, and since that time has boarded at the Nassawanno House, engaged in no visible business except that of gallanting young Misses and reading books. He always had plenty of money, wore the nicest of clothes, which, with a polite address, and a good name, gave him access to respectable society.

On being arraigned before Justice Collins, much sympathy was manifested for him, and the complaint against him being only for larceny, he was ordered to recognize in the small sum of \$300. In default of bail he was taken to prison, and on being searched, preparatory to commitment, two skeleton keys were found in his pockets. The officer returned with them, and then examined his trunks. In them were found a key which fitted the hardware store of Ebenezer Brown, a knife which corresponded with a lot which were stolen from Brown about a month ago, when his store was entered and robbed of pistols, cutlery, &c., a quantity of silk gloves, a dozen pair of white pants, bills of goods sold at auction for him by parties in New York, Albany, Providence and Boston; besides any quantity of love letters, of no credit to the writers, several daguerotypes of young ladies, a paper of Spanish flies, and several other articles of a significant character. He seemed to have been in extensive communication with the Faka of Ava, and other mysterious parties, from which it is inferred that he is connected with a gang of burglars who are scattered over the country from New Orleans to Boston. One of the keys was fitted to the lock of Mr. Cross' store and another unlocked the side door of Mr. Kellogg's store.—It is supposed that he robbed Mr. Packard's store at Monkson by entering it with a false key about a fortnight ago, and had he not been discovered it is highly probable that all the stores in this vicinity would have suffered in the same way. The keys were made by some one used to the business, from impressions taken in wax from the locks or original keys.—Stone denied all knowledge of the keys, saying that they must have been placed in his possession by the one who put the watches in his room.

Another warrant was got out for him on Monday night, charging him with burglary, and on Tuesday morning he was held to answer in the additional sum of \$300. Again he was committed to jail, but on Tuesday afternoon two brothers became his bail and he was set at liberty. As might be expected, he left immediately for parts unknown. This affair has created a good deal of excitement here. It is now recollected that at the time O. H. Bidwell, a merchant of this village, became embarrassed and compromised with his creditors, young Stone had been his clerk for about a year. Mr. Bidwell did a fair business, but he found himself running behind every day, without being able to account for it. After Mr. Bidwell closed his store his clerk went West, and according to his own story spent several months in travelling through the country.—During his late stay in this place he received goods from New Orleans and Albany which he disposed of at Boston and Providence, and received packages of money by express from parties who had sold them. The earnestness with which he entered into the search for the thief, his coolness after arrest, together with all the circumstances that have since come to light, show him to be an accomplished rogue. It is a lamentable case, from which young men who are not content to pursue an honest employment for a living should take warning.

TO THE CHILDREN.—We have received about twenty-five letters from school children who have given their solutions of the puzzles in last week's paper. The boys and girls have done exceedingly well, in studying out answers. All but two or three have given all the answers correctly except to No. 4, where they have failed in carrying out the fractional figures, as they will see on reference to our puzzle column on the outside. We shall repeat our offer of last week in a future number of this paper, when the children can try again. We solicit puzzles, riddles and conundrums from all good boys and girls, who shall have a place in our puzzle column if their efforts are worthy of it. The answer in each case must accompany the puzzle.

MR. EDITOR:—I promised the Farmers and Fruit Growers of Eastern Hampden that I would furnish them with a wash for the extermination of that enemy of fruit, the Curculio. Here it is; for which I am indebted to my friend, Rev. Mr. Pratt of Andover:

5 lbs. whale oil Soap, 5 lbs. lime slaked in water. After setting, pour the water on to the soap. 1 lb. tobacco steeped in water. After being strained, mix with the other ingredients. 1 lb. sulphur, 2 qts. salt. After mixing all together, pour in water sufficient to make half a barrel of liquid. With a garden syringe throw all over the top of the tree as soon as the Curculio makes its appearance. If there should be rain soon after using, it should be repeated.

SINGULAR DEATH OF A MAN AND WIFE.—While travelling in a canal boat on the Troy and Western line, about two weeks since, a dispute arose between a Mrs. Moore and a woman on board another boat. The husband of Mrs. Moore tried to persuade his wife to go into the cabin, which, woman-like, she refused to do. He then attempted to force her into the cabin, in order to stop the quarrel, when she resisted, and in the scuffle both fell overboard and were drowned. The deceased left three children on board the boat.

LIFE AND DEATH.—In Washington, D. C., Wednesday evening last, a daughter of one of the City Councilmen was married at her father's residence, and shortly after the ceremony was over, a venerable grandmother of the bride departed this life in the same house. Her demise is supposed to have been caused by excitement over the expectation of meeting all her descendants—children and grand-children—on the occasion of the wedding; one of whom came from New Orleans to be present. They did all assemble; first around the happy couple, and in a few brief hours around the dying couch of their venerable relative.

JALOUSY AND KNIVES.—A stabbing affray occurred between a couple of young women in Woodbury, Conn., last Sunday morning. One of the females whose name is Smith, was stabbed five times. The parties are each about 18 years of age, and the green-eyed monster is said to have been the cause of the difficulty.

INTELLIGENCE has been received at Matamoras that a Mr. Gleen, an American citizen, on his way from the interior, was brutally shot in the vicinity of Saltillo. Gen. Vidaurri, Governor of Saltillo, had manifested every disposition to probe the matter to the bottom, and to mete out justice to the perpetrators.

ITEMS FROM THE WARE STANDARD.

A. R. CAIN, of Ware, who was attending his liquor case at Northampton on Tuesday, assaulted a witness on the sidewalk, for which he was fined \$3 and costs.

ATTEMPT AT BURGLARY.—On Sunday night last the saloon of John F. Mott on Main street was visited by a burglar, who broke out a pane of glass near the window spring. A man sleeping in the building at the time heard the noise and pursued the rogue, but he made good his escape.

SINGULAR CONDUCT.—As a stranger was passing through this village one day this week, he left his horse in the road near some teamsters and fled to the woods. The horse was taken to the hotel barn where he remained at the time of writing this article. There is a mystery about the matter which cannot be accounted for, except that the horse was stolen, and the person fled to escape detection.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Farmers and Mechanics' Society took place on Monday evening last, when the following board of officers was chosen for the ensuing year: President—Orrin Sage; Vice Presidents—C. A. Stevens, Lewis Demond of Ware, Warner Robinson of Hardwick, Wm. Adams of West Brookfield, Wm. Lincoln of Warren, D. B. Gillett of Enfield, S. A. Shaw of Belchertown; Executive Committee—Geo. H. Gilbert, Benj. Davis Jr., Geo. Kitch; Secretary—C. P. Morse; Treasurer—Samuel Morse. A committee of three was appointed to report a subject for debate at a meeting of the society next Monday evening.

THE WHIPPING CASE IN WARE.—Just like everything else, there are two sides to this case. Our account was made up from what we could learn from the parties who attended the trial. The counsel for Miss McIntock denies having said that she belonged to the Congregational church, or that she ought to be discharged because public opinion was in her favor. Persons sometimes allow their prejudices to give form to other people's language, as appears to have been the case with W. S. Brakenridge, one of the school committee did not recommend the use of a rawhide in school, but advised the using of a small gutta percha whip, which is about the same as a common switch. This makes the case worse for the teacher who seems to have exercised his own authority in using a rawhide. It appears that parents had taken their children out of this school, previous to the whipping of the Gould boy, for reasons considered justifiable. These school difficulties are always attended with exceedingly bitter feelings and so great a diversity of opinion that it is hard to get at the truth concerning them.

HORRIBLE.—A BOY EATEN BY HIS OWN DOG.—The Laporte (Ia.) Times gives the particulars of a horrible affair in that neighborhood. Several boys started from the residence of a German widow lady, a mile or two from town, to Laporte, and among them was the son of the widow. He was in liquor, and, after leaving the house his companions discovered that he had left his hat behind him, and started him back after it. Shortly afterwards, a gentleman and lady, passing near by in a wagon, heard a moan as of a person in great agony, and at the same time heard a dog growl as if devouring something. The lady prevailed on her husband to go and ascertain the cause, which he did, when, horrible to relate, he found the German boy alluded to, down, and his own dog literally chewing him to pieces. At last accounts he was not dead, though it was scarcely possible for him to recover.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM POOR.—Mrs. Cunningham, of Burdell notoriety, is poor, and would be glad to keep a boarding house or do anything honorable for a living. Augusta has not married a southern planter, but a young man in New York, who depends on his daily earnings for support. So says an exchange.

WOULDN'T SUEK HIS TRUNK.—The people of North Abington, Mass., have been greatly excited for a few days past because one of the school teachers in the town severely flogged a child who refused to suck his thumb in obedience to the command of the teacher. A game of "wig-wag" will probably settle the difficulty.

JULIUS PATTEN OF THE FIRM OF PATTEN & MUNDERBACH, extensive grain dealers of Buffalo, is reported to have absconded with several thousand dollars belonging to the firm, besides several thousands more from other parties.—Gambling is hinted at as the source of the trouble.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—Porter's Spirit of the Times says Wood's challenge to fight Heenan is accepted. Heenan's friends having deposited \$500 with the editors of that Journal for the opposite party to cover as the first instalment of the proposed bet of \$2500.

PERISHED IN THE SNOW.—Joseph Crosby in undertaking to walk from Bennington, Vt., to Woodford, on Sunday night week, fell in the snow, from too much drink, and perished almost immediately, though his brother was with him.

NO PLACE FOR A DOCTOR.—G. W. Kendall, writing from New Braunfels, Texas, says:—Take a circuit within ten miles of this place, and I know of but one physician, a very worthy and intelligent man, who tends a gristmill for a livelihood.

ON A LIBERAL SCALE.—The School Commissioners of Ohio, have been empowered to contract with a New York publishing house for 20,000 volumes of works for school libraries of the State, at a cost of sixty thousand dollars.

RECOVERED DAMAGES.—Mr. Foss, editor of the Worcester Spy, has recovered a verdict of \$1600.13 against parties who defrauded him in the sale of a patent for a horse shoe.

THERE are now seven hundred convicts in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio—five less than the largest number ever known.

TWO large black bears were killed, within the limits of Ogdensburg N. Y., on the 17th ult.

ELOPEMENT AND DESERTION.—F. M. Gowdy of Springfield, has deserted his wife and two sick children, taken his wife's bank book and drawn \$700 from the bank, and worse than all has gone off with a frail woman who has been keeping a house of ill-fame in that city. Gowdy was a bar tender in the Waverly House. P. S. The wife of Gowdy publishes a letter defending her husband, stating that he has gone away on business leaving her comfortably provided for. She seems indignant that our neighbor of the Republican has given publicity to such a scandalous statement.

AT THE THEATRE.—The Cincinnati Gazette tells of a countryman who visited the theatre in that city, and wishing to go out while the play was going on, gave the doorkeeper a quarter of a dollar for permission. He came back and took his seat, and again desiring to take the air, handed the doorkeeper another quarter, with the remark: "Wal, this is a little ahead of anything out our way. Here I've got a dollar for this spree. I give a half to get in and another half to get out, and I ain't a comin' back again."

CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.—Two children a boy four years and a girl eight years of age, were burnt to death in the house of their father, Mr. Dutton, at Rock Island, Ill., on the 14th inst., and an infant was so badly burned that it can scarcely recover. The children were left in the house by their mother, and set fire to some shavings when the house took fire and was destroyed.

THE POSTAGE SYSTEM.—The Senate Post Office Committee, it is said, will shortly bring forward a proposition, changing the present system of ocean mail service, and abolishing the franking privilege.

SUFFOCATION.—Thomas Henderson and Albert Cummings, were suffocated to death, a few days since, at West Flamboro, Canada West, by placing burning coals in their sleeping room.

DENIES THE REPORT.—Tom Iyer denies having challenged Heenan. Somebody has been playing a trick on muscles.

Benj. R. Curtis, Ex-Judge of the U. S. Supreme Court, is just chosen a director of the Western Massachusetts Fire Insurance Company at Pittsfield, of which Ensign H. Kellogg is President, and which has paid 18 per cent. to its stockholders for 1888, and has a surplus of \$55,000.

INDICTMENTS.—The grand jury of Hampshire county found 23 indictments last week, including a dozen for violations of the liquor law.

Ayer's American Family Almanac for 1889 is now ready for delivery gratis, by all agents (advertisements) who are happy to supply all that call for them. Every family should have and keep this book. It is worth having. Comprising much general information of great value; it gives the best instruction for the cure of prevalent complaints, that we can get anywhere. Its condensed and reliable advice is sometimes worth to the sick, the wheat's weight in gold. Many of the medical almanacs are trash, but this is solid metal. Its condensed and reliable advice is sometimes worth to the sick, the wheat's weight in gold. Many of the medical almanacs are trash, but this is solid metal. Its condensed and reliable advice is sometimes worth to the sick, the wheat's weight in gold. Many of the medical almanacs are trash, but this is solid metal.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CHILSON'S CURE FURNACE.—The large number of these furnaces used the past three winters, has thoroughly endorsed all that was claimed for the great invention, as upwards of one thousand testimonials already received. This is a vegetable compound that would not injure an infant's delicate skin, and it exceeds every other preparation for the growth of a beautiful head of hair. Here is an instance of its efficacy: "Mr. G. W. Davis, of New York, says: 'For the past three months I have used your Hungarian Balm for my hair, when to my surprise, I found a good coat of hair on my head, where it had been for ten years bald. In every respect I always kept the liberty to retract above any article I now use.' Many other certificates have been received acknowledging its excellent virtues. It is prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by M. S. Bury & Co., at the New England Patent Medicine and Perfumery store, No. 1 Cornhill, Boston. Price 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1.50 per bottle.

There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

DR. WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY has reached a popularity unknown in the annals of medicine; this is by reason of the efficacy, rapidity and certainty with which it cures the worst form of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, diseases of the throat and lungs, spitting of blood, pulmonary affections, not even excepting Consumption.

Dr. Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry. Let all remember that, "Ailment cough, if neglected, ends in consumption!" and though the Balm has in numerous well attested instances cured the latter malady when all hope had fled and other means failed, yet all milder forms of disease disappear under its influence like magic.

The Great English Remedy.—Sir James Clarke's Celebrated Female Pills—Prepared from prescription of Sir James Clarke, Physician Extraordinary to the Queen. This invaluable medicine is unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject, and it moderates all excess and removes all obstruction, and a speedy cure may be relied on. To Married Ladies it is peculiarly suited. It will, in a short time bring the monthly period with regularity.

Each bottle, price one dollar, bears the Government Stamp of Great Britain, to prevent counterfeits.

CAUTION.—These Pills should not be taken by females during the first three months of Pregnancy as they are sure to bring on miscarriage, but at any other time they are safe.

In all cases of nervous and spinal affections, pain in the back and limbs, heaviness, fatigue on slight exertion, palpitation of the heart, hysterics and white, these Pills effect a cure when all other means have failed, although a powerful remedy, does not contain iron, calomel, antimony or anything hurtful to the constitution. Full directions accompany each package.

Sole agent for the United States and Canada, J. B. MOSES, (late J. C. Baldwin & Co.) Rochester, N. Y. N. B. \$1.00 and 6 postage stamps sent enclosed to any authorized agent will insure a bottle of the Pills by return mail.

For sale by Wm. H. Hitecock, Palmer, and G. B. Hitecock, Ware.

ANOTHER WIFE POISONER.—Jonathan S. Owen of Montgomery county, Ind., was arrested at Detroit on Monday, charged with having poisoned his wife. Owen is about fifty years of age, a farmer in good circumstances, and has for a long time been an active member of the Methodist Church, sustaining a high character in the community. The woman whose death he is charged with causing was his second wife. She died very suddenly, having been in perfect health the day previous. Remarks made by Owen after her burial evinced suspicion, and her body was taken up for examination, when Owen found. A large quantity of strychnine was found in the woman's stomach. Owen's first wife, who died very unexpectedly about fifteen years ago, it is now believed was poisoned. Owen's motive to the crime was probably an improper intimacy with a young woman.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—The wife of Morrissey the prize fighter, has made two attempts to commit suicide by taking laudanum, within the past few days. Both were happily frustrated by the timely arrival of a physician, and a stomach pump, by which the poison was expelled before it had produced fatal consequences.

LARGE BEQUESTS.—John Killinger a German apothecary at Lebanon, Ohio, died a few days ago leaving it is said property valued at \$750,000, which, by his will, is to be invested, and the interest to be devoted to the education of the German Protestants in Ohio.

COULDN'T WAIT.—In one of the infirmaries at New Orleans, last week, a consumptive patient, then lying at the point of death, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a pistol.

THE WIFE OF MR. GEORGE W. BLAKE of Fairfax, Va., was accidentally shot in the foot last week. The limb was badly mangled, and amputation was necessary, but she died on Monday.

THE DESCENDANTS OF GEN. ISRAEL PUTNAM have presented to the Putnam Phalanx of Hartford, a fine banner bearing a portrait of the old hero.

THE GEORGIA LEGISLATURE has adjourned sine die. The bill to prohibit the marriage of cousins was lost.

COLD WEATHER.—Mercury went down to 20 deg. below zero up in Vermont last Saturday.

BORN.

In Palmer, Dec. 27th, a son to WM. BARNES. In Ware, Dec. 18th, a son to DANIEL O'NEIL; same day, a son to Mr. CLOUGH; 23d, a daughter to Wm. C. MARSH.

MARRIED.

At Monson, Dec. 30th, by Rev. T. G. Colton, Edwin KEEF and MARY GROUT.

DIED.

In Ware, Dec. 23d, JOHN QUINLAN, 40; 26th, Widow MARIA E. JOHNSON, 54. At Beloit, Wis., Dec. 15th, WILLIAM, 6, son of Elbridge Cummings, recently from West CLEVELAND, 78. In East Brimfield, Nov. 29th, LUCINDA, 58, wife of Alden Goodell. In West Warren, Dec. 28th, LUCY, 71, wife of Eliza Fay. In South Wilbraham, Dec. 11th, of consumption, CARLOS ALDEN, 31, son of Rev. Spencer Alden. At Waterford, N. Y., Dec. 26th, CHARLES H. JONES, formerly of Jenksville, Mass. His remains were brought to Jenksville for burial.

NOTICE.

SAMUEL BLAIR, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. A large assortment of Gold & Silver Goods kept constantly on hand. Repairing done at short notice. Palmer, Jan. 2, 1889.—if

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL PAY THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE

for Hides delivered at M. B. HINES' Market. W. C. SHELTON. Ware Dec. 25, 1888.—if

CLOTH CAPS, from 25 cts. to \$1.

Glazed Caps and Hats at M. B. HINES'. Ware Dec. 25, 1888.—if

PROSPECTUS FOR 1889.

THE NEW VOLUME OF THE NEW YORK WEEKLY Illustrations Golden Prize will commence Jan. 1st, 1889. The following are the names of the Literati whose productions will grace the columns of this elegant journal during the year:

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, G. W. Reynolds, of London, G. F. B. James, Novelist, Sir Edward Bulwer, Gen. C. F. Henningsen, late of Nicaragua, Col. C. W. Crockett, A. D. Munson, Capt. M. D. Alexander, U. S. A. Thomas Dunn English, M. D., Henry Clapp, Jr., Dr. O. C. Van Buren, Lieut. J. B. Smith, U. S. N., F. C. Clinton Barrington, Miss Southworth, Mrs. Anna Whelpley, Miss Letty Healy, " Virginia Vaughan, " Di. Vernon, " Minnie Mantour, " Hattie Clare, " M. J. Sinclair.

TERMS.

—Terms of subscription \$2.00 a year; and each subscriber is entitled to one of the articles named in the following list, and is requested to mention what article he desires when he sends his subscription money.

Gold Pen, with silver case, worth at retail, \$2.00 Ladies' Gold Pen, 2.00 Gold Tooth Pick, 2.00 Ladies' Gold Pen, extension case, 2.00 Engraving Gold Pen, 10 carats, 2.00 Gold Rings, plain and chased, 2.00 Ear Drops, 2.00 Mossie and Florentine Brooches, 2.00 Gold Lockets, 2.00 Cable Chains, 2.00 Gold Brooches, 2.00 Gentlemen's Pins, 2.00 Gentlemen's Bow Sticks, 2.00 Ladies' Cuff Pins, 2.00 Ribbon Slides, 2.00 Gold Closures, 2.00

Premium to Agents getting Subscribers.

Those getting up a Club of 5 subscribers, at \$2 each, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a gold pen and silver holder, worth \$3; and each subscriber will receive any one of the above named articles he may select.

Those remitting \$20 and 10 subscribers will be entitled to a gold pencil, with pen worth \$7.

Those getting up a Club of 15 subscribers, and remitting \$30, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting cased watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$60, for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a lady's gold watch worth \$20.

Those remitting \$100 for 50 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold watch worth \$40.

[All communications should be addressed to M. B. DEAN, Publisher, 336 Broadway, N. Y.]

THE WEST!

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL FURNISH (free of charge) important information to any one wishing to make a HOME IN THE WEST, or to any person who wishes to know about western matters, if they will mail him his P. O. address. L. BOLLIE, Jr. Ware, Mass., Dec. 25.—if

MRS. WINSLOW,

An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of Mothers, her

SOOTHING SYRUP,

For Children Teething, which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation, and is safe, reliable, and THE ONLY REMEDY.

Depend upon it mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and health to your INFANTS.

We have equal success in confidence and truth, if we have never been able to say of any other article, "NEVER AGAIN." Has it? FAIRLY! When timely used, NEVER did we know any one who used it. On the contrary, by any one who used it, we speak in terms of praise, and commendation of its magical effects and medicinal virtues. We speak in terms of praise, and commendation of its magical effects and medicinal virtues. We speak in terms of praise, and commendation of its magical effects and medicinal virtues.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the MOST EXPERIENCED and SKILLFUL NURSES in New England, and has been used with never-failing success, in all cases of INFANTS.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach, and corrects acidity, and gives tone to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve COLIC, GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC.

and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death. We believe it the most successful remedy in the world in all cases of INFANTS, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints, "Do not let your child suffer, nor the parents of others, stand by and see their child and the relief that will be SURE to follow, if you use this medicine, it will be ABSOLUTELY SURE." Use it. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper. Sold by Druggists.

Price, per bottle, 25 cts. Principal Office, No. 113 Cedar st., N. York. Dec. 18.—ly

W. S. B. HOPKINS,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, WARE, MASS.

Office in the Bank Building. Nov. 13th, if

To our Patrons and the Public.

We would call your attention to our new and LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Teas, Sugar, Flour,

Tobacco and all other varieties of Groceries, which we warrant equal to any others.

Believing in the Proverb, "Light Gains Make a Heavy Purse," We will sell very low for cash.

J. & W. THOMPSON. Palmer, Oct. 23, 1888.—if

Particular Attention

Purchasers of Clothing. HAVING just made a large addition to my

Stock of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Vestings, &c., of the most improved styles and finish, with an unusual variety of lower cost goods, I am enabled to offer material for the manufacture of goods at a still greater inducement than ever to purchasers, as my stock is undoubtedly the best now in this vicinity, and will be sold for a very small profit.

Please call and examine my stock—it will not cost you a cent, and I shall be happy to show them. Palmer, Nov. 27.—6w H. W. MUNGER.

New Millinery!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST RETURNED FROM MARKET with a large and complete assortment of

MILLINERY GOODS,

of the latest styles.

NEW STYLE

Straw, Silk and Fanny Bonnets! Ribbons, all styles, Ties, Flowers, Plumes, &c.

Mourning and any other description of Bonnets manufactured at short notice.

Also Caps, Head Dresses, &c. Miss E. M. Frost, a practical Milliner, will be in attendance to wait on customers and superintend the work department. L. A. NELSON. Palmer, Oct. 2, 1888.

ELEGANT BOOKS

FOR THE

HOLIDAYS.

I HAVE a large assortment of richly bound illustrated Volumes, suitable for presents, varying in price from 25 cents to \$12.00.

A choice selection of Bibles—Flexible and Antique Bindings. Juvenile and Pleasant Games, Toys, Picture Books for good boys and girls, almost an endless variety.

Almanacs, Memorandums, Diaries and Blank Work of all kinds.

Subscriptions received for all Newspapers and Magazines at low prices. Now is the time to subscribe. G. K. CUTLER. Ware, Dec. 18, 1888.—3w

R. R. ROGERS,

MANUFACTURER OF Stitches Shirt Bosoms, Collars and Cuffs. Custom Shirts and Collars made to order, and warranted to fit. Monson, Dec. 18, 1888.—if

HAMPDEN, SS.

November 23d, 1888.—

By virtue of an execution which was issued on a judgment in favor of Gordon M. Fisk of Palmer, aforesaid, at the last term of the court of common pleas for said county, I have taken all the right in equity that the said Dudley Calkins had in the fifth day of June, 1888, the day when the same was attached on estate process to redeem certain mortgaged real estate lying in said Palmer, being the same that is described in a mortgage deed of record in the Registry of Deeds for said county, Book 186, Page 97, and also another lot, the same that is described in a mortgage deed of record in the Registry of Deeds for said county, Book 186, Page 141, to which reference may be had for a more particular description thereof from the said Dudley Calkins to Enos Calkins, recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said county, Book 186, Page 97, and also from Luke K. 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The Palmer Journal.

VOLUME IX.

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NUMBER 34.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

—BY—
FISK & GOFF.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM. TO THOSE WHO PAY STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. Twenty-five cents will be deducted. For six months 75 cents; for three months 38 cents.

ADVERTISING.—The space occupied by twelve lines advertising type constitutes a square. For one square, one week, 75 cents; for two or three weeks \$1.00. For each subsequent insertion 20 cents. Legal advertising 20 per cent. in advance of these rates. Special and obituary notices 10 cents per line. A discount made to yearly advertisers. Transient advertising must be paid for in advance.

JOH. PRINTING OF NEARLY EVERY DESCRIPTION, AND IN THE NEATEST STYLES, PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
G. M. FISK. BENJ. F. GOFF.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

ORIGINAL PUZZLE.

No. 1.—I consist of fourteen letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 7, is a swift planet.
My 5, 2, 13, 11, 14, is worn by men of distinction.
My 5, 9, 10, 6, 8, is a bright constellation.
My 11, 4, 6, 8, is imported from Holland.
My 8, 3, 10, 13, 11, 14, is part of a violin.
My 13, 5, 11, is a pet for children.
My 7, 2, 11, 14, is a medical plant.
My 11, 14, 1, is a precious stone.
My 4, 6, 10, 5, 6, is a garden vegetable.
My 9, 4, 11, 10, 2, is very strict.
My 13, 12, 9, is a fish.
My 13, 2, 9, 4, 6, 11, is very fearless.
My 1, 12, 6, 11, 14, 3, is found in barns.
My 5, 9, 14, is a metal.
My whole was the name of an illustrious little company in the revolution.

No. 2.—There is a word with three I's, three N's, two T's, two C's and one A. What is it?

No. 3.—Make sense and a couplet out of the following:
To a than it—ma eas wish er puz ke Tis zle
Tis zle to gue to ss for.

No. 4.—There was a man who was not born,
His father was not born before him,
He did not live, he did not die,
And his epitaph is not o'er him.

No. 5.—Where was Major Andre going when he was captured?

No. 6.—What two letters of the alphabet make a prophet.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.
No. 1.—Journal Office.
No. 2.—Come ye ingenious ones, this riddle guess,
It is not difficult, you will confess,
What is that number, which, if you divide,
You then will nothing leave on either side?
The number 8.

No. 3.—1, 2, 3, 7, 5, 9, 10, 6, 8, 11, 4, 6, 8, 11, 14, 3, is found in barns.
No. 4.—Too (2) great ease before marriage, too little ease after it.
No. 5.—10-10-rod.

PLEASANT READING.

—When may bread be said to be inhabited?
When it has a little Indian in it.

—The woman who never interfered with her husband's affairs arrived in town the other day. She is an old maid.

—The young lady who was buried in grief is now alive and doing well. It was a case of premature interment.

—They had a fog at Chicago the other day so thick that a broker took two pistareens for half eagles.

—It is a remarkable fact that however well young ladies may be versed in grammar, very few of them can decline matrimony.

—No life can be well ended that has not been well spent; and what life has been well spent that has no purpose, that has accomplished no object—that has realized no hope.

—“You look,” said an Irishman to a pale, haggard suitor, “as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again.”

—Jones married a handsome but tactless woman, and now reads a celebrated line from Keats as follows:
“A kind of beauty is a jaw forever.”

—A young lady of Lanesboro' thinks of going to California to get married: she has been told that in that country the men folks “rock the cradle.”

—Dr. Johnson being once asked whom he deemed the most miserable reprobate, “The man who cannot entertain himself with a book on a rainy day.”

—Covley, we think it was, said Life was “Nothing's younger brother.” This is the reason, perhaps, why philosophers have dwelt so much on the vanity of existence, as it really is less than nothing.

—In the “Talmud” there is a forcible figure descriptive of the depth of the sea: “Step not in there,” runs the passage, “for seven years ago, a carpenter dropped his axe, and it has not yet reached the bottom.”

—A counsellor in Detroit describes his poverty as follows: “When I first came to Detroit, I was in perfect rags; the smallest hole in my shirt was the one I stuck my head through, and I had to have that, my only shirt, washed by the dozen, for it was in twelve pieces.”

—The following advertisement appeared in the St. Louis Republican: “Engaged—Miss Anna Gould to John C. Candal. City Marshall both of Leavenworth, K. T. From this time henceforth and forever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young gentlemen are requested to withdraw their particular attentions.”

AFFLICTED BY DEAD HEADS.—Railroads occasionally complain of dead-heading, but no institution suffers from it as the Press. A sensible writer says:

The press endures the infliction of dead-heading from the pulpit, the bar and the stage, from corporation and individuals. It is expected to yield its interest; is required to give strength to weak institutions; eyes to the blind, clothes to the naked and bread to the hungry; it is asked to cover infirmities, hide weakness, and wink at improprieties; it is expected to herald quacks, bolster up dull authors, and flatter the vain; it is in short to be all things to all men; and if looked for pay or reward, it is denounced as mean and sordid. There is no interest under the whole heavens that is expected to give as much to society without pay or thanks as the Press.

Mrs. Crinoline Abroad.

Fluttering down the sidewalk,
Fluttering cross the street,
Head and hands in motion,
Timing to her feet—
Right foot up and ready,
Ere the left is down,
Bless me what a bustle,
Coming through the town!

What a load of ribbons
For one head to wear!
What a load of dry goods
For one back to bear!
What a breadth of sidewalk
For one skirt to hide!
How the little people
Scatter to one side!

There is grand-sire Toodle
Coming down the street;
Poor old man—proud lady—
Wonder how they'll meet!
Grand-sire to the lamp post
Clings with vague surprise,
Madam cannot see him,
Madam lost her eyes.

Lookers on are plenty,
Jokes are very free;
Silly people wonder
Much what she can be.
Man of science guesses,
Looking very pale,
That it is a comet,
Judging by the trail.

Farmer Dobbs conjectures,
Winking both his eyes,
‘Tis a walking haystack,
By the shape and size;
‘Tis a locomotive,
Partly third disputes,
Judging by the clatter
Of the high-heeled boots.

Madam hears the scandal
With a wrathful frown;
Brings her tiny foot-heel
With a vengeance down.
Up the street indignantly,
Dashes with a swell;
Wags her head and mutters,
Know it by the smell!

Swimming down the sidewalk,
Sweeping cross the street,
Head and hands in motion,
Timing to her feet;
Right foot up and ready,
Ere the left is down,
Bless me what a bustle,
Coming through the town!

MY WIFE'S COUSIN.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Some time ago I called upon a cousin of my wife, who resided in the city of Philadelphia. I had not seen him for a long time, but having understood that he was in affluent circumstances I was but little prepared for the condition in which I found him. Through information derived from a Philadelphia directory, I went to one of those alleys with which that city abounds, and found his name on a sign board, associated with that of another man, over a dark and dingy shop. The sign purported that they were locksmiths and bell hangers; also that locks were repaired and keys fitted. Without ceremony I walked into the gloomy recess, there was a blacksmith's forge, and there among several muscular looking men up to their arms in work, was my wife's cousin. He received me most cordially, and for a moment intermitted filing a huge brass key on which he was engaged, and the shake of my own dexter by one of his broad, hairy hands I can liken to nothing nearer than the shock of a young earthquake.

“Take a seat, take a seat,” he observed, and as soon as I finish this key, we'll make tracks for home.”

As soon as it was completed, he washed the dirt off from his hands, hung up his work apron, and putting on his hat and coat, remarked in a cheerful tone, “Come now, Cousin Aleck, let's go and see whether wife has got any tea for us.”

After we were in the street our conversation incessantly ran on business, and I took occasion to say to him that I had been of the opinion that he had retired from his trade on a handsome competency. “Don't say a word about retirement,” he replied, “it nearly makes me sick to think of it. People talk of retirement from business while they are healthy and able to work; why, I tell you, Aleck, they don't know what it means. I don't know what it meant until I tried it, but now retirement and misery sound to my ears like words of about the same meaning.”

“You see, Aleck, it is about three years ago, that having as you would say, a competency, I made up my mind to stop work and move into the country. So I sold out my share of the business to my partner, stopped a year or more in looking at two or three score of country places, and at last found one that wife and myself were considerably pleased with.”

“For two or three months matters and things went on very well, because I had something to attend to in making a few little improvements about the house, and in furnishing a number of the doors with locks of my own invention; but as the whole premises were in excellent repair when I bought them, I soon came to a point where there was nothing to look after but the cultivation of the garden. I was not long, though, in making the discovery that I had no genius, or taste either, for digging round roots or pulling up weeds, and as wife didn't wish the garden to run to waste, I employed a regular English gardener to carry the thing regularly through. “Well, I didn't mind the expense he put me to, but somehow I felt out of my gear in not having the right kind of employment. Wife did her best to coax me into gentlemanly ways; had the old mechanical grim thoroughly scrubbed out of my hands—fingernails cleaned out and rounded—so as to make it appear that I had never done any manual labor.”

“Then we must get behind a couple of ponies which I had purchased and make fashion-able calls in the day time on those who had able calls on us; and wife wanted me to soften down my voice and be particular about my grammar and the subjects I talked on; but sometimes forgetting myself, I would revel in the proud memory of the locks and keys I had handled in happier days, and commence a history of my exploits in that line, when my wife would look as though she would sink through the floor. In fact she wished to keep a perpetual lock on my lips (so far as our antecedents were concerned), with the key in her pocket. But I sighed for the shop and time hung so heavily on my hands that an

hour spent in stupid listlessness about the house seemed longer than a day did, when I had orders ahead for locks, and was driving hard to get them done at a given time.

My youngest brother, who is a college-bred man and a lawyer, sent me, at my request, a fine collection of books on all imaginable subjects, so that my library outshone that of the parson, or any other man in the place; but I found I had no more taste to set down and read than I had for trimming currant bushes. “Time was, after a hard day's labor at the shop, when an hour at books was a real solace, and I also believed an occasion of improvement. Then I envied those whose leisure allowed them to feast perpetually on books; but the mistake I made was in failing to discriminate between the mental habits and requirements of the professed student and those of the working man.”

“In this wretched manner did time at my country seat drag heavily along. Visiting was a perfect bore, for not feeling the slightest interest in such masculine topics as corn, grubs, and manure, and caring less for the feminine ones of dress and local gossip, I didn't know what to talk about. Books set me to sleep, and not having the society of my two boys, who were off at boarding school, I became fully satisfied that ‘nothing to do’ was equal to having everything to suffer.”

“My most delightful place of resort was a blacksmith's shop, some two miles from the house, where occasionally I would handle the hammer and clang a little on the anvil, but wife making the discovery one day that my hands were getting grimy again, I was obliged to own up the cause of it, and this, to my sorrow, was succeeded by an absolute prohibition on her part from my taking any further exercise at the forge. After this, when I would sometimes ride past the shop behind my prancing Morgan horses, the tears would start in my eyes at being debarred the only employment which was in the least adapted to my taste or capacity.”

“But, Cousin Aleck, to shorten my story, wife perceiving that my unhappiness was increasing, at last consented to move back to town, and let me resume my business. I had no difficulty in renewing an arrangement with my old partner, hence here you see me hard to work and happier than the President. I am perfectly able, in a pecuniary point of view, to live without work, but I have learned to my satisfaction two important truths:—First, that we never enjoy ourselves so well as when usefully employed; and second, that there is no occupation on the whole, for which we are so well fitted as that to which we have been long accustomed, and which has hence become to us, as it were, a second nature.”

I was much pleased with the good sense of “my wife's cousin,” as evinced in the small section of his autobiography which he had given me, and very soon after he had finished it, we reached his dwelling. If his shop was dingy, there was no dinginess here. Everything was in perfect order, and although the locksmith's wife was somewhat uppish in her notions, I soon perceived she was a capital housekeeper, and that my friend was proud of his house, and proud of his wife, and proud of his two sons who had come from boarding-school to spend the vacation.

I found that they were intended for the learned professions. While one of them entertained me with some music on the parlor organ, the worthy smith begged me to excuse him for a few minutes, after which he reappeared in perfectly clean linen and a suit of dainty black. We supped at a table spread with the utmost profusion, and in the evening some company coming in, conversation filled up the passing hour; I was deeply interested, and concluded that “my wife's cousin,” the blacksmith and bell-hanger, was a wise man, and that unwittingly he had discovered the true philosopher's stone. Daily work was as necessary to him as his daily bread, and the toil of the shop only served to enhance the pleasure and recreations of a refined and happy home. On taking my leave I realized that I had been taught a valuable lesson—Employment is the healthful lot of life, and that he would seek happiness in a state of perpetual repose betrays a profound ignorance of the beneficial laws which govern his being.

Keep your Feet Warm.

Hall's Journal of Health gives the following sensible advice:—

“Like the gnarled oak that has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities. Keep the feet dry and warm, and you may snap your fingers in joyous triumph at disease and the doctors. Put on two pairs of thick woolen stockings, but keep this to yourself; go to some honest son of Saint Crispin, and have your measure taken for a pair of thick winter boots or shoes; shoes are better for ordinary, every-day use, as they allow the ready escape of toe odors, while they strengthen the ankles, accustoming them to depend on themselves. A very slight accident is sufficient to cause a sprained ankle to an habitual boot-wearer. Besides, a shoe compresses less, and hence admits of a more vigorous circulation of blood. But wear boots when you ride or travel. Give directions also, to have no cork or India rubber about the shoes, but to place between the layers of the soles, from out to out, a piece of stout hemp or tow linen which has been dipped in melted pitch. This is absolutely impervious to water—does not absorb a particle—while we know that the cork does, and after a while becomes ‘saggy’ and damp for weeks. When you put them on for the first time, they will feel as ‘easy as an old shoe,’ and you may stand on damp places for hours with impunity.”

WHAT RELIGION IS.—First, it is an idea; and, as an idea, held by the understanding, its need is to be cleared; its nature is instruction; its expression is doctrine. Perfect this, and you rid the church of intellectual error. Secondly, religion is a faith, and as a faith held in the feelings, its need is to be purified. Its nature is spiritual communion, its expression is worship. Perfect this, and you rid the church of superstition on the one hand, and unbelief on the other. Thirdly, religion is a life, bred in the practical force of the will, its nature is action; its expression is righteousness. Perfect this, and you rid the church of its selfish indolence and manumission.

Advertising.

Let those, if such there are, who doubt the profit or expediency of advertising their business and their goods, read the opinions of those who have become immensely rich by their system of trade:—

“I have always considered Advertising—liberal and long—to be the great medium of success in business and the prelude to wealth. And I have made it an invariable rule, too, to advertise in the dumbest times, a long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well laid out; as my keeping my business continually before the public, has secured me many sales that I otherwise would have lost.”

—STEPHEN GIRARD.
“Whatever success I have had in business I owe mainly to continuous advertising, and I deem it good policy to advertise long in the same papers. From a close observation, I am convinced that it is impossible to make much headway in any branch of commerce without the facilities which the Press alone can give.”

—JACOB RIDGWAY.
“My motto through life has been—work and advertise. In business, advertising is the true Philosopher's stone, that turns whatever it touches into gold. I have advertised much, both in the weekly as well as in the daily papers; nor have I found that those of the largest circulation—of either class—benefitted me most.”—JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

“Advertise! advertise! advertise!!! This is the life of trade, and standing advertisements, you will find, will prove the most remunerative, at least I have found it so during my business career thus far; for should you withdraw but a single week from the paper in which you are accustomed to advertise, ten to one that will be the time when some new customers will look into the paper for your business address, and not finding it, you will lose several profitable sales.”—WILLIAM GRAY.

“Advertise your business. Do not hide your light under a bushel. Whatever your calling or occupation may be, if it needs support from the public, advertise it thoroughly and efficiently, in some shape or other that will arrest public attention. I freely confess that what success I have had in my life, may fairly be attributed more to the press than to nearly all other causes combined. There may possibly be occupations that do not require advertising, but I cannot well conceive what they are.”—P. T. BARNUM.

BABY-DOM.—Bachelor as we are, we love babies. The best reason in the world is that we were once a baby ourselves—but more particularly do we like them when they are cross-tempered and squalling. We would not give a farthing for a sleepy, dozy, good humored young fellow. Give us one that will cry at the top of his lungs, not from pain or simply because he wants to—but from downright old fashioned mad temper. It exercises the organs of one's ears it is true, and all the patience he has beside, but what of that? If the little one only grows to the age of maturity, you see a well-proportioned, well-developed man. One that does not like babies, would be apt to shoot them, and then shoot himself. What is there prettier (we mean in the bolder sense of the term) than a fat, slobering, active baby? That when it gets upon the carpet for its play, secures at once the whole control of the nursery or sitting-room. The baby is so lovely—mamma will even let it play with the scissors or looking-glass. If any thing attracts its eye, why the little mischief must have it, or it will pipe its notes to the shillee music. If a baby grows, they physically become men and women. Better they had perished in the cradle than have been born fools. Oh, love the little creatures, they soon perhaps will make home pleasant and happy. We must close this article, for we hear one screaming now. We must go and try to keep the little fellow still, for mamma just left it in the cradle to our care. So we'll croon some nursery lullaby, and rock the pet to slumber. We do love the babies.—Exchange.

INSTINCT OF A HORSE.—A gentleman from Tennessee related to us a story of a horse of his own, illustrative of the remarkable instinct of this noble animal. He purchased a horse in a portion of the State separated from his own region by mountains and rivers, and took him home by a route extending nearly a hundred and fifty miles. “He placed him in a pasture lot for the night; but in the morning he was gone. In a few days it was ascertained that he had returned that very night to his old home, reaching there by daylight. He had taken a straight course across the country, swimming rivers and crossing the mountains. On his arrival he showed signs of great fatigue, having travelled a distance of sixty or seventy miles during the night, following unerringly the point of the compass to which he desired to go. His memory would, of course, have served him in retracing the route by which he had come; but guided by the same instinct which conducts the bee, after a long wandering and laden with his sweet burden, to a line mathematically straight from the last flower he ravishes to his cell, this horse, in the darkness of the night, over unknown paths, returned by the shortest course to his home.”—St. Louis Republican.

QUICK WORK.—One day last week an Irish servant girl in this town, having finished her day's work, including the week's washing, obtained a half hour's furlough, to see a “gentleman friend.” The half hour extended to the whole hour, when Bridget appeared blushing and half smiling.

“If you please ma'am, I must leave you to-day, for I'm to be married if you please to-night, ma'am.”

“Why, what does this mean, Bridget?” inquired her mistress; “I never heard you were engaged.”

“No more was I, ma'am; but a boy just from the old country wants me to have him, and me cousin thinks I had better, and so I told him I would.”

And she did.—Pittsfield Eagle.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true as well as a striking line, when he taught that “sands make the mountain, moments the year.” Of all the portions of our life, the spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

Life Saved by Disappointment in Love.

Some six months ago, a young gentleman, boarding at the Spencer House, caught cold in his breast, producing rheumatism, and such general derangement of the system that he was unable to attend to his business. The rheumatism extended to every portion of his body, and he suffered intensely, being often compelled to lie in bed for several days at a time. His physicians—of whom he had the ablest—prescribed in vain, and their unfortunate patient was finally advised to go South, as the only chance of recovery. What added an additional pang to the young man's condition was that he was engaged to be married to a beautiful young lady, and the day fixed for their nuptials had already passed some three weeks. It was with great effort he consented to begin his travels, and nothing less than the assurance that it was the only way to save his life would have induced him to undertake the difficult step. He would not care, the afflicted one said, on his own account, but to die just as he was on the point of being united to “Clarrissa” was more than he could bear with firmness. And then, he continued, how could she be herself when he was hundreds of miles away and liable at any moment to a fatal termination of his disease? At last, the patient deeming it better for his own sake, and that of the lovely Clarrissa, he departed, taking with him the fond remembrance of her tearfully tender adieu. He visited the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas, the mild climate of Florida, and the genial shores of Cuba, to no purpose. All the medical gentlemen with whom he consulted told him he could not live; that the most that could be done was to render him easy, and retard as long as possible his steady progress to the grave. Weary of physicians' attempted cures, and life itself, he came home to die, and again went to the Spencer House, thinking he would there receive from the kindly proprietors all the attention he could at any place not in every sense a home. He was carried from the boat to the hotel, and more dead than alive, placed in the comfortable apartment, he had before occupied. On the sixth day after his return, he learned that his betrothed—thinking that her lover could not survive, and wishing probably to lose no time in her conjugal relations, had been married the day previous to another person, more wealthy, if less meritorious than he. All the friends of the deceived lover thought that this would prove fatal at once, in his then state of health, but instead of this, anticipations being realized, in a week from the day of the reception of the unexpected news, he arose from his bed and rapidly recovered, and in less than a month was well as ever.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Healthy Girl.

The Home Journal relates the following, in illustration of what a healthy female teacher may accomplish. We wish all of the frail-sick, and decaying girls of our country could read the story and reflect on the lesson it teaches. “We would then have a race of girls while ladies would be at a discount in the matrimonial market.”

“We have in our mind's eye one who at the early age of fourteen taught a district school of thirty-five scholars! Most of these scholars were over nine years of age; and six of them were older than the teacher! But she had been brought up in the woods, was used to the most vigorous of sports and exercise, had been obliged in all kinds of weather to walk a wood's path over one mile to the old log school-house to obtain her education, and while at home to assist her mother early and late in the work of a large family of brothers and sisters. But she was developed in full health, and loved her home, her parents and her books; and she worked and studied with her for the last five or six years, attending to her studies each winter, except one or two, during which she kept a winter's school. One summer, when teaching in a distant district, she walked from her home on Monday morning, a distance of twelve and a half miles, returning on foot Saturday evening! Once in company with her father, she walked the distance and back the same day! She taught this school for three months, and when the time expired engaged for two more. At the present time—though still a young girl—she is the successful and popular teacher in an advanced village school of over sixty scholars!”—Life Illustrated.

Something about the State House.

The State House on Beacon Hill, Boston, was erected in 1805; 63 years ago. The corner stone was laid on the 4th of July, by the venerable Samuel Adams, then Governor, assisted by Paul Revere, master of the Grand Lodge of Masons. The lot was purchased of the heirs of Governor Hancock by the town of Boston for the sum of \$1,000. The building was occupied by the legislature in 1798; the members walking in procession from the present capitol was brought to the spot by representing at that time the number of states in the union. The building is 178 feet front by 110 feet deep, and the height, including dome, is 110 feet, and the foundation is about that height above the waters of the Bay. The dome is 30 feet high. The statue of Washington, by Chantrey, was placed in the State House in 1828. The lot on which the State House stands was conveyed to the Commonwealth by the town of Boston the 24th of May, 1795. There has been a large extension made to the building lately. The commissioners on the part of Boston to convey the “Governor's Pasture,” or Gov. Hancock's Pasture, to the Commonwealth, were Wm. Tudor, Charles Jarvis, John Coffin Jones, Wm. Eastus, Wm. Little, Thomas Dawes, Joseph Russell, Harrison Gray Otis and Perry Morton. The agents for erecting the State House were named in the deed as follows: Thomas Dawes, Edward Hutchinson Robinson, and Charles Bullfinch.

The remark having been made that it would soon become the fashion to wear short dresses, Mrs. Partington made a remark that, whether fashion, said so or not, her dresses were always short, for she never had but two at a time. What a marvel of domestic economy and sweet wisdom that woman is.

The End of a Murderer.

At Columbus, Ohio, on Friday last, a man named Albert Myers, was hung for the wilful murder of a fellow convict in the Penitentiary, in May last. Myers and his victim were both imprisoned for horse-stealing, and meeting in the prison yard one day, the former, without any apparent cause, seized an axe and beat out the brains of the latter. From the time of the commission of the murder, Myers exhibited the utmost indifference as to his fate, frequently telling those who called upon him to “hang him and be d—d,” adding with an air of determined bravado, “I'll fill the entire bill full!” When the Sheriff and his Deputy led the condemned forward upon the fatal drop, and as the former ascended to fasten the rope to the beam, Myers took hold of the rope, and addressing the twenty or thirty persons in the yard below him, remarked in a light joose way, “If I can hold on to this, I think I can save myself yet!”

While the Sheriff was still engaged in adjusting the rope, Myers again addressed the crowd as follows:—

“You can hang me when every thing is clear. I wish you all a safe journey, some time, through the wilderness, by J—s—C—st!”

The tone and manner and language of the hardened criminal caused a shudder of horror amongst the spectators, who had hardly recovered from their surprise, when he threw an apple and an orange to the ground below, and exclaimed in a loud voice, “pick them up, you G—d d—d rascals.” And with the most stoical indifference he continued to gaze with undimmed eyes upon those below him. After conclusion of the prayer, he commenced to speak in a much less firm tone of voice, and with less air of bravado than previously. He said:—“I had no correct idea of when I was to be hung. I have had no chance to reflect. I would like the privilege of two weeks longer to reflect, I had no lawyer, or anybody else, to do anything for me. If I can have that time I can do something for myself, if not I suppose I must go.”

At the conclusion of his remarks, the Sheriff removed the hat from the head of Myers, and placed the white cap over his face, shutting it out from the view of the spectators. The persons upon the scaffold then retired to the back part, when the attending clergyman asked:—

“Myers, do you die in the faith of Jesus Christ?”

To which he replied:—“I have nothing to say to you.”

The Sheriff then placed his hand upon the fatal lever at the rear of the trap. After waiting perhaps a minute, the Sheriff gave the lever a slight jerk, the springs supporting the drop gave way, and the body fell a distance of nearly five feet.

A Kansas Town.

A correspondent of the Worcester Transcript gives the following reminiscence of his search for one of the paper towns of Kansas:—

Seeing a ranch a little to the right we drove up to it, and finding a man driving an ox-team, we sought of him the necessary information as to the locality of Florence. We had come the wrong road; “order gone down on the other side the creek.” This was consolation of the coldest kind. We however learned that there was another ford about half a mile below, at which we might cross the creek, and without losing much time or distance, get to Florence.

“How many houses are there at Florence?” inquired Mr. H., of the ox-driver.

“Aint no houses thar ‘tall,” was the cheering reply.

“No houses at all! Isn't there a steam mill there?”

“Not on the town site; the steam mill's above the town on the other side the creek.”

“Is there not a store at Florence?” asked my companion.

“The store ‘aint on the town site, it's off in a big field some ways.”

“Are there any houses on the town site then?”

“Nary house.”

“Is there a tavern near?”

“Where do the people live who keep the store and run the saw-mill?”

“A log house ‘bout a mile below the mill, down the creek.”

“Do they take boarders at that log house?”

“Some.”

This was about all the information we could get from the cattle driver; so following his direction we re-crossed the creek and in a short time came out at the saw mill, near where Florence was supposed to be. Here we were in a strange—almost uninhabited—place, in the coldest winter weather, looking for a town that never, and from present indications, never will have an existence.

SO-CALLED HUMAN PETRIFICATIONS.—Mr. Trail Green, the well known author, says that the descriptions of petrifications of human bodies which occur in the newspapers have reference to the conversion of bodies into adipocere, and not into stone—all the supposed cases of petrification being probably of this nature. The change occurs only when the coffin becomes filled with water. The body converted into adipocere, floats on the water. The supposed cases of changes of position in the grave, bursting open the coffin lids, turning over, crossing of limbs, &c., formerly attributed to the coming to life of persons buried who were not dead, are now ascertained to be due to the same cause. The chemical change into adipocere, and the evolution of gasses, produce those movements of dead bodies.

ECLIPSES IN 1859.—There will be four eclipses of the sun in 1859, viz: a partial eclipse on the 24th of February, invisible here. A partial one on the 4th of March, invisible here. Another on the 9th of July, partial, and very small; and another on August 27th, past 6, evening. There will be two eclipses of the moon, the first one on the 17th of February, will be total. It will commence at 23 minutes past 4 o'clock in the morning—middle 6 o'clock—and quarter before 8. The other one, August 13th, will not be visible here.

One of the best “hills” ever made came from the pen of the Duke of Wellington. He wrote to Dr. Curtis, and recommended that the Catholic question should be buried in oblivion, in order that its difficulty might be fully discussed.

SATURDAY, JAN. 8, 1859.

Smith will buy a dozen extra copies of the paper, recommend it to his neighbors, praise the editor to his face, tell him his paper is the smartest one in the county, and put himself to much trouble in extolling the merits of such a journal in public places. So, too, of Esqui Spriggs. He has made a Buncombe speech at a political caucus, a report of which will

time desiring a dozen copies with a complimentary notice of a sermon recently preached by Mr. Brown, which the editor drew up in wrappers, and furnishes him gratis. Parson Brown gracefully bows himself out of the editor's presence, and at the next exhibition meeting he takes the liberty to speak of the moral influence which their home newspaper is exerting, informing his hearers that the week's paper (which contained the complimentary notice of the Parson) contained an article on public morals which ought to be read by all present. Meantime the hard-worked editor begins to think that his paper is creating quite a sensation, and that he is himself getting to be somebody. The secret is in thrashing the fur the right way."

ele given to the public before John Smith enters the editor's office and discontinues advertisement, informing the knight of arms and scissors that he won't patronize a man that is mean enough to speak of his profession in that way. As Smith disappears through the doorway, the man of newspapers runs his fingers through his hair and wonders if he don't want another dozen papers cut off so that complimentary notice of his store will come from John Smith. He takes out a hundred dollars by discontinuing his advertisement, and goes home to spend it in the sake of revenging himself upon the editor. Squire Spriggs makes a public statement against the ten hour system and the interests of the laborer. The village paper makes a long article about him.

publicly proclaiming it to be scurrilous. The man of items wonders whose toes he was on next, and in looking for the cause of satisfaction in various quarters finds it is "burning the fur the wrong way!"

The editor soon gets used to these and upon cool calculation finds that the patron lost in consequence of an offense, he, has gained a dozen new ones in satisfying it. He thereupon resolves to proceed forward in the way of duty, less of the smiles or frowns of John Squire Springs or Parson Brown, having by experience that the man who please everybody suits nobody, while those who suit themselves please somebody.

Since the Montalembert trial English papers sent to France have been checked, and telegraphic messages have been checked.

Mr. E. Merriam says that during the past year, so far as he has been able to learn, fifty-three persons have been killed by lightning, and sixty-eight injured. There are also three accounts where it is reported "several persons killed." Thunder and lightning storms occurred on sixty-one days in the three summer months.

The fire in the United States, last year in which the loss was not less than \$10,000, produced an aggregate loss of \$12,054,000, which is two millions less than the losses of the previous year. The railroad accidents of 1900, including cases of death by the carelessness of the persons themselves, caused 103 deaths, and serious injuries to 2120 persons.

The coinage of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1898, consisted of 2,035,755 gold pieces, valued at \$52,895,860; of silver 31,005, pieces valued at \$8,233,237; and copper, \$234,000. The whole amount of the year's coinage was \$61,359,100.

The list of names of those who were killed, but were not permitted to come near the close, includes many distinguished names. Of the warriors who have yielded to the foe they have so often defied, we have that right hand of Austrian despotism, the veteran Radetzky, who

—In the engagement between the Reaction forces and those of the Revolution, four hundred of the latter's men were captured by the former. The captured men were disarmed and taken from them their most valuable equipments. The captured men were then compelled to take them by the hand, and to lead them to the place of their confinement. The captured men were then compelled to lead them to the place of their confinement. The captured men were then compelled to lead them to the place of their confinement.

It was considered as too poor a joke to be repeated, and they were left out.

THE OCEAN WAS ONCE THERE.—In a place where the Girard and Mobile Railroad, Georgia, is bedded in solid rock have been found the bones of sharks, the shells of oysters, &c., and scales of fishes in a perfect state. The strata seem composed entirely of these organic remains.

SINGULAR DEATH.—John Grady in the act of pulling up a carpet company in Hartford, Conn., from a second story window upon a loose wool underneath, on Saturday last. The weight of the wool gave him a rebound which threw him to the ground with such force

the En-
confiscation
en inter-

QUITE A VILLAGE OF BUILDINGS.—
the last thirteen months, between sev-
dred and fifty and eight hundred sto-
brick houses have been erected in Mex-

At Wheeling, Va., old people get on the dance once in awhile. At a Christmas Eve party in that place, an old lady 97 years of age took the floor and waltzed around the room with her partner, a young man of 26, was completely exhausted and had to sit down. — The phrase of "go it while you're young, for when you're old you can't," is thus proved

—A fir tree, completely petrified and entire, said I have been discovered near Olympia, P. T., 120 feet below the surface of the ground.

—A lady, expressing a wish—in the presence of her son, a boy of five years—that she had something to read that she had never read before, the boy exclaimed, "take your Bible, mother!"

—There is as much truth as poetry in the following—

Desire not to live long, but well;
And, if you can, not *long* but *long* actions tell.

—It has been well said of the home of the scolding wife, that "It's a bad house where the hen crows louder than the cock."

—John Sullivan of Enfield, Ct., has been acquitted of an attempt to murder his wife, a few weeks since on the ground of insanity, and is sent to the State prison hospital.

INCREASE OF ROMANISM IN THE UNITED STATES.—In 1774 there were only 19 Catholic priests in the United States. There are now 7 provinces, 43 dioceses, 2 vicariates, 45 bishops, 2108 priests and 2334 churches. During the last thirty years the number of dioceses has increased from 11 to 43; the number of bishops from 10 to 45; the number of priests from 232

A SPICE OF ROMANCE.—On Monday last, two couples arrived from Louisville at the Spencer House, Cincinnati, and were desirous of getting married. They said that their maternal lawns had come here to obtain a matrimonial license, which the law forbids them to procure in Kentucky, and that, however, they experienced no difficulty, and were soon united. One of the pairs, a school-girl, who had become enamored of a tall and manly-looking youth, had run away from the academy in her school attire, and so appeared at the hotel. The other was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, who had refused a suitor, and, finally eloped with a mechanic teacher. He was one of the admirers of little men, and seemed, in the

"Frazier River is almost uninfected, Dr. W. W. Steamer brings down as many as fifty cases a week, and nearly all the adventurers that have got it have got back looking considerably the worse for wear. It is only necessary to appear in the 'shocking bad hat, and dilapidated and unventilated garments, to be hailed 'Hello! hello! Frazier?' Every shabby, woe begone looker who is supposed to be 'one of 'em.'"

LARGE TAX.—William B. Astor of New York paid his year's taxes the other day—the amount to the snug little sum of \$85,000,000, as much as most of us would be satisfied to see as a principal.

FOREIGN LADIES INTERESTED.—The ladies

Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, have caught fever, and are raising a fund to assist in purchase of Mount Vernon. They have already raised over two hundred dollars.

ander's importation of native Africans
Georgia is still condemned and repudiated
the most influential Southern gentle-
who regard this as the severest blow that
t been struck against Southern integri-
the chivalry have prided themselves on
to the laws of the Union, and have
far pointed to Northern abolitionists as

of the first things to be done in Congress will be a public announcement of the results of Messrs. Quitman and Harris' Election in the former—that brave and good man will be delivered by Anson Burlingame, Henry Winter Davis, and other opponents, as well as by personal and political friends—such displays of oratory may be expected.

Mr. Spear, wife of Joseph Spear, who was sentenced four years ago for ten years to the jail for abstracting money from letters sent clerk in the Boston Post Office, is at Washington making every effort to procure a pardon for her husband, and much interest is

ent elevations on house-tops, like sepulchral monuments over the living tenants' beneath. — He who has read Bayard Taylor's vivid description of winter scenery in Lapland might well have witnessed a similar scene in our New England forests on Wednesday morning. — Down among the trees the snow lay more than three feet in depth, while the pines and hemlocks stood like giant snow-monuments, the ends of their green boughs projecting through their white covering as if beckoning the passer by to sit down and relieve them of their heavy burden. Such a snow storm, though it delays railroad trains for a day or two, though it hinders the mails, and locks up the roads, is after all a blessing. — We have no idea of the goodness of God in providing this great snow-blanket. The

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—There is a multitude of projects for a Pacific Railroad, none of which will be realized for many years. In Texas a project has been started for a road from Aransas Bay, in that State, through Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. Its length is about 700 miles, but only 150 miles of it is in Texas, while 550 is in Mexico. It is advocated as being the best, cheapest and shortest route. A road will hardly be built through Mexico, for some years to come. As to the line through the British territory, that is not likely to be built when the British capitalists find, as they say will, that the Grand Trunk instead of

SINGULAR DISEASE.—The family of Thomas Chism, in Perry county, Ind., consisting of himself, wife and three children, have all died in a week, and the family of Mr. Ham, consisting of seven, are also dead, by a sudden swelling and inflammation of the throat.

Lane says it amounts to 90,000, but he has a object to gain in putting it as high.

the Senate caucus, Dr. Charles Phelps
notes, Mr. Branning of Berkshire 3,
maker of Hampden 2, and Mr. Scatter-
er Clerk, Stephen N. Gifford of Dux-
14, James W. Boyden of Amherst 4,
ree of Essex 3. The House caucus
and Charles Hale for Speaker by 63
20 for Tappan Wentworth of Lowell.

Eight votes for President of the Senate to Manning of Berkshire, 1 for George M. of Middleboro, and 1 for Aaron Baggs of Andover. Mr. Sumner of Great Barrington was elected Speaker of the House. Mr. Sumner of the Senate did the same thing in the House. The message will be delivered to-day, and then the members will get up in a flurry on the office of Sergeant-at-Arms. There are half a dozen candidates, but Mr. Sumner of the Senate is the favorite inside track. He is in want of some additional, having been an applicant for office several years. He is withal a good man for

THE Governor's message with the present date, which will be too late for your HAMDEN.

THE CABOGE OF THE YACHT WANDERER.—Montgomery (Ala.), Advertiser of the 11th.—Claims from private sources that sub-venturers have been served upon several planters in Virginia suspected of having purchased portions of the recently landed cargo of the yacht Wanderer. These gentlemen are to appear before the court as witnesses on the trial of the case of the slave. The Advertiser hopes the result will be right. The Advertiser is interested, and that all concerned in the case will be directly engaged in the landing of the Africans may meet with their repudiation due to their infraction of the

RELEASED.—Mr. George French, formerly of the City of New York, of the City of Boston,

FROM UTAH.—The government has been informed by Utah intelligence of the prevalence of great excitement in the territory, and of a settled hostility against the Mormons and Gentiles. Great tragedies had been committed by Mormons, and a violent outbreak was apprehended before spring.

FIRE IN WESTFIELD.—The patent secretary's stand manufactory of H. R. & J. L. Phipps, in Westfield, was destroyed by fire late on Tuesday night. It was a three story building, and contained a large amount of valuable lumber, tools, &c., all of which were consumed. The loss is about \$10,000. Insured for \$5000 on the *Ana* office at Work.

AN AIR ENGINE at Hartford.—The Schenectady Advertiser of 23d inst. was printed on a portable engine driven by a 12-inch Ericsson calculator.

SA The San Francisco correspondent of the New York Times says—the great Mariposa trail of John C. Fremont, is advertised for sale in the tax delinquent list. Its value at \$200,000; improvements, 8,000; total for the tract, \$208,000; taxes, \$4,428.

DEATH IN A WELL.—A Mrs. Dillion, residing in Buffalo, fell head foremost into a well a few days since, and drowned before assistance could reach her. The water was between twenty and thirty feet deep, and the well nowhere exceeded eighteen inches in diameter.

MR. DOUGLAS REELECTED.—The Ill. Legislature on Thursday, when Stephen A.

Douglas was reelected U. S. senator for six years. The vote stood Douglas 54, Lincoln 46. Mr. Douglas has gone to Washington.

LUDLOW.—On Monday afternoon a
of Isaac Plumley jr., of Ludlow,

are unknown) while passing on the front of the Palmer House, slipped, containing a gallon of cherry rum, was carrying, struck on the walk.

The loss was a serious one to the man, who had probably spent his last quarter on the liquor, and the heavy snow prevented his getting any more for

sailing along the street in opposite
 with the majesty of a seventy-four
 with sails shattered.

SNOW STORM AT HOME.—The great snow
 Tuesday commenced in this vicinity
 a. m., and continued without inter-
 till 6 p. m., some of the time falling at
 of π foot an hour, by actual measure-
 Business was entirely suspended, re-
 presenting themselves with staying in-doors
 taching the progress of the storm.—
 he storm ceased the snow lay three feet
 a level. Pedestrians in the street wa-
 at deep in the snow, and traveling by
 or sleighs was almost impossible.—
 of an on South-breeze which usually ar-

through the tremendous storm. The railroad suffered badly. The morning east passed here at about its usual time but got stuck fast before reaching Worcester. The first train up from Boston reached here at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning, and the afternoon accommodation train which left Springfield at 3 p. m., reached here at 11 a. m. the next day, having spent the night in the depot between Indian Orchard and Wilbraham. Fortunately the snow was light and melted off, otherwise it would have taken a week to get the road clear. The streets and roads were almost impassable but they were beset on Wednesday morning by long strings of oxen, sleds, scrapers,

ORSE TROUBLES IN KANSAS.—We have reason to think that lawless bands of desperadoes have taken the field in Kansas, burning houses and murdering the inhabitants. In the south-west part of the territory these outrages have been so numerous that a company is organized to protect the settlers. The legislature met on the 3d, at Lawrence.

COAL PRICE FOR SLAVES.—A sale of slaves took place in Sussex Co., Va., on the 27th ult., registering \$500,000. A negro girl, with one child, brought \$1705. In Petersburg, Va., on the 28th, a gang of 29, mostly children, sold for \$22,082.50—one of them, a girl of ten years of age, sold for \$1,000.

rs. brought \$1107. At Aulanga, ~~the~~ last
rk, the sales amounted to over \$60,000; and
ommon field hand sold for \$2100.

The Palmer Journal.

SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1859.

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR BANKS.

GOVERNOR BANKS delivered his Address before the Legislature on Friday last week. It is a straight-forward common-sense document, abounding in useful information, statistics and suggestions. We have never before read an executive message so practical and business-like, and we regret that the size of our sheet will not admit its full publication. We give, however, a synopsis of the most important points in the address. The recommendations are mostly wise and worthy of careful consideration by the Legislature.

A more effective organization of the agricultural societies of the Commonwealth is one of the first of these recommendations. It is desirable in the opinion of the Governor to secure a more full comparison of results, and to establish State exhibitions every three or five years.

The message urges upon the Legislature a favorable consideration of all measures designed to promote the manufacturing interests of the State, and says that it may be expedient to inquire what improvement can be made in legislation relating to other industrial interests. With the exception of reduction in the valuation of one of the smaller maritime counties for the present year, compared with last, of \$4,300,000, the industry of the State presents no unfavorable aspect.

A thorough survey is taken of the affairs of our charitable institutions, and there are several important recommendations in this connection, such as the reorganization of the inmates into classes based upon the difference of discipline required by Americans and foreigners; a modification of the manner of supporting State paupers in the insane hospitals, &c. In this connection the Governor does not seem to be favorably impressed with the result of the experiment which has been made by the State in caring for its own paupers, and evidently favors the old system which imposed a large part of the burden upon the towns. He advises the legislature to refrain from further expenditures on the State Almshouses, except such as may be necessary for the security of life, or to enforce a more rigid economy in their management, and to prepare for a gradual change of the system.

An appropriation is suggested for remodeling one wing of the State Prison, which much needs light and air, and other legislative action is suggested looking to increased efficiency in the management of that institution.

Referring to the revision of the Statutes, the Governor thinks a special session will be necessary to examine the work of the Commissioners. The expense of this session, and of printing the Statutes should be added to the public debt, and not made a charge upon the current expenditures of the year.

It is suggested that the present salary of the Judges of the Supreme Court is insufficient, and an addition of \$1000 to the salary of each Judge is advised.

There are several important recommendations with reference to the militia, which is represented to be in a more prosperous condition and the troops in more perfect discipline than heretofore. Among these are such an organization as will make the regiment instead of the company the unit of organization; the appointment of a commission of military officers to revise the military code; and an amendment of the provision of the constitution which defines the power of the commander-in-chief over the military forces of the State, so as to harmonize it with the constitution of the United States.

The amendment of the constitution passed by the last Legislature, and which must be voted upon by that of the present year, restricting foreigners from voting until two years after naturalization, is commended to the favorable consideration of the Legislature. A modification of the law establishing degrees of murder is advised, as well as a revision of the statute which authorizes the Executive to make requisition upon other States for the surrender of fugitives from justice.

The continuance in office of the land agent for another year is recommended.

Perhaps one of the most important recommendations of the address is that of the increase of the school fund to the sum of three millions of dollars as a measure indispensable to the full success of the common school system. The income of the Black Bay lands, which is estimated will amount in the aggregate to from three to five millions of dollars, it is suggested, might be devoted in part to this purpose.

The attention of the Legislature is called to the manner in which the State tax is assessed upon polls in consequence of the recent decision of the Supreme Court. The Governor recommends that no poll tax be assessed upon minors, and that no portion of the State tax be assessed upon polls. He renews the recommendation that a tax not exceeding one quarter of a dollar annually be imposed upon enrolled citizens not numbered in the active militia.

The Governor briefly touches upon the improvement in the Black Bay and recommends that the State assume the duty of filling that part of the street and lands adjacent to the Public Garden, which belongs to the city, upon condition that hereafter no private structure shall be placed thereon.

In referring to what has been done by the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture to illustrate the Natural History of the State, an enlargement of this field of research is commended to the favorable consideration of the Legislature, accompanied with a just recognition of the services and sacrifices of Agassiz.

The public debt is \$1,314,000, for the payment of which, as it becomes due, the most ample provision and security has been made. The temporary debt, or the excess of expenditures over current receipts will require attention. Until 1853, for more than twenty years, with one single exception, the receipts of the Government were equal to its payments. In 1853 a State tax was paid, which from the sum \$300,000, in 1854, had grown to the sum of \$880,973, in 1857.

The last Legislature, by systematic reorganization of every department, with one exception, reduced the State tax to \$359,988, making a reduction of \$533,985, and reducing the amount of County tax below the amount asked by Commissioners \$60,000; a total reduction in these two departments of nearly \$600,000 in one year.

The total amount of appropriations for the service of last year were \$954,838, of which \$912,365 appears to have been expended. The Legislature, by statute of 1858, chapter 138, has deprived the Executive department of the power to make an exact statement of the wants for the present year. Upon such information as can be obtained, it is believed that the expenditures upon the basis of last year will amount to \$901,000, and the receipts, upon the same basis, to \$703,000—leaving a deficit of \$201,000 to be supplied by direct taxation. I am led to believe, however, that increased receipts will reduce the deficit stated some \$25,000; and I am also persuaded that liberal reductions in expenditures will still be made, so that the deficit will not exceed \$125,000 for this year.

Except in Suffolk County, there is no systematic supervision of accounts, no direct responsibility of those who expend to those who pay, and no financial department established, where the operations can be traced from year to year. He advises the Legislature to inaugurate in every expenditure the same rule which was adopted in State expenditures last year—specific appropriations for specific purposes.

A transfer of the expenditures for the support of the courts and the execution of the criminal law from the State to the counties and towns is also recommended.

The Governor alludes to some of the abuses connected with the unrestricted appointment of Justices of the Peace, and suggests that the ministerial and criminal powers of these functionaries be separated, and that their tenure of office be limited to two years. Also that a tax of three or five dollars be levied upon their commissions when issued.

He recommends that to County officers as now appointed, should be added a County Auditor for the examination and approval of all County expenditures, and a board of Supervisors, consisting of one member from each town in a county, which, in addition to the duty of auditing accounts, should have limited discretionary power in directing County affairs, such as instance relate to the division of towns, which would relieve the Legislature of very difficult and laborious duties.

An extension of the principle of fixed salaries, so as to cover the services of the Legislature and of the Executive Council for the entire year, is recommended.

The purchase of the old Hancock estate, and making it the town residence of the Governor of the Commonwealth, is forcibly commended to the consideration of the Legislature.

Small Paragraphs.

—The cold weather has been the topic of the week. Everything has frozen but love and alcohol. The first generally grows warmer as the weather grows colder, but the late low temperature gave even that a severe test. We have the consolation that the colder it is the better one feels to keep warm.

—Under the Post Office law requiring the list of unclaimed letters to be advertised in the paper having the largest city circulation, the Postmaster of New York has taken the work from the Herald and given it to the Sun.

—A politician at the West claims the support of the Catholics on the ground that he burnt Roman candles on the 4th of July evening.

—The population of Washington is estimated at 62,000, which is an increase of fifty per cent. since 1850.

—Lady Mary Wortley Montague says, that the only thing which reconciles her to being a woman is, that she will never be obliged to marry one.

—A Rochester paper says 'tis self-evident that females are as well suited for print(h)ers as men.

—At Boston a few days ago two ladies with large hoops were taken before a magistrate by a green policeman, on the ground that he was removing obstructions from the walk.

—There has been manufactured in Rockland, Me., the past year 764,000 casks of lime, which is an increase of 14,000 casks over the manufacture of last year.

—The ladies of Washington, Iowa, forwarded by the unpleasant experiences of Christmas, of the reckless frolicking of their husbands and sons on New Year's, prepared for that holiday on the previous Tuesday by destroying all the liquor in the town.

—The tobacco crop of Ohio for the past year is estimated to be worth \$3,000,000.

—"I wish," said a beautiful wife to her studious husband, "I wish I was a book." "I wish you was an *Almanac*," replied her loving lord, "and then I would get a new one every year." Just then the silks rustled.

THE CHRISTIAN WATCHEMAN AND REFLECTOR.

—This ably conducted organ of the Baptist denomination enters upon the fortieth year of its existence with the new year, and comes to us this week printed upon new and beautiful type. We admire the independent, manly and Christian spirit of the editorials in this newspaper, which have not only placed it in the front rank among religious periodicals, but have obtained for it a high reputation outside of the Baptist denomination. We wish it a large increase in its subscription list.

A NEW STATE AG. SOCIETY.—Members from several county agricultural societies met at Worcester on Wednesday, to take into consideration the propriety of organizing a new State Society. The meeting resulted in the appointment of a committee to confer with county societies on the subject and report at another meeting at Boston on February 2d.

DESTRUCTIVE HURRICANE.—A violent hurricane passed over East Haverhill, N. H., on the 31st ult., which demolished houses, barns, fences, trees, &c. The whirlwind lasted over an hour. It was also severely felt at Benton, five miles distant.

HUMBER CONFESSION.—George P. Pierce of Worcester, who has been playing medium for several years, now exposes the humbug and pronounces all mediums gross impostors.—Several other persons are owing up to the cheat.

NEW YORK WAGERLY.—This is the title of a new paper published at New York and Boston. It goes in largely for thrilling stories, and will publish the Waverly Novels. It is designed for a family newspaper. Terms \$2 per annum.

NEW PAPERS.—The Eastern Bulletin of Norwich, Ct., is before us, a new, neat and readable paper. Also the Boston North, a new democratic paper, which supports the general principles of its party. Success to both journals.

SINGING MOUSE.—An ambrotypist at Ravenna, Ohio, has a mouse which sings like a canary bird. We have several mice on our premises but their singing is more like a squeal than the song of a canary bird.

UNSUCCESSFUL.—The wife of Mr. Spear, sentenced to prison for robbing the Boston Post Office, has been unsuccessful in her efforts with the President to procure her husband's pardon.

Daniel Moody of Hadley, an old man of four score and four years, fell on the ice last week and broke his hip, and now lies in a very critical condition.

Massachusetts Legislature.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Boston, Jan. 13, 1858.

The Governor's Message has been the theme here ever since its delivery. The mass of facts which he has presented are nothing more than anybody could present with little trouble; yet nobody has presented them before and Banks very properly gets the credit. I shall beg to differ in some points from the Address, but the main features are correct in principle if not in practice. You will probably give such extracts as will give your readers a good idea of the Address.

Major Stevens died hard—that is he went out of the office of Sergeant-at-Arms clinging tenaciously to the last hope as a drowning man clings to a straw. Morrissey of Plymouth was elected handsomely, and then the members did a very silly thing in administering a cordial to Major Stevens in the shape of several insipid resolutions and the free rent of the Hancock House, where he now lives, for one year. Do you suppose, Mr. Editor, when you and I go out of office we shall receive such a consoling balm from Executive authority? Stevens had held the office for a quarter of a century, and if he has made nothing out of it he never could, and ought to try another business. Mr. Brown and one or two others who run against Morrissey are to be rewarded by small crumbs of comfort under him, because they eaved in and let Mr. Morrissey slide easily over the course. Well, that is all right so far as it goes.

On Monday both branches were occupied in preliminary business. Committees were appointed by the speaker of the House, and a Mr. Jenks sent in an invitation to the members to attend prayer meeting at the Old South Church every morning at half past eight o'clock. I hope these prayer meetings will be attended by all members. By so doing they will be kept away from many evils which best members, especially those from the country. Tuesday was assigned for the election of U. S. Senator, on the part of the Senate. Gen. Henry Wilson was reelected for six years from next 4th of March. He received 36 votes, to 3 for Geo. S. Boutwell, 1 for Edward Everett and 1 for Caleb Cushing. Bagge of Hampden, and Branning of Berkshire, voted for Boutwell. On Wednesday the House elected U. S. Senator on its part, confirming the action of the Senate by 199 for Wilson, to 25 for Caleb Cushing, 2 for B. F. Butler, and 9 for Amos A. Lawrence. Now that the legislature has given Major Stevens his house rent for 1859, Morrissey wants his salary raised to \$2000 instead of receiving his house rent free. This is a system of economy not set forth in the Governor's Address.

Petitions are beginning to come in, among which is one desiring its loan act changed so that instead of receiving \$100,000 from the state for each 1000 feet of tunnel and five miles of road, it shall have \$40,000 for each 1000 feet of "heading" in the tunnel and \$45,000 for each 1000 feet of "bottom," or \$75,000, for each 1000 feet of complete tunnel, and then \$25,000 for each five miles of road or its equivalent in expenditure over a larger line. The several suggestions in the Governor's Address have been paraded out to Committees who will report thereon. It will be folly to expect the legislature to adjourn before the first of April.

BEAR SHOOTING.—A California bear, which was kept at a hotel near Providence escaped from confinement last Friday, climbed a tree and frightened a stage team. He then smashed a window of Mr. Littlefield's house and prepared to enter the room where there was a good looking young lady. Mr. Littlefield loaded his gun with five slugs and shot the varmint.

SHOCKING OUTRAGE.—Near Morgantown, Berks county, Penn., a few days ago, some boys, out of sheer malicious mischief, attacked a son of the Rev. Mr. Hunter, of the Baptist Church, a boy about 14 years old, and attempted to mutilate him by emasculation. They were not successful, though a shocking and dangerous wound was inflicted.

WISHES TO BE A SLAVE AGAIN.—A bill has passed the North Carolina house of commons, allowing Emily Hooper, a liberated slave, to return from Liberia, and become the slave again of her old mistress at Chapel Hill. The girl's parents have died in Liberia, and she is very urgent to return home again, having no sympathies that connect her with Africa.

BOSTON JOURNAL.—We would call attention to the advertisement of the Boston Journal in another column. Persons wishing to take a Boston paper will find the Journal just what they want—a reliable and interesting newspaper, giving all the current news of the day, with able editorial and full reports of all important public gatherings.

GOING IN FOR HANGING.—Petitions are in circulation in Michigan, asking for a restoration of the penalty for murder in that State.—During eight years, imprisonment for life has been the highest penalty in the statutes of Michigan.

RAILROADS.—The cost of construction and equipment of the railroads in the United States amount to \$1,020,655,870, or money enough to break down any other country in the world.

WASHINGTON'S COMB.—A portion of a comb, bearing the name of George Washington, has been found at Valley Forge, and it is supposed to be a lost one by him during the Revolutionary War.

MAIL ROBBER ARRESTED.—John Marr, of Mechanicville, Saratoga county, has been detected by mail agent Holbrook, in robbing the mails at Mechanicville post office. His depredations have been extensive.

THE LARGEST MARKET.—A few years ago Brighton was the largest cattle market in this country. Now Albany is next to the New York Cattlemarket, which is the largest in the U. S.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

FAIR AT BELCHERTOWN.—The net proceeds of the ladies' fair at Belchertown on Wednesday evening amounted to \$125.

COUNTERFEITS.—Counterfeit 2's on the Monson Bank are said to be in circulation in many places.

HAINNESS SHOP.—Mr. Waite has removed his harness shop from the south side of the railroad bridge to the store lately occupied by Mrs. Shaw in the Palmer House Block.

GOODS AT LOW FIGURES.—W. W. Cross advertises in another column that he shall sell goods for a few weeks at low prices in order to reduce his large stock. Read his advertisement.

MARCE'S P. KNOWLTON of this town is one of the teachers in the Westfield Academy, and we have a letter from there saying that he is an excellent instructor, being perfectly at home in the school room.

NEW LONDON AND PALMER RAILROAD.—The New London and Palmer Railroad has passed into the hands of the trustees, who will now direct its management. It will probably go through the same operation as did the Palmer and Amherst road before it will get established on a safe foundation.

FROZE UP.—A man who took a barrel of liquor from this village on Monday, to carry to Ware, found that it had frozen solid before getting half way there. He stopped on the road to thaw it, fearing that the barrel would burst. It must have been a very cold day, or very poor liquor.

MONITOR.—Henry Seism, representative from Palmer has received the office of Monitor of the 2d division in the House. His business is to see that the members of his division are present at the daily sessions, and attending to duty. We predicted last Fall that we should hear from Mr. Seism at the Capitol this winter.

NARROW ESCAPE.—On Saturday last, Albert Dofman, employed in A. V. Blanchard & Co.'s plow hand factory had his clothing caught by a shaft which revolved four hundred times a minute, and but for a desperate and successful effort to free himself, must have been seriously or fatally injured. He escaped without pants or shirt, considering himself lucky to get off so.

OUTLINE MAPS FOR SCHOOLS.—The School Committee are making an effort to introduce Mitchell's outline maps into all our schools. In this district (No. 3) the amount sufficient to purchase a set has been subscribed, and the maps have been procured. Subscription papers will be circulated in all the school districts for this purpose. Parents should take interest enough in the welfare of their children to aid in procuring the maps for the schools where they attend.

OUR SCHOOLS.—We learn from the Town Committee that our schools are in a prosperous condition this winter. Most of them are under the management of excellent teachers. The High School is rapidly recovering the reputation it sustained before the town voted to make it a degraded school, the present teacher being admirably adapted to his profession. For the credit of our schools we hope the disgraceful transactions that have happened in some of the districts during the past year will not be repeated very soon.

POLICE.—Charles A. Merriam, a boy of 16, was, on Friday, last week, sent to the House of Correction for three months, for threatening to burn the buildings of Wm. E. Hitchcock, of Brimfield, with whom he lived. He had also abused Mr. Hitchcock's cattle, and threatened to kill them as well as members of the family.

On the same day Cornelius Sullivan of Monson was sent to the House of Correction for 30 days for an assault upon Michael Sullivan. Cornelius got a severe whipping from Michael and then complained of him, but Michael turned upon Cornelius and had him arrested also, and succeeded in proving him to be the aggressor, for which he was sentenced as above.

On Saturday Andrew Pease was arraigned for cutting down trees on land of two ancient maiden ladies named Anderson, in the northeast part of Monson. Mr. Pease was acquitted on the ground that he did the deed unintentionally, supposing he was on his own ground.

WHAT WE WANT.—To develop a healthy growth of this village, and inspire enterprise in our citizens, we want the assistance of capitalists and real estate owners. Several manufacturing establishments would rent steam power if it could be obtained with buildings, and numerous families would make their homes here if tenements could be obtained. We have land enough and timber enough, but the enterprise of somebody with capital is wanting to put up houses. We also need a first class block to occupy the place of the unsightly building in front of the depot. Every room in such a block would be engaged before the first story could be erected, and the whole building would rent for \$1200 or \$1500. We have men who have the means to build, and whose money would be safer and pay better interest in a good block than in banks. With these encouragements before them why should they delay?

THE COLD TERM.—The weather of Monday and Tuesday was the coldest of the season, and probably the coldest that has occurred for many years. On Monday morning the thermometer indicated 10 below zero and did not get but a few degrees above in the warmest part of the day. Tuesday morning was still colder. In some places in this vicinity we learn that mercury went down to 25° and even lower. People froze their noses, cheeks, ears, toes and fingers. It was dangerous for a man to go far from a fire unless well protected by furs and warm clothing. The morning train for New London did not go further than Stafford, where the engine froze up. The train arrived back to Palmer at 10 o'clock in the evening. A snow storm set in about noon which lasted till night, the cold continuing unabated. It moderated a little in the evening, since which people have breathed easier.

Human Frailties.

The Boston Herald relates how a merchant on Summer street went abroad for his health, and during his absence his wife took a bachelor friend under her roof and to her own embraces. The husband learned all on his return, but forgave his wife on the promise that she would go and sin no more. The erring wife did not stick to her promise, and the long-forbearing merchant has now turned her off, and will sue for a divorce, bringing as evidence of her infidelity an infant likeness of her bachelor friend.

A lady of rank and fortune from Washington took her beautiful daughter of fifteen to Philadelphia where she fell in with, and planned an elopement with a young man, but just as they were ready to leave a police officer caught the young man and locked him up in absence of \$1000 bail. The young man was a medical student. The young lady says she planned the elopement herself. She had the privilege of staying with him at a hotel for several days before he or she was discovered. While the officer was taking the young lady home she proposed to him another elopement. Such a girl wants seeing to.

The wife of a Mr. Brooks, at Homer, N. Y., the other day threw a knife violently at her husband, which put out one of his eyes. The amount of her conjugal grief may be measured by the fact that she said afterwards she would have given five dollars rather than to have had it happen.

In the Crawford, Ohio, Common Pleas Court, Mr. H. Johnson, a polite young man of loose principles, was compelled to pay Miss Jarvis \$3500 for trifling with her affections, and \$3300 for compromising her reputation.

Sarah Judson, of Pontiac, Mich., the white girl who eloped to Canada with a negro and married him, has returned home with her father, who considers her insane and intends to place her in a lunatic asylum.

At Reading, England, Mary Newell was recently sentenced to death for the murder of her illegitimate child. Her seducer, William Francis, admitted in his evidence that he had refused her shelter after she had walked eight miles with her child to see him. After the trial Francis was seized by the mob, who tore off his clothing, ducked him for a quarter of an hour in a ditch, and would have killed him if the police had not interfered.

John Breckenridge, of Shelby Co., Ky., a recently subjected to a brief imprisonment in the Louisville jail, where he was smitten with the charms of Agnes Moran, a lively Irish girl, charged with larceny. He offered to furnish bail in the sum of \$300 for her if she would go and live with him, to which she agreed, and left, as she said, to pack up her clothes. That was the last, however, that Johnny saw of the handsome jade, and his grief thereat was not at all lightened by the fact that he was responsible for the \$300.

A young Frenchman named Theodore Burrill, and said to have been a gentleman on a steamship Vanderbilt, committed suicide on Sunday evening at the lager-beer saloon No. 304 Greenwich street, New York. The young Frenchman had become infatuated with a young Irish girl named Mary McQuinn. The burning passion of the young Frenchman was not reciprocated by the young lady. Burrill called on Sunday evening, and discovered the object of his affection exhibiting fondness for another young man. Burrill drew a dagger, stabbed himself to the heart, and fell dead to the floor. Coroner Schirmer held an inquest upon the body, when a verdict of suicide was rendered.

The Boston correspondent of the Worcester Spy says that a certain officer in the Custom House has recently seduced a young lady in that city; that he has a wife; and that the aforesaid young lady is likely to become a mother. An action for damages has been commenced, and there is a prospect of a sensation.

A correspondent of the Adams Transcript gives an account of an attempt made by a young lady in Great Barrington to poison herself. He speaks of her as a well educated, modest girl of seventeen, who had been obliged by her father, who kept a second-rate hotel and drank hard, to associate with such persons as these influences she married a man whom she supposed honorable, and when he proved a reprobate and a libertine, her courage gave out, and in despair she swallowed a dose of poison. The quantity, however, was so large, that a physician easily caused it to be thrown up, and she much against her will, and in spite of her earnest entreaties to be left alone to die. The Transcript has been sued for libel, for publishing the above, by Benjamin Austin of Egremont, who is the husband alluded to. He claims damages in the sum of \$5000.

At New York, a few evenings since, the mistress of a Mr. Brown attempted to go to a ball with a new lover she had found at Mr. Brown's apartment at the carriage window and ordered her lover to leave, and on his refusing to do so, Brown attempted to demolish his rival, when the latter drew a revolver, and fired at Brown, but instead of hitting him the ball struck the lady in the side, and it is expected that she will not recover. The new lover leaped out of the carriage and escaped.

Mr. Ward who shot his wife at Sacramento, Cal., on account of her infidelity, and then shot himself, still lives. Public opinion is with him, and the newspapers call upon Maloney, the state controller, who was found in bed with Mrs. Ward, to resign. He is an old man, with a wife and large family, and writes God with a small g.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—The St. Albans Messenger says that Mr. George W. Blake, of Fairfax, returned home from fox hunting on Wednesday evening, 29th ult., and placed his gun, which was loaded, in a corner near the fire.

Mrs. Blake accidentally knocked the gun down, which caused a discharge, lodging the contents in one of her feet, mangleing it in a dreadful manner. The limb was amputated the next morning, but Mrs. B. died on Monday.

SHOCKING DEATH.—An unknown man met with a terrible death at Philadelphia on Saturday. Just after the steamer Delaware started from her wharf for New York the machinery was found to be obstructed and on examination a man was discovered terribly jammed up among it. He did not live long enough to tell how he came there, but it is supposed that he secreted himself for the purpose of getting a free passage to New York.

HUNG BY A MOB.—A few days since a notorious desperado named Tom, Middleton, the dread of the quiet citizens of the counties of Texas bordering on Louisiana, was arrested in the latter State, and taken to Bastrop, Texas. While the Sheriff was taking measures to secure him in jail, a number of the citizens thought it moderated a little in the evening, since which people have breathed easier.

While the Sheriff was taking measures to secure him in jail, a number of the citizens thought it moderated a little in the evening, since which people have breathed easier.

ITEMS FROM THE WARE STANDARD.

A SYMPATHIZING FRIEND.—The school master who was fined for flogging the Gould boy after school has found a friend in Rochester, who volunteers in her defence through the columns of the Democrat, and sees a terrible fate for the lad who bit an apple in school. His "pheelinks" are evidently wounded. People who have corns should not put their toes where they will be trod on.

LECTURING.—Morace P. Fairfield, late of Ware, is lecturing in the eastern cities on spiritualism. He calls himself the "sailor medium." He is a poor deluded fellow, unworthy of the least confidence. He forsook his wife to embrace spiritualism, and was the silly coot who pretended to throw up from his stomach ten or a dozen gold pieces, at Longmeadow, a few years ago. He pretends to be a sailor, but has not been on salt water long enough to tell a whale from a porpoise.

THE 2d CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY.—In his sermon on the first Sabbath in the year, Rev. A. E. Perkins gave some interesting statistics in relation to his church and society. During the past year 19 of his parishioners have died, eight were married, seven by himself. Fifty-three have been added to his church by profession, and fifteen by letter. Thirty-one adults and twenty-one infants have been baptized. The families in his parish number 800 persons. During the year ending October, his Church and Society have contributed \$2087.29 for foreign missions, besides erecting a chapel at a cost of nearly \$4000. This Society has contributed for all purposes more than any other Society in this (Brookfield) Association.

THE BALLOONS.—A French paper contains an account of a fatal erinoline catastrophe. A lady's dress took fire, but her enormous hoops protected her person until the flames reached her waist. Her lady friends were so profusely enveloped in petticoats that they could not approach to aid her, so she rushed to a kitchen, got a bucket of water and extinguished the flames herself. She was found, upon being undressed, to be so severely burnt that she cannot recover. Punch says the proper name for erinoline is fire balloons.

MORE ABOUT THE NEWBORN MURDER.—A gentleman residing at Middletown, Orange county, N. Y., states that his wife's sister, a tailoress, who had been working in Newburgh, in April, 1857, has been missing since that time, and that the description of the young girl who was murdered near that village, answers exactly to the appearance of the missing girl. He also states that it is his intention to fully investigate the matter.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The total number of Justices of the Peace commissioned in Massachusetts from January, 1849, to November, 23, 1858, was, we learn from tables prepared by the Governor, 9,446; of which Suffolk had 1832; Essex 1037; Middlesex 1393; Worcester 1039. In the first year, 1849, only 723 were commissioned, and the number increased yearly, until in 1858 the number was 1134. The total of all commissions issued during the same period is 12,662.

THE QUEEN'S NEW TITLE.—Queen Victoria, by the addition of the British provinces in India to the direct rule of the English throne has her official title altered to the following: "Victoria by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Colonies, and Dependencies thereof in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia, Queen, Defender of the Faith."

CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.—A meeting of New York Democrats was recently held in Albany, at which it was resolved to elect an entire delegation to the Charleston Convention favorable to the nomination of Ex-Gov. Seymour of that State, and if unsuccessful in the first choice to vote for a Southern candidate.

ACCIDENTAL HOMICIDE.—On Thursday night last two policemen went into a barber's shop in Washington, kept by three colored men.—One of the barbers took a pistol from one of the policemen, and while examining it, the piece was accidentally discharged and the ball entered the brain of Thomas Brown, another barber, killing him instantly.

A NEW CHIEF.—Old Sam Jones, Chief of the Florida Indians is dead, and Tiger Tail has been appointed chief in his stead. The latter expresses a desire to remain in Florida, and is willing to comply with anything the government may require of him, but asserts that, unless compelled, he will not go West.

CAMELS A NUISANCE.—The City Council of Galveston, Texas, has passed an ordinance declaring camels to be nuisances, and imposing a fine of \$100 to any person who shall ride, drive or introduce a camel within the corporate limits of the city, except for the purpose of immediate shipment.

MONUMENT TO DR. KANE.—An association of gentlemen in New York have determined to erect a monument to Dr. Kane, to consist of a statue upon a fluted column. Several large subscriptions have been made for the purpose, and the idea of placing the monument in the Central Park is suggested.

GIVEN HIMSELF UP.—Dr. Matthews, Deputy U. S. Marshal of Chicago, who recently absconded with \$8000, has returned from his hiding place and given himself up to the officers of the law, having become weary of his vagabond life.

ILL AGAIN.—Rev. Theodore Parker is again ill, and is going to the West Indies to recruit his health. He has been attacked with bleeding at the lungs and throat. His society have voted to continue his salary for the year, tho' he may be absent.

TWO MEN WERE seriously injured by a premature explosion at the eastern end of the Hoosac tunnel, on Thursday evening, one having the tamping iron driven into his thigh, and the other a rib broken, and both otherwise badly hurt.

BREAD DISTRIBUTED.—In Philadelphia, on Saturday, the Independent Sons of Males, distributed five thousand loaves of bread to the poor, through the agency of various benevolent societies.

A CATHOLIC.—It is said that the wife of Senator Douglas is a Catholic.

The Palmer Journal.

PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

NUMBER 36.

VOLUME IX.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

—BY—
FISK & GOLF.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM. To those who pay strictly in advance Twenty-five cents will be deducted. For six months 75 cents; For three months 38 cents.

ADVERTISING.—The space occupied by twelve lines advertising type constitutes a square. For one square, one week, 75 cents; for two or three weeks \$1.00. For each subsequent insertion 20 cents. Legal advertising 20 per cent. in advance of these rates. Special and obituary notices 10 cents per line. A discount made to yearly advertisers. Transient advertising must be paid for in advance.

JON FULTON, of nearly every description, and in the neatest styles, promptly executed.
G. M. FISK. HENRY F. GOLF.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

No. 1.—I consist of 17 letters.
My 4, 6, 10, is what we all do.
My 5, 8, 14, 15, is a great part of the body.
My 1, 13, 9, 12, is the name of a fish.
My 7, 16, 2, 10, is a part of speech.
My 13, 8, 3, is the name of a fowl.
My 6, 13, 14, is a girl's name.
My 17, 6, 10, 13, is very useful to vessels.
My 18, 6, 12, is a personal pronoun.
My 1, 5, 6, 7, is a very tender part of you.
My whole is what we may all expect if we live.

No. 2.—Omissions.—I am composed of six letters.
Omit my 2, 3, 6, and I am a elub.
Omit my 1, 3, 6, and I am a small animal.
Omit my 2, 3, 6, and I am a word of contempt.
Omit my 6, 3, 1, transpose, and I am a thick substance.
Omit my 2, 4, 6, and I am a wagger.

No. 3.—
My first in the garden luxuriantly grows.
Delicious and sweet, as every one knows;
My second a noisy, vain, quarrelsome thing,
The lord of a harem, as proud as a king;
My whole is still prouder, and seems to rejoice
As much in his jail as he does in his voice.

No. 4.—A man started on a journey, and on stopping at a hotel borrowed as much money as he had in his pocket. In the morning he paid \$1.00 for his lodging. He stopped at 4 hotels in the same manner, borrowing each time as much money as he had in his possession. He paid away all he had at the last hotel. How much did he start with?

No. 5.—Which of the girls can answer questions best?

No. 6.—My first is company.
My second is without company.
And my third calls company.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

No. 1.—Mistake.
No. 2.—A yellow.
No. 3.—Gift Book Enterprise.
No. 4.—Bolt it.
No. 5.—A Bell.
No. 6.—Sarsaparilla.—Dr. Townsend.
No. 7.—Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

A Winter Scene.

We were asleep all the night long—sound asleep as children, and "soft as snow on snow"—were all the descendants of our untroubled dreams. The moon and all her stars were willing that their lustre should be veiled, and that peaceful shower—and the sun, peering with the purity of the morning earth, all white as innocence, looked down from heaven with a meek and unmelting light, and still leaves undissolved the staid and somber—There is frost in the air; but he "does his spiriting gently," studding the ground-snow with diamonds, and shaping the tree-snow according to the peculiar and characteristic beauty of the leaves and sprays on which it has alighted almost as gently as the dew of spring. You know every kind of tree still by its own spirit showing itself through that fairy veil, momentarily disguised from recognition—but admired the more in the sweet surprise by which again your heart salutes its familiar branches all fancifully ornamented with their snow-foliage.

Lo! a sudden burst of sunshine, sending back the pensive spirit from the past to the present, and kindling it till it dances like light reflected from a burning mirror! Behold what a beautiful Sun-scene, though almost destitute of life! An undulating landscape, hillock and knoll, but the weight of a day and night's incessant snow-fall! The weather has not been falling, there is not a cloud to be seen, except some delicate braids, here and there along the eaves of the Great Blue Sea of Heaven. Most luminous is the sun, but you can look straight on his face, almost with unblinking eyes, so mild and mellow is his large light, as it overflows the day. All enclosures have disappeared, and you indistinctly ken the greater landmarks, such as a grove, a wood, a hall, a castle, a spire, a village, a town—the faint haze of a far off and smokeless city. Most intense is the silence. For all the streams are dumb, and the great river lies like a dead serpent in its path. Not dead—for, lo! yonder one of its folds glitters—and in the glitter you see him moving—while all the rest of his sullen length is pale by frost, and looks livid and more livid at every distant and more distant winding.

STRANGE COMPARISON.—One of our exchanges gets slightly excited and piles on the "high falutun" in this wise: A grain of carmine will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the odor will be perceptible; and a grain of musk will scent a room twenty years. Just so if a man cheat a printer—the stain will be forever visible on the minute atom of rascality about an individual strong enough to make an honest man turn up his nose in disgust, and kick him out of his presence, if he can't get rid of him any other way.

A BLACK CLOUD.—A black cloud makes the traveller mend his pace and think of his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealthy away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and the sun, and many troubles do conceal me from myself; for I perceive if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in my pilgrimage, I would soon forget my Father's house and my heritage.—Lucas.

Keep Sunshine in the Heart.

Keep sunshine in the heart, my friend,
Whatever may betide—
Though clouds hang dark above thy path,
And faith be sorely tried;
Though friends have cold and distant grown,
Nor longer lend their aid;
Smile on! smile on! in joy or gloom—
In sunshine or in shade.

For grief will be of no avail,
And tears will weaken thee;
But joy will make thy spirit strong—
Will make thee bold and free;
Oh! struggle bravely on! and thou
Ere long mayest hail the day
When heaven's blishest beams may read the clouds,
And round thy pathway play!

Thy "summer friends" may soon return
As brothers to thy side,
And aid thee with their prayers to breast
The waves of life's dark tide.
Then let thy sad repining cease—
Thy gloom, thy fears depart;
Keep sunshine in the heart, my friend,
Keep sunshine in the heart!

THE MINER'S BURIAL.

The following, by J. Sweet, of California, is a graphic sketch of an only too frequent occurrence in the "Golden State."

I remember many burial scenes in the old church yard of my native village, when I gazed upon the long procession of mourners slowly moving over the meeting-house green, and winding through the narrow gate-way.—I remember how the iron bell hung up in the belfry tolled out the solemn notes in muffled monotone, till the warm blood flowed back on my young heart and dark thoughts of the cold grave chased away the sunlight of boyish existence. Yet, when on a summer Sabbath I strolled about the grave-yard, where the little children played every Sunday noon, and saw the flowers blooming and the green grass springing up over the graves, it seemed a pleasant thing to lie down to sleep in the pleasant shade of the old Church. It is a beautiful thought that the spirit may come back to linger round the scenes of its early home, and the universal desire to be laid to rest among friends may be put to a yearning of the soul for the companionship of kindred spirits.

I remember many burial scenes, but there are two which come back to me at times with all their overpowering emotions; one, when a mere boy, I went over the grave of my father, another, when in after-time, my heart changed by years of restless excitement, I stood by the grave of a brother-miner in one of the wild mountain glens of California. There have been many such burial scenes in the Gold Land, and few who have witnessed can ever forget them, till the memory of the strange scenes, wild emotions, and thrilling excitement of a miner's life fades away from the mind. The rain had descended in torrents for many dark days and gloomy nights, and every stream and brook had become a rushing river sweeping madly down through narrow canyons. The swollen waters seized him to our little band of miners and hurried him to an instant and awful death; but after holding the pale form in their cold, clammy embrace for three days, yielded up the body, and we consigned our brother departed to a miner's grave. We buried him when the long and fearful storm had ceased, and nature was rejoicing in the warm, life-giving sunlight; and, as we stood round the pale form, the sad event passed away from our hearts, as if some feeble rays of the life and light of a spiritual existence opening on the new-born soul were beaming down upon the mourners around the worn-out tenement of clay.

I have seen the great horse to their last home, when the muffled drum beat like the hearts of the assembled people mourning for their leader. I have listened to services in the dimly lighted church, where the deep-toned organ swelled in solemn reverberation over the vast assembly till the soul was lost to everything save the mournful requiem; but no scene ever seemed so affecting as the simple mountain burial. Far away in the rugged mountain of the Sierra Nevada, where the head waters of the Feather River are gathered from snowy peaks, and poured through rocky canons, a little group of rough miners stand on a green shelf of the mountain at whose base the waters send by a ceaseless roar. A rude coffin lies on the ground, and they gather round to cast a last look on the face of him who but three days ago was the life of the weary company that clustered round the evening camp-fires. Few words are spoken, few tears are shed; for hearts roughed by California life are not easily moved by deep emotion; but the working of bronzed faces show that the waters are flowing in channels which have long been dry.

No temple reared by human hands covers the little band of mourners, but the blue vault of heaven resting on the everlasting hills which rise up like colossal pillars against the horizon forms the dome of a grand cathedral than ever architect conceived! The hills are its golden altar; the rushing river its mighty organ; paintings richer than those by ancient masters are hung upon its walls; and through the crystal dome the temple of the comes pouring down over the temple of the invisible. A little rivulet with silver cascades rushing in the sun is leaping down the mountain side, sending up a low music that falls dreamily on the ear. No tolling bell is throbbing on the passing breeze. The solemn stillness, broken only by the low voices of Nature, seems more fitting.

An old grey-headed miner reads a chapter from the Bible, the first that he has read for many long months; but while he is reading, memories of a mother who taught him to pray come over him, and the old iron-visaged man is a child! A few simple lines, the tribute of a brother miner, are read, and the old grey-headed miner, turning again to his Bible, repeats the simple prayer of our Savior, more appropriate than any human language. That night, when the pale moon looked down upon the new-made grave, and stars came drifting from the dark depths of the heavens like spirit-eyes from other worlds, one solitary mourner stood by the resting place of the miner, one who there learned a lesson never to be forgotten.

There are times when the events of a lifetime are crowded into a moment; when the spirit, bursting from the bonds of sense, turns its piercing eye inward, analyzing all its secret motives, and then, turning outward, sweep away into futurity, defying the control

of reason or will, and brings back to the doubting mind the voice of inspiration.—When a stranger's letter shall convey the tidings far across the Atlantic to a pleasant home in Old England, a widowed mother's heart shall be rung with untold anguish. No tears of sister or mother may ever fall on the grave of the young Englishman; but, far away, eyes shall grow dim with weeping and hearts sad with mourning. Those who laid him in a foreign grave are even now separated, never again to visit the place; but memory will make many a pilgrimage to the solitude of that wild mountain-glen. Strangers shall pass by that quiet spot, and seeing the initials rudely carved on the granite headstone, wonder who lies buried there. The wild birds shall sing over him, and wild flowers bloom every spring around the grave.—And when the spirit of the storm breathes on the organ of the hill—the swollen river—there shall rise up a solemn requiem for the young stranger who was consigned by strangers' hands to a miner's grave in the mountain wilds of the Golden Land of California.

Times have Changed—A Remarkable Maiden Lady.

A correspondent at New Braintree sends us the following readable communication, which we have delayed publishing several weeks for want of room. It has lost none of its interest by keeping:

"Times have changed," is a common remark, and is often used as an excuse for adopting many of the fashions and customs of the present day. Fifty years ago farmers' families (which, by the way, usually numbered from 6 to 15), were healthy, robust, and could endure hardships. Then bean-porridge, brown bread, hasty-pudding, boiled vegetables, washed down by a good deal of hard cider, constituted their principal living, and one dollar's worth of wheat flour at Thanksgiving was the usual allowance for most families. How is it now? Have not the "times changed" in this respect?

Eminent physiologists express the opinion that man is deteriorating physically, on account of his bad habits. Curvature of the spine, compressed and narrow chests, stooping postures, round shoulders, nervous complaints, &c., &c., are not confined to the city, but are among all particular classes, but in the country and among all classes. Children are growing up puny, nervous, and delicate, the want of physical training. Few children, especially females, are found with good forms. For a number of years it has been the custom in France to give to young females of the earliest age the habit of holding back the shoulders, and thus expanding the chest.—from the observations of anatomists lately made, it appears that the collar bone is actually longer in females of the French nation than in those of the English. The French have succeeded in the development of a part, in a way that adds to health and beauty. Do not most persons bestow more care and attention relating to form and figure of their domestic animals, than to their children? He will strive with great assiduity to have a colt reared with a good form; he will see that it is accustomed to a high rack, to young; that it is fed from a high rack, to give its head and shoulders a good position, &c.; that it is trained to place its feet in a manner to conceal defects, and heighten every line of beauty. This he does to increase the value of the animal.—We would inquire which is of the most importance a horse or a child?

We have a specimen in this town of a maiden lady, who is now 82 years of age, who was brought up according to the rules of the old school, and has strictly followed them, without adopting any of the modern rules, not even wearing hoops. We will state a few facts for the benefit of some of our modern ladies, hoping that they may be induced to follow "in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor." She has walked several times during the present season, 25 miles and upwards, and one stormy day this winter she walked 14 miles without showing any signs of being weary. An exercise to which she has been accustomed herself, and proving it to be one of the very best means for the development of female beauty, and the opening of female health and effectually the one which most part—not only exercises every limb, but every muscle, assisting and promoting the circulation of the blood throughout the whole body. Although she has counted her life on little or no capital, she has been able by her industry and economy to secure a competency sufficient to make herself comfortable should she live to be as old as some of the antediluvians. Some four or five years ago she purchased a farm and stock in this town for which she paid \$5,000 cash, besides having quite an amount in the bank, and she has always worked for small wages, from \$1 to \$1.50 per week, which verifies the proverb, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." That is, by avoiding petty extravagances and economizing the daily expenses of life, a competency will be realized more surely and honorably than by parsimonious savings or inordinate profits. Three years ago she worked out for wages as a hired maid, where they kept thirty cows, besides having the care of her farm. Quite a contrast help-meets. And now, school and new school help-meets. And now, Mr. Editor, if you can furnish us with an example of modern times that will compare with the above let us have it. J. B. B.

New Braintree.

DEATH OF A NOTED INDIAN CHIEF.—An Indian chief, called Oskemo, died lately near Lansing, Michigan. He was supposed to be over one hundred years old. He was in the war of 1793, both for and against Wayne and St. Clair, at different times. He had a sabre cut clear across his back, made by one of Meigs' troops. He received wounds which left holes in his skull, into which three fingers could be laid.

AN OLD SETTLER.—Mrs. Winn of Somerville, now in her 90th year of age, visited Boston one evening last week for the purpose of paying her respects to a great great-granddaughter, who has lately become a bride.—Mrs. Winn has lived to see the fourth generation of her family connections married.—Mrs. Winn enjoys good health at the present time, and can read without the use of glasses. She is one of the few "old settlers" of 1859.

A Strange but True Story.

For a long time we have heard nothing stranger than the story we are about to relate. When Thomas Galloway was 24 years of age, he married a lady about the same age, in a village down in the State of Vermont. This lady had a daughter Mary by her first husband, who, at the time of her second marriage, was two years of age. Just one year after Galloway's marriage his wife died.—Little Mary was sent to live with a family by the name of Plunkett, in a neighboring village, and Galloway left upon a whaling expedition. He cruised and wandered from place to place, and finally settled in Dearborn County, Indiana—20 years having elapsed since the death of his wife. He afterwards thought of visiting his old Vermont home, but he heard from good report that his only brother John had left the place soon after his departure, and that little Mary had grown up to womanhood, married, and emigrated, he could not ascertain where. Having no other ties of affection to draw him to the place, he scarcely ever gave it a passing thought.

Shortly after settling in his new Indiana home he became acquainted with a young widow, and notwithstanding the disparity in their ages, married her. Some three weeks after his marriage, he discovered, by his wife's account of her early life, that she was no other than his step-child, Mary. She had married five years before, and her husband, James Laeklin, met with a violent death, in clearing two years afterward.

About three years after Galloway's second marriage, he happened one day to be in Newburg on the Ohio River, six miles from his residence, when a man by the name of Galloway was drowned off a steamer at the wharf. The body was discovered by the features and corresponding name, he began to entertain a vague idea that he might be his only brother John. Information gained from the captain of the boat strengthened the suspicion he had formed, and ascertaining that the unfortunate man had a family in the vicinity, and at the time of his death was on his way to the West to enter land, Galloway resolved to return with the captain and find out the truth. He did so, and found his suspicion correct. His brother had left a tract of land, a large family of children, for the most part girls, and a wife in ill health.—After consulting with his deceased brother's wife, he concluded to take charge of the farm. Accordingly he went to Indiana, sold his effects there, and in company with his young wife returned, and has been living within six miles of this city for a length of time now going on ten years. This story is literally true with the exception of the names. Verily truth is stranger than fiction.—Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer.

Close of the Week.

A week! It is but a short time indeed, but its events are a host, its changes many.—To whom has the week just about to close brought joy?—to whom sorrow?—to whom riches?—to whom poverty?—to whom enemies?—to whom love?—to whom hatred?—to whom sickness?—to whom happiness?—to whom misery?—to whom health?—to whom life?—to whom DEATH?—What! all these in one week? Yes, and a host more numerous than the sands of the sea. Many who saw the dawning of the present week, will be in another world before it closes; many upon whom fortune smiled but a week ago are now groaning beneath the withering frowns of poverty; many who were floating gently on the bark of life, or the untroubled sea of happiness, a week ago are now the weeks of ruin on the shores of affliction; many upon whom the sun of last Sabbath shone propitiously, have, ere this time met with some misfortune, and are turned up by the world, the children of poverty, with many hopes and expectations and hopes to be beaming forth bright and prosperous at the dawn of the week, find themselves, at the close, the sad and miserable beings of disappointment.

And such is the fate of man! It is subject to changes in a week, a day, nay even an hour. The world is still in commotion, revolution succeeding revolution; time whirling in its rapid progress, leaving behind its trace of destruction. And even in a small community, many thrilling and exciting circumstances might be summed up and recorded at the close of each week.

AN ARAB MAGICIAN.—Caleb Lyon of Lyndale, who gave a lecture on Egypt, recently in New York, relates some remarkable tricks that were performed by an Arab magician. A cane was handed to the party for inspection, and proved to be a plain stick, on which the knots of the limbs were visible; on returning it to the conjurer, however, it became a serpent which wiggled about for a few minutes and then suddenly became a stick again. This trick, which is said to be a common one with the Arabs, was repeated several times. The next trick was more startling. A black liquid was poured into a boy's hand, and in it, as in a mirror, one of Mr. Lyon's companions, a native of South Carolina, beheld a rice plantation of his own State, and his father who had been dead many years, riding through the field on horseback.

COEXISTENCE OF THE NEGRO.—In twenty-four of the thirty-two States, negroes are allowed no political privileges whatever that place them on an equality with the white race.—Eleven of these twenty-four States are free.—New York practically excludes them by a freehold qualification and a long residence before voting. Two more States—Maine and Rhode Island—exclude them by requiring all voters to be citizens of the United States, Massachusetts and New Hampshire are above the only States that make no distinction of color or race, and there they are not allowed to serve in the militia.

SCIENTIFIC ARTISAN.—This is an eight-paged, well got up scientific paper, published at Cincinnati, Ohio, for two dollars a year. It is after the plan of the Scientific American, and is more liberal in its treatment of inventors and their inventions. It is published by the American Patent Company.

OUT OF FASHION.—The State of Arkansas has not a single telegraph wire within her borders. A project is on foot for establishing one between Memphis and Little Rock.

The Father of Waters.

The vastness of the great Mississippi river, is thus given by a newspaper correspondent writing from Maiden Rock, Wisconsin:

While I look out upon the river, three miles wide at this point, my mind seems to take in at one grasp the magnitude of the stream.—From the frozen regions of the North to the sunny South, it extends some 3,100 miles, and with the Missouri is 4,500 miles in length. It would reach from New York across the Atlantic, and extend from France to Turkey, and to the Caspian Sea. Its average depth, from its source in Lake Itasca to its delta in the Gulf of Mexico, is fifty feet, and its width half a mile. The trapper, on the Upper Mississippi, can take the furs of the animals that inhabit its sources, and exchange them for the tropical fruits that are gathered on its banks below. Slaves toil at one end of this great thoroughfare, while the free red men of the forest roam at the other end. The floods are more than a month in traveling from its source to its delta. The total value of the steamers afloat on this river and its tributaries is more than \$6,000,000, and numbers more than 1,500—twice the entire steamboat tonnage of England and equal to that of all other parts of the world. It drains an area of 1,000,000 square miles, which is justly styled the garden of the world. It receives a score of tributaries, the least of which are longer than the vaunted streams of mighty empires. It might furnish natural boundaries for all Europe; and yet leave for every country a river larger than the Seine. It engulfs more every year than the revenue of many petty kingdoms, and rolls a volume in whose depths the cathedral of St. Paul could be sunk out of sight. It discharges in one year more water than has issued from the Nile in five centuries. It swallows up fifty rivers which have no name, each of which is longer than the Thames. The addition of half a fathom; in one single reservoir (Pepin) 2,500 miles from the sea, the waves of the world might safely ride at anchor. It washes the shores of twelve powerful States, and between its arms lies space for twenty more.

PET FLOWERS IN MY HAIR.—The following we clip from the San Francisco Spirit of the Times. It has beautiful thoughts, all worthy of remembrance:

What a world of poetry there is in youth! poetry of which the little ones are unconscious, but which, in those of maturer age, is full of sweetness; loaded with recollections of early scenes in the spring-time of life, when the world was bright and beautiful, before the summer sun had scorched the tender plant, or autumn's mellow sky witnessed its decay. The poetry of childhood is ways touching to a man of right feeling; but it is still more touching when it is brought forth amid the deadly blight of disease or in the prospect of death. We were particularly impressed with this idea by a little incident which occurred in this city the other day. A beautiful girl of some ten summers, who, for months had been wasting away with consumption, lay upon her death-bed. She was propped up on a table beside her, and surrounded by weeping relatives and friends, she appeared almost unrecognizable. Her face, as soft and white as wax, was illuminated with a sweet smile, and long hazel curls drooped about her shoulders. It was surely life, not death.—One could not associate with so much of loveliness, the trickling moisture, the clammy worms, the darkness of the grave. But she knew what others could not realize. She saw and heard when others were blind and dumb. She seemed filled with a sense of happiness. For some time perfect silence reigned. At length, however, Rose suddenly started to her feet, and, feelingly taking her mother's hand within her own, gazed steadily into her face, and said: "Mother, put flowers in my hair." After that she fell asleep.

AN ENCOURAGING WORD FOR OLD MAIDS.

Marriage is not often the golden reality young women seem to think it; neither does it so materially alter the character as they would fancy. The "cross old maid," if she had changed her state, would have been simply the cross old wife. "The boy is father to the man," and the young woman may fairly be called the prototype of the old one. If a woman be a cheerful member of her own household, smoothing every difficulty in her path, and exulting in the happiness of her husband, will grow into that most estimable of all good beings—a cheerful, benevolent, beneficent "old maid." An honor to the name, a glory to the sex. There will be no repining, nor self-regrets at what might have been. She will take the cup that God holds to her, and though it be not highly spiced, raise it to His praise. Among England's women thousands of such are to be found; but they make no noise in the world, for content is silent—discontent noisy and obtrusive. Thus, while the offenses of the spinsterhood are perpetually thrust upon us, the quiet virtues of others pass unheeded; and therefore the world, judging as it always does from appearances alone, passes judgment on the whole, and adds its modicum to abuse already cast on the overloaded back of "old maidenism."

John Bunyan was kept in jail in order that he might not preach; but by this persecution he was enabled to write a book in his prison cell which has preached to England many generations, and which will edify and enlighten the world to the remotest posterity.

EARLY RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—It was at the early age of seven years that Theodore Parker professes to have "trod the catechism under his foot forever," and that Tom Paine professed to have discovered the inconsistency of Revelation. A pointed argument in favor of early religious instruction.

Wonders of the Created Universe.

What more assertions will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstrations, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that although so remote from us that a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintained its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing in its ordinary light, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exists animated and regular organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second! that it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see; nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of color. That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two million of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second! Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madness than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.

Woman and the Horse.

Among the Arabs the horse, companion of the glory and dangers of the chief, has the first place in his affections; woman and the child come after. This may be reckoned the extreme of chivalry, yet everywhere it is recognized that there is a mysterious connection between a woman and a horse. The accomplished steed has the grace, the tresses and the pride of woman. "In point of symmetry," says Redfield, "woman has more resemblance to the horse than to any other animal." The horse is the type of the gentleman, and like the true cavalier, is the devoted servant of the ladies. These two creatures seem necessary to complete each other. A woman mounted on a horse is one of the most beautiful and graceful of objects. There is a keeping between them: "there is," says a Swedish writer, "a certain tone of refinement and good breeding in the horse, which affiliates him to woman." Women make the best riders; the horse is proud to bear woman, and she is proud to manage him. One of the most celebrated horsemasters the world ever knew was a woman. M. Wey, a Frenchman, writes thus of the three marvels of England: "England produces three objects which are met with everywhere, but which in this island are remarkable for their marvellous beauty—the women, the trees, and the horses. Moreover, every place which raises a race of horses worthy of admiration is also peopled by pretty women. What is the cause of this coincidence? It is not easy to say; but this strange correlation is not the least real. Georgia raises the best horses of the East. The plains of La Carmagne, in the neighborhood of Arles, famous for its lovely girls, preserves the blood of the Andalusian maid attains her perfection of form by the side of the most symmetrical steeds of the Peninsula; at Mecklenburg you behold the purest blood of Germany; and when a phalanx of Amazons gallop along the avenues of the London parks the dazzled eye cannot fix itself with indifference either upon the equestrian or upon the animal upon which she is mounted. Let a young girl draw up her horse beneath a lofty tree, and you will contemplate, grouped in a single picture, the three marvels of England."

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.—On the last trip to Norfolk the steamer Roanoke, from New York, had on board a young lady of 17, named Georgiana Chase, who, after the vessel got to sea proved to be a maniac, and made the ship resound with her screams until they reached Norfolk, where she was taken to the Alms House. From letters and notes found on her person it is inferred that she is the victim of misplaced love, which doubtless caused her insanity. She gives evidence of superior education and abilities. She says she belongs in Williamsburgh, New York.

MILLS IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.—The Green Bay (Wis.) Advocate says there are now on the borders of Green Bay 36 mills, with a capacity for sawing upwards of 460,000,000 feet of lumber annually. This does not include the shingles, lath and timber manufactured.

A MAINE DAIRYMAN finds clover much better than the low-land grasses for producing milk—testing the matter by accurate experiments. He says he never made as much milk with any kind of feed as with a mixture of oats and potatoes.

The Palmer Journal.

SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1859.

Teetotal Crime.

The account we gave a few weeks ago of the arrest of a young man for burglary, affords a text which might be preached upon with profit to thousands of young men who are following in the path pursued by that unfortunate youth. How many young men do we find in our towns and villages whose appearance would indicate an income of a thousand a year, but who in reality receive but small compensation? Take, for instance, a class of young men who are entrusted with their employer's business—who sell his goods and visit his money drawer. Their tailor's bills in some instances amount to more than their yearly compensation. Add to this their livery bills, their expenses at balls, bowling alleys &c., and we begin to wonder where they get funds sufficient to defray expenses. Many a merchant has been forced before insolvency courts by the dishonesty of clerks in whom he had undoubted confidence. It is unfortunate for a young man who has not been trained from infancy to scorn a lie and abhor a dishonest act, to be installed as clerk in a store, or be entrusted with the use of his employer's money. It is dangerous ground. Where one is prepared to resist the temptations the position offers there are fifty who are not. The clerkship itself is in many cases a lesson of dishonesty. The merchant who instructs a clerk to cheat a purchaser, to place a false value upon goods, or deceive the buyer in the quality of the article, must expect that his pupil will soon learn that it is no worse to cheat and defraud his employer than his customers. This reasoning is to the point and we are not surprised to see its effect. An honest farmer would object to placing his son in charge of a roulette table or in the employ of a gaming house, but he thinks he is doing a good thing by apprenticing him to a tradesman who drives sharp bargains, expecting his clerks to follow his example. It may be tho' "smart" to learn a boy to make his yards an inch short, to put sand in sugar, or to make short weight and measure when his customers are not looking on, but such is a training which fits youth for crimes of greater enormity.

Another school that fits young men for crime is idleness. Boys may be trained up from infancy to repeat the ten commandments and the catechism, but unless they are bred to an honest employment the commandments and catechism will not keep them from the paths of vice. Labor is capital—it is money, without which no young man can get along with decency. The ambition to dress well, to smoke cigars, to "cut a large figure," requires a liberal purse. The sons of rich and indulgent fathers may do these things with a certain degree of impunity, but young men without fortune or friends to supply them must either earn their spending money or steal it. At this moment we could mention three instances of recent occurrence where young men between sixteen and twenty have been discharged from employment as clerks, because they were detected in purloining money from the drawer. It was the first situation these young men had found, having been brought up to a life of idleness. When placed in a position to earn a comfortable living they helped themselves to more, losing reputation and employment in the fearful risk.

It is not enough that parents educate their boys at schools, academies and colleges. They should give them a physical education. Learn them how to earn money with their hands—how to get a living by the sweat of their brow instead of their wit—how to make a fortune by honest industry instead of knavish speculation—how to make intellect and muscle aid each other, instead of strengthening one and neglecting the other. With this education the young man goes forth from his parental roof prepared to encounter the temptations and necessities of life, relying on his own abilities and confident of an honorable success.

MURDERERS IN PRISON.—Twenty-one persons have been committed to Charlestown state prison for murder since 1842, all but two of whom were originally sentenced to death but obtained a commutation of punishment from the executive. Five of these were afterwards pardoned out, but there have been no pardons since 1850. Four of them have died. The oldest inmate of the prison is Isaac Leavitt of Plymouth, who was sent there in 1813 for the murder of his wife. He has been in confinement therefore for the term of fifteen years. In addition to the murders in the State prison there are three females now in confinement in this State on life sentences, viz: Mrs. Gardner, of Hingham, who poisoned her husband, one female at East Cambridge for setting fire to a dwelling house at Frammingham, where she was employed as a servant, and one we believe at Dedham also on a charge of arson.

DANGER IN BUTCHES.—The danger of taking hot bricks for bad fellows was illustrated in Orono, a few nights since, when two young ladies wrapped one in cloth to toast their feet with in the foot of the bed. They woke up in the night nearly suffocated, and found the bed on fire, the brick having burst out and burnt through five quilts, portions of the skirts flying upon the foot of the bed, a hole in the mattress, a portion of the night gown upon one of the ladies, and discolored their feet with smoke.

JUDGE DANIEL N. DREW.—Hon. Daniel N. Drew of Williamstown, whose death was recently announced, suffered from a painful sickness of two weeks. For many years he has been Judge of Probate for Berkshire county, and was recently appointed by Gov. Banks, Judge of the Insolvency and Probate Courts, for thirty years he has acted as Treasurer for Williams College. By his death the college loses an able and faithful officer, and the State a true and noble man.

PROFITS.—It is estimated that the profits from the cargo of the yacht Wanderer, amounts to \$250,000, on an investment of \$50,000.

Massachusetts Legislature.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Boston, Jan. 20, 1859.

I was a little hasty in informing your readers last week that the legislature had given Major Stevens his house rent for a year. It had not been done then, but is in a fair way of being accomplished now, so the announcement was not far out of the way. John Morrissey is to be allowed \$700 extra for house rent, so it makes a gratuity of \$1400 from the legislature, which in these retrenchment times is a bad example. The first debate of the House took place between Mr. Cushing and Mr. Wells of Greenfield, on the propriety of referring a petition from some colored citizens in regard to the Dred Scott decision to the Committee on Federal Relations. The talk about niggers did not amount to much. Mr. Cushing got the worst of the debate and the petition was referred.

The friends of the Wilbraham academy have renewed their application for State aid to the amount of \$25,000, so that a new boarding house can be built. It is a worthy object, deserving of legislative aid. The State lends its credit to tunnel mountains and build railroads, why not, then, grant means for aiding an unfortunate educational institution?

A petition has been handed in asking that two thirds of a jury may render a verdict, in criminal suits, which may be accepted or rejected by the Judge. This will not prevent the general principle of unanimity or injure the present jury system. It is proposed that a joint committee take the Revised Statutes under their care after the present session closes, and report thereon at a special session. An order has been adopted in the House, enjoining into the expediency of making a winner in a game of chance guilty of larceny. How would that apply to premiums received for racing at horse shows and agricultural fairs?

The Committee on Charitable Institutions have made a partial report. I expected something reasonable and practical from this Committee, but instead I find nothing suggested that will be likely to be endorsed by the legislature. They recommend that a central board be established at Boston, who shall have a clerk with a salary of \$2000, two more inspectors at each almshouse, &c., &c., all which will increase expenses instead of reduce them. But as an offset to these extras they recommend that the Superintendents of almshouses be kept on pauper fare unless they choose to purchase their own supplies. This idea, if adopted, would compel Superintendents to live on very plain food, without butter, sugar or sweet cakes, or to buy all such comforts for the inmates paupers. They also recommend that the State go back to the old plan of keeping paupers on the town. Mr. Parker, one of the Committee, is more radical than the rest. He appends a note of his own, giving statistics and figures enough to have kept him cyphering all summer. He goes for the immediate abolition of the whole system, but if that cannot be done, he is willing to allow the recommendations in the main report. The Committee will be paid off and discharged, without having accomplished any other good except instigating the managers of our charitable institutions to greater economy.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mr. Morrissey, the Sergeant-at-Arms, has appointed Edgar M. Brown, Esq., of Adams, Doorkeeper of the House, in place of Wm. Sayward, Esq., of Dorchester. Mr. Sayward has been Postmaster of the House for a number of years, and Doorkeeper for the past year. Mr. George Brown has been removed from his position as Messenger of the Senate, and Wm. Wise, a favorite page, will probably take his place. One of the English noblemen (Lord Seymour) who was not "made Indian meal" in their late expedition among savages, was in the Senate Wednesday afternoon. His lordship listened attentively to the proceedings, and laughed like any other mortal at the follies of the Middlesex Corporation was under consideration, and a Senator had gravely asserted that the affairs of the company had long been "in limbo." Mr. Butler of Lowell, responded, and said that upon examination, he had found "a place hovering on hell," and he was not aware that the affairs of the Corporation were in that predicament as yet.

JURISON J. HUTCHINSON.—The burial of this unfortunate man who has done so much towards increasing the pleasure of thousands with sweetest song, occurred at his New Hampshire home, the place of his childhood. Through of people came to pay their last respects to his remains. What rendered the service peculiarly affecting was the singing by the Hutchinson family, as it were the requiem of the departed brother. It was meet that he whose life was a song, should have kindred voices linger to solemn echoes around his grave. All the day before he died he was singing a piece which commences thus—
"Hark I hear an angel sing;
Angels now are on the wing
And their voices singing clear,
Tell us that the spring is near."

AN EARLY D. D.—The Rev. Dr. Daily, President of the State University of Indiana, appears to have fallen from grace. The Indianapolis Journal learns that charges have been preferred against him as follows: "1. Drunkenness. 2. Lewdness; and 3. Offering money to witnesses of his misconduct to secure silence. The testimony of a large number of the most respectable citizens of the place has been procured."

PRIZE FIGHT.—A prize fight for \$1600 a side came off on the 25th ult., on Point Island, Texas, between an American and a Spaniard. They fought thirty-four rounds in two hours and ten minutes, when the Spaniard succumbed to the superior prowess of the American. This is a cheering proof of the rapid progress of the Lone Star State in the Fine Arts!

AT THE SAME HOUR.—Charles Prindle of Monroe, Conn., aged 76, long known as an astronomer, mathematician and lover of science, and Dr. Elijah Middlebrook of Trumbull, Conn., publisher of the New England Almanac, and long associated with him in business and friendship, both died recently in the same hour.

Small Paragraphs.

—The weather has been more of a temperate character since the extreme cold of the 9th and 10th. The thermometer has also got back to its old place, and things appear natural again.

—The courts in New Jersey have decided that a wife's clothing cannot be taken for her husband's debts. This decision has been made since the ladies have fortified themselves with hoops which prevent any one getting near enough to take their clothing.

—The Worcester West Agricultural Society has elected William Mixer of Hardwick, president, and voted to give two days to its annual exhibition next autumn.

—Mr. William Lee of Boston, on a visit to Paris was arrested on suspicion of being an Italian having designs upon the life of Napoleon. After explanations, the magistrate before whom he was arraigned remarked that he was no "red republican." "No," said Mr. Lee, "I am a black republican." The magistrate then informed his police officers that Mr. Lee was only a negro from the United States.

—Julia Connolly, an Irish girl, was arrested at Lowell on Monday, charged with infanticide. Her illegitimate child was found dead in a vault.

—It may be sad news for little boys, as well as those who have been boys, to hear that Mrs. Everett, aged 88, died at New Ipswich, N. H. She is the lady who wrote these imperishable lines—
"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

—F. B. Brigham, recently principal of the Norwalk Union School, has been arrested in Norwalk for attempting to destroy his wife and infant child, by giving them arsenic.

—A factory girl in Biddeford, Me., attempted to kill herself on Saturday last, by cutting her throat with a shoe-knife.

—A lady advertises in the Springfield Republican for a girl "who has not an ugly disposition." What a libel on the softer sex to insinuate that they have "ugly dispositions."

—Mr. Thomas Hall, of Lyne, N. H., now in his 79th year, recently walked to his wood lot, one mile distant, chopped three cords of wood, sled length, and then walked home, accomplishing the whole in 6½ hours. A smart old gentleman, that.

—Reynolds Johnson, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 96 years and 6 months, died at East Lyne, on Sunday. He served as one of the coast guard between New London and Connecticut river during the Revolutionary war, for which he received a pension of \$280 per annum.

—Faith and reason are very aptly described in the following—
True faith and reason are the soul's two eyes;
Faith evermore looks upward and desires
Things others deem—reason looks downward and
Things only near—sees nothing that's above her.

—A bad branch is Joseph W. Branch, who, cloped from Putnam, Ct., a few weeks ago, with Miss Grant, a young school girl. He writes to an Albany paper that he intends to procure a divorce from his present wife and marry his flame No. 2, who has been taken from him by her relatives. Branch married a young lady in Willington, five years ago, but subsequently deserted her.

—Morphy, the great American chess player, having conquered every known champion of the game on both sides of the water, is now coming home, sighing like Alexander for more worlds to conquer.

—The case of the priest Monicums, for poisoning Father Abel, at Taos, New Mexico, has resulted in his acquittal, the evidence being only circumstantial.

—The house, store and shoe shop of Horace Cole in Worthington was burned on Saturday. Loss \$3000, insured for \$2000.

—During the past year, 18 revolutionary soldiers have died.

SINGULAR CAUSE OF DEATH.—A bright little girl ten years of age, says the Lee Gleaner, daughter of Mr. Leverett Tillotson of Monterey came to her death on Wednesday, 5th inst., from the following singular cause: Some few months since, the little girl was eating pumpkin seeds, and got part of a stick in her windpipe, which finally got into her lung, produced a cough, and caused her death by consumption.

EFFECTS OF GAS.—A meeting was held in the vestry of the Second Baptist Church in Fall River, during which several ladies fainted, or sunk into a lethargic state, which lasted some time, and some of them did not recover until the next day. An investigation showed that the gas fixtures had been frozen, and in the attempts to get the gas to burn it was probable that the room filled with escaped gas.

THE COLDS IN CANADA.—The records of the weather at Montreal show that the four days from January 9 to 12, together form the coldest period for 29 years. On the 11th, the mercury marked 33° below zero. At St. Martin's, near Montreal, on the 10th, the spirit thermometer marked 45° below zero.

LANDLORD FINED.—Mr. Ives, one of the proprietors of the Warriner House, Springfield, has been fined \$20 and costs for breaking a bottle over the head of one of a company who met at the hotel for a spree on Sunday night. After allowing them to get high on his liquors he tried to drive them out of his house.

ONE OF THE STATE PATTERS.—An ox fatted at the Bridgewater State Almshouse, which weighed 2700 pounds was brought to the Fall River market on Friday. Captain Goodspeed has still another animal which will exceed this in weight when ready for slaughter.

SLAYERS ARMED.—Accounts from Havana to the 8th inst., state that the negroes were somewhat unruly, and many of them had been arrested and imprisoned. Two thousand five hundred knives had been sold to them during a few days.

LIQUOR DESTROYED.—At Crawfordsville, Indiana, on Saturday, the 8th inst., the citizens assembled and destroyed the liquor in the eight grog shops in that village, amounting in all to about forty barrels.

REVOLUTION IN HAYTI.—By an arrival at Boston, intelligence is received that a revolution broke out in Hayti, Dec. 22d, between the Haytian Government and a party of republicans headed by Gen. Gelfard, one of the Haytian generals. He took the city of Gonaives, and was proclaimed president. He entered the city with only four men. The inhabitants were joining him wherever he goes. Aux Cayes, Jacmel and all the south had declared in his favor. The vessel bringing these advices, passed St. Marks on the night of January 1st, the place being then in flames on account, as supposed, of a division of opinion among the inhabitants. St. Marks is a small fortified town. Gelfard was to enter that place that day, and probably did so, but met with some opposition from a party of Souleouque's adherents.

The potentate whose rule over Hayti now seems to be endangered by popular revolution, has resigned, under the title of Faustin I, about ten years. By the constitution of 1843 he was put in possession of all privilege he made so good a use that in 1849 he was enabled to have the title of President changed into that of Emperor, and to cause the constitution to be altered to suit the circumstances.

A CYCLOS ROAD INCIDENT.—A few days ago, Mr. John Lindwood, of Canby, Henry county, Indiana, was a passenger in a train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He occupied a seat near the door, and after dark dropped into a snooze, from which he was aroused by a passenger in the seat behind him withdrawing his hand from his breast pocket with his pocket-book in it. He attempted to seize the hand, but missed it, and the pocket-book immediately started for the door. Mr. Lindwood caught one of the skirts of his coat, just as he emerged from the door. It gave way in his hand, and he then caught the other skirt, which also gave way, and though the train was under full headway, the thief jumped off, and escaped with the pocket-book, containing about \$61. In the pockets of the coat skirt, Mr. L. found, however to compensate him, two costly gold watches, worth \$150.

BREWERY OF THE "VANDERS."—A clerk in the New Department at Washington had been for some time keeping or attempting to keep company with a fascinating widow, who "did or did not, as the case may be," countenance his attentions. The supposition is that on Monday he mimicked him, which so affected him that he went home to supper, bid his friends adieu, took a glass of his coat, just as he emerged from the door. It gave way in his hand, and he then caught the other skirt, which also gave way, and though the train was under full headway, the thief jumped off, and escaped with the pocket-book, containing about \$61. In the pockets of the coat skirt, Mr. L. found, however to compensate him, two costly gold watches, worth \$150.

FEARFUL CATASTROPHE.—A fearful catastrophe occurred at the Victoria Theatre, London, on the 27th ult. Just before the termination of an afternoon performance, and when the gallery stairs were crowded with the evening audience, waiting for admission, a false alarm of fire was raised, and a panic set in, during which the pressure on the gallery stairs was such that sixteen boys were crushed and trampled to death, while many more were injured. The theatre is situated in a very low neighborhood, and so rapidly did the excitement abate, that the performance was proceeded with as usual.

NEGRO MURDERERS.—The Alabama papers contain an account of the murder, on the 22d, ult., of a Mr. Jenkins, by a slave whom he had punished for some misconduct. Mr. Jenkins is said to have been a kind and humane man, to a fault. After the negro had been taken to jail, several hundred people assembled, took him out of jail, and burnt him to death. It is stated that the negro ceased to show any signs of life in two and a half minutes after the torch was applied. A similar instance is related as occurring on the 24th ult., at Troy, Missouri. Mr. Simon B. Thonhill was killed by one of his slaves, and a large number of people seized the negro and lynched him by hanging.

MURDER OF A WHOLE FAMILY.—The Memphis Appeal says that Mr. Moore and his wife and mother were brutally murdered on Christmas night, in McNairy County, Tenn. The old lady was not quite dead when the deed was discovered, but was unable to give any clue to the murderers, only that it was not done by negroes.

ON A STRIKE.—The employees on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis railroad are on a strike. They have had no pay for several months, and many of the operatives are in a starving condition. No trains were run over the road between Monday and Thursday of last week, at which time no compromise had been effected.

REGULAR SHOT.—A burglar was shot in St. Louis a few nights since by a pistol which had been affixed to the window shutter of a shop in such a way as to be discharged in case any one attempted to break in. The rogue was not killed, but received a severe wound in the left breast.

REMOVAL OF THE DEAD.—The bodies of the Philadelphia, physicians and nurses, who, in 1855, fell victims to the yellow fever in Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., were disinterred on Tuesday, and on the following day placed on board a steamer to be conveyed to Philadelphia for final interment.

BLOODY WORK.—At dinner Erastus Hogg of Raleigh N. C., stabbed a barber named Parish three times with a sword cane, causing his death instantly. From boasting of their strength they came to dangerous blows with this result.

MORE BLOODY WORK.—Two inoffensive men were wantonly shot down in New York early Sunday morning, by a party of young ruffians. One of the victims, an unknown man, died instantaneously. The other was carried to the hospital mortally wounded.

MARTHA MORGAN.—A young and unusually handsome girl, is to be tried for murder in Raleigh, N. C. She killed, in a brutal manner, another young woman, who was her successful rival for the affections of a young man.

TERRIBLY MEAN.—One of the persons thrown from the cars at the late disaster near Columbus, Ga., has been arrested for robbing the dead body of a lady passenger of \$700.

DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR SLADE.—Ex-Governor Slade, Secretary of the National Board of Popular Education, died on Sunday at Middlebury, Vt.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

SLEIGH RIDE.—A sleigh-ride party from Thorndike visited Holland on Wednesday, having a jolly time at "Madam Kinney's" hotel.

STATE ALMS HOUSE.—Number of inmates Jan. 20th, 618. One year ago the number was nearly eleven hundred.

WELLS.—The friends and parishioners of Rev. W. S. Phillips, pastor of The Baptist Church in Wales, will make him a donation visit on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday the 20th inst.

AN UNFORTUNATE MAIDEN.—On Wednesday evening Ellen Kelly, a young Irish lass with red cheeks, brown hair, and a musical voice, got out a warrant for Dexter Cronin, a young man of her own country, charging him with betraying her innocence, promising to marry her, and then cruelly deserting her. She said she wanted was to compel him to fulfill his marriage promise, be a father to her unborn child, and she would love him as dearly as she ever had. The officer accompanied Ellen to the place where her betrayer boarded, but he could not be found. He had fled to escape the impending storm, leaving Ellen with her red cheeks, brown hair and musical voice, to her own desolation. She declares that unless her lover returns and makes her his wife, she will take "poison" or do some other bad thing to rid herself of disgrace. Burns must have had this case in mind when he wrote—
"Is there in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can with studied sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Ellen's unsuspecting youth?"

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN PALMER DURING THE YEAR 1858.—The number of Births in Palmer during the year 1858 was 118—twenty-six more than in the previous year. Males 56, females 62. Born of American parents 52, of foreign, mostly Irish, 66. As usual the foreigners increase more rapidly than Americans. There was one pair of twins and one illegitimate. The occupations of fathers is given as follows: Laborers 43, farmers 8, Carders 6, merchants 4, weavers, machinists, teamsters and blacksmiths 3 each; clerks, tailors, peddlers, painters, freight agents, moulders, grocers, curriers, dresser-tenders, spinners, shoemakers and millers 2 each; sawyer, watchman, book agent, engineer, porter, depot agent, mason, deputy sheriff, ostler, clergyman, carriage maker, dentist, scythe maker, carpenter, horse dealer, beamer, 1 each.

The number of Marriages was 23—a falling off of 13 from the number in 1857. In 17 instances it was the first marriage of both parties. In no instance has a widower married a widow, but four widowers have taken to themselves maiden brides. One man married a widow for his first wife, and another married a maiden lady for his third wife. Among the occupations recorded are 5 farmers and but one gentleman! The oldest groom was 52, who married a maiden of 30; the youngest bride was 17, and the youngest man 19. In ten cases both parties resided in Palmer.

There were 70 Deaths during the year—20 more than in 1857. Males 41, females 29. The oldest person was Mrs. Hannah Harrington, aged 92. Under one year of age there were 8, between 1 and 10, twenty-six, between 10 and 20, eight, between 20 and 30, five, between 30 and 40, four, between 40 and 50, five, between 50 and 60, two, between 60 and 70, six, between 70 and 80, two, between 80 and 90, three, between 90 and 100, one. The causes of death were as follows: Scarlet fever, 18—all children; consumption 14, old age 4, small pox 3, typhoid fever 3, dysentery 3, heart disease 2, lung fever 2, croup 2, child birth 1, drowning 1, spinal meningitis 1, intemperance 1, inflammation of lungs 1, inflammation of bowels 1, accidental shooting 1, cancer 1, bleeding at lungs 1, dropsy on the brain 1, ossification of heart 1, smothered 1, fever 1, unknown 1, inflammation of bladder 1.

CHURCH DESTROYED BY FIRE IN LUDLOW.—The Congregational church at the center of the town in Ludlow (Rev. J. W. Tuck's) was destroyed by fire last Saturday morning. The following thrilling description of the event we take from the sermon of Mr. Tuck, before the united congregations in Ludlow, at Jenksville, on the following Sabbath:

"Last Saturday morning about 5 o'clock, the cry of fire was heard on our streets, and a few moments sufficed to determine that our holy house, where we and our fathers have long worshipped God, was fast becoming a sacrifice to the devouring flames. When first discovered the fire was burning forth from the eastern window beneath the open entrance way, and from the roof, around the belfry; and such was the progress it had already made, that not a single effort was, or could be attempted, to rescue anything from the burning building, or stay, for a moment, the raging element.

Only a few minutes elapsed before the tall spire was wreathed with flames, climbing up the very pinnacle, and lighting up the waving heavens far miles around. The grandeur of the picture at this moment cannot be described; and those who gazed upon it will never have it effaced from their memory. It was a dark, damp morning, and the heavy clouds hung in pearly folds over us; while the thick coating of snow that covered the earth seemed saturated with blood, as it silently reflected the lurid light.

In a moment after the flames had reached the spire, and seemed in our streets, and a few moments sufficed to determine that our holy house, where we and our fathers have long worshipped God, was fast becoming a sacrifice to the devouring flames. When first discovered the fire was burning forth from the eastern window beneath the open entrance way, and from the roof, around the belfry; and such was the progress it had already made, that not a single effort was, or could be attempted, to rescue anything from the burning building, or stay, for a moment, the raging element.

lite was given, when our much prized house of worship, surrounded with a thousand delightful associations of years gone by, was a smouldering ruin. Consumed among those ruins were our instruments of music, the books from which we sang, the Bible from which we read each Sabbath morning—the Bible that lay on the pulpit, together with the Communion table, around which we have often met to remember our Redeeming Lord—for the baptism of our children, and to record our solemn vows of faithfulness, to God. Everything combustible was consumed, and even the stones were so crumbled and cracked as to be unfit for further service. I have, however, since been informed that the large pulpit Bible has been found in the spot where it fell, still retaining its distinct form, and even readable to some extent, though blackened and almost buried to a coal. Is not its remarkable preservation significant—an omen of good—a token of salvation? We will regard it as such. And now, though our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praised God, is buried up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste, yet will we not despair. Our words shall be those of good cheer. Come, come, let us rise up and build a house for our God; and the God of heaven, He will prosper us.

A singing school had been held in the church the evening previous, and the fire probably originated from one of the stoves which were set so as to project through the partition separating the vestibule from the room for worship. The church was built eighteen years ago at a cost of \$1100. It was insured in the Springfield Mutual for \$2000. As the Methodist society has been worshipping with the Congregationalists for some weeks, to allow of extensive repairs and improvements in their own church, both are now turned abroad to find a Sabbath home. The Methodists have procured a bell for their church, and are expending \$2000 in beautifying and rendering it commodious. It will not be ready for occupation till spring. The old church at the center of the town, for eighteen years occupied as a town house, will be used by the Congregational society till a new church can be built.

IN THE RIVER.—A couple from Palmer got into the Connecticut River while crossing out the ice near Ware House Point, on Tuesday evening. The horse, sleigh and all went into the water, but they escaped with a good wetting.

NEW BOOKS.—We write this paragraph with both feet in a pair of eight dollar boots, manufactured by Joel Kendall of Springfield, and presented to us by some generous-hearted yet unknown friend who has anticipated our wants and placed us in a good understanding with the world and weather. The workmanship is an honor to the manufacturer, the leather fine, soft and Frenchy, the fit so elegant and easy that they could not have grown on our feet better. To the unknown donor we return our thanks, and drink his health standing—in our boots.

If he is not a Governor, a mayor of some city, or an alderman, he ought to be, and we intend to support him for either of these offices whenever he may have an inclination to run, and to boot the man who opposes his election. To speak philosophically, we feel proud of our boots. We can now tread "the thorny path of life" with a firm step and dry feet, kicking dull care to the winds; while we have a soul (sole) filled with gratitude to our benefactor, and possess a consciousness that we are not on a bootless mission. Go it boots!

CENTENARIANS.—During 1858 thirty-five persons over 100 years of age died in the U. States. The oldest person was an Indian of California, who was 137. The oldest person in Massachusetts was Abigail Brown, 108. Elizabeth Masen of Connecticut was 100, Elizabeth Parker of Me. was 115, Minnie Lancaster of Florida 130, Sarah Benjamin of Penn., 114, Margaret Hoyt of Ky., 114, Harriet Lane, colored, of New York, 112, and David Wright, also colored, and of New York, 110, Gaudeloupe Romeo of Cal., 115. The oldest clergyman was Rev. John Sawyer, Me., 103. Rev. Laban Ainsworth of New Hampshire and Rev. Ethan Osborn of New Jersey were each 100.

BEECHER AND PARKER.—Henry Ward Beecher who has been censured in the Examiner, for lecturing before the Fraternity course in Boston, takes occasion in his reply to express sympathy for Theodore Parker, and commends him for his good deeds. He says: "I will cordially work with him when I can, and be heartily sorry whenever I cannot." Beecher says he will preach in Bishop Hughes' Cathedral if that Catholic head will invite him.

WHO ARE ORPHANS?—Under the will of Stephen Girard, none but orphans could be admitted into his new college. A dispute has arisen as to the true meaning of the word orphan, but the court has decided that a child whose father only is dead is an orphan in the eye of the law. The trustees had decided that to enable a child to enter the college both parents must be dead.

HEIR TO A FORTUNE.—Lydia R. Schooley, a Chicago seamstress has fallen heir to the comfortable amount of about \$135,000,000, which comes to her from an uncle who died in England in 1790. His heirs were advertised for in the London Times, but never appeared, and the property went to the crown, and has been accumulating ever since his death.

BOOTS MARRIED.—The marriage of Justus Ellis and Mary Finney of Stafford, announced in this paper last week was a base imposition upon us and the public. The man who sent it to us, forging the name of a citizen of Stafford as authority, must be too mean and low-lived to deserve a residence in any respectable community.

THAW.—The mild weather for the past week has made sleighing and sleigh-riding delightful, but a thaw set in on Thursday, which promises to sweep away both snow and sleighing. At the time of going to press the streets were full of water and a warm south wind was cutting away the snow very rapidly.

A BAD MATCH.—The young lady who eloped from Pontiac, Mich., with a colored man was only 24 years of age. The negro was fifty, black as a coal, without a single tooth in his head to relieve the darkness of his countenance. When found she was in a miserable cabin with her ebony protector.

MINISTER TO JAPAN.—Townsend Harris has received the appointment of minister to Japan. Scarcely an hour had passed, after the alarm of

The Palmer Journal.

SATURDAY, JAN. 20, 1850.

Political Aristocracy.

When men are wealthy and set themselves up as being something above common people, we call them "the aristocracy." Monied aristocracy has ruled the old world for centuries, but in the United States the aristocracy we have described is powerless out of the business and social order of things. England has its landed aristocracy which rules Parliament, France is ruled and kept under control by a military aristocracy, Austria has its church aristocracy, and even the Russian Czar would be powerless unless upheld by his nobility. The United States are governed by an aristocracy, but it is of a different kind from that which sways kingdoms and empires on the eastern continent. Ours is a political aristocracy. It is not only to be found among the wealthy, the learned and talented, but with those who are termed the "lower classes." The men who compose our caucuses and conventions are the controlling aristocracy of the nation. Their will is as potent as that of the Czar of Russia, as dictatorial as the emperor of France. No government on the globe plans its schemes with more precision and executes them more systematically than the political demagogues of this republic. All power is in their hands. They grant favors and administer vengeance with the authority of a tyrant. The people look on and shout, "What a glorious Republic!"

We elevate men to high places. The people make Governors and Presidents, and those officials apparently distribute subordinate offices among others. But behind Presidents and Governors there is a power which dictates every action. Trace back this line of power and we find it in a political aristocracy which manages the machinery of caucuses and conventions. To these men candidates owe their success, and knowing this, managing politicians direct them in all their official acts. Take for instance the town caucus. A few men assemble to elect delegates to a state convention. Two or three well-pulling individuals manage the selection of delegates. The delegates who meet in convention are managed in the same way that people were in the caucus, so that a few denominated "leading men" select the Governor of the Commonwealth. The people have only to hurrah and vote for the candidate, as one of their own selection, when in fact they have had no more voice in selecting a Governor than a man in the moon. To be sure they have exercised the right of suffrage by a form of casting their votes. The idea of having selected their man is a delusion. They have only acquiesced in the selection of a few, whose selfish motives were the basis of their action. Everything is pre-arranged behind the curtain, which deprives the voter of an independent ballot. His thinking and acting have been done for him by wire-pullers in caucus. A remedy for this evil is in the hands of honest people whose numerical strength can overthrow opposition. The great mass of voters who are sound on national policy and State government, usually stay away from primary caucuses and leave ambitious politicians to manage the selection of candidates. In choosing to do so they should not complain if demagogues rule in high places, or wonder why we are governed by an arbitrary political aristocracy.

The old and barbarous system of letting out the town's poor to the lowest bidder, is still prevalent in some towns in Connecticut. The selection of Bridgeport attempted to do this recently, and an injunction has been served to prevent them. It is a practice extremely discreditable to any Christian community.

Yet the Massachusetts Charitable Committee recommend that the State Alms Houses be abolished, and the "old system" of supporting paupers by towns be restored.

THE WORK OF FRIENDS.—Two young ruffians in Brooklyn, N. Y., were arrested last week for violating the person of an idiotic girl who had been sent to call a physician by her parents. In the same "city of churches" a drunken wretch recently emptied a bottle of alcohol on his wife and then set fire to her clothing, burning the poor woman so terribly that she died in a few days. Missionaries are needed in that city.

MORE FRAUDS SUSPECTED.—It is said that the grossest frauds have been detected by the House military committee in the Oregon war debt. The debt is about six millions, and the committee believe that only about one million is justly due. Some of the charges are outrageous; pistols \$55 each, muskets \$125, one \$5 a bushel, hay \$120 a ton and other things in proportion.

A MURDERER DISCOVERED.—Two years ago, a Frenchman named Salyer, living near Lake Johanna, Minnesota, murdered his wife and burned her body, and there being no witnesses of the affair escaped detection until a short time since, when a curious chain of circumstances exposed him, and he is now in jail awaiting trial for the crime, which he coolly confesses.

CUT HIS THROAT.—J. Crawley, of Detroit, Mich., while stopping at Cincinnati, a few nights since became deranged and left his hotel, when he was taken by some police officers to the station house. While there he jumped through a window, the glass of which cut his throat from ear to ear, and in falling his neck was broken.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.—A young woman jumped from the wire bridge over the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia, into water 16 feet deep at the foot of the dam last Friday. She left nothing to identify her but a grey shawl and a black velvet bonnet. Her body could not be found.

ANALYSIS OF SPIRITUALISM.—Dr. Hatch, the recent husband of Cora, the celebrated medium, asserts that spiritualism is "fifty per cent self-delusion, twenty-five per cent psychology, fifteen per cent, intentional imposition, and the remaining ten per cent yet a matter of uncertainty."

Massachusetts Legislature.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Boston, Jan. 27, 1853.

Things are going on swimmingly at the State House. The bill to increase the salaries of Judges of the Supreme Court from \$4000 to \$5000 a year has passed. Branning of Berkshire opposed it in the Senate and Walker of Hampden supported it. I believe with Branning there are just as good men off the bench as on it, and who would be glad to fill the place for \$4000 a year, while there are some on the bench who are already paid more than they deserve. The House has again rejected the bill of each session to allow witnesses to testify. Blue superstition overruled common sense and practical truth by laying the bill on the table. How often do we find professed atheists who are as truthful as the Bible, yet they are not allowed to be competent witnesses, while others, though they pretend to be religious christians cannot be made to tell the truth however hard they may swear to do it. In less than two years the right for any man to testify, without regard to his religious belief, will be granted. I rejoice to notice that the Christian Reflector, a Baptist paper, advocates the bill.

The proposition to repeal the law of last session which cut off newspapers and periodicals has been rejected. Rather than purchase papers themselves, half the members will go without. If they are so wilfully ignorant to their own interests the State should make intelligence a part of their duty and compel them to enlighten their understanding while making laws for the Commonwealth. This is an extreme in legislation which will soon experience a reaction. The legislature is full of new propositions, many of which will never see daylight. Petitions are coming in rapidly, asking for aid to the Wilbraham academy and I feel positive that relief will be granted. The Sergeant-at-Arms business is not yet settled. The House and Senate cannot agree in all the terms. The Major will probably get his house rent free for another year, but it is uncertain whether Morrissey will get that additional \$700. Among numerous propositions is one to prohibit the frequent change of books in our schools, and another that the past assessments made by assessors ignorant of law shall not be void. The committee of the Board of Agriculture report that none of the applicants for the premium offered for a discovery of the potato rot are entitled to it.

The Committee on Education were instructed to consider the expediency of passing an act requiring the School Committees of the several towns to print school reports in a uniform manner, and imposing an additional penalty on towns failing to make school returns within a specified time. A long discussion, the liveliest of the session, has taken place on the bill relative to the assessment of taxes on mortgaged real estate. A motion was made to amend the law so as to make the lender of money, and not the borrower thereof, liable to taxation on the same; but it was lost, and so, finally, was the bill itself. In the House, Hettie Rogers and Sophronia Williams, regular "natives" of Gay-Head, have presented a petition alleging that foreigners were crowding them out of their rights and praying that the Legislature do something for their relief. The Secretary of the Commonwealth estimates the expenses of his department for the current year as follows: Salary of Secretary, \$2000; 1st clerk, \$1500; 2d clerk, \$1200; salaries of extra clerks, \$14,000; publishing laws, \$300; bank returns, \$500; contingencies, \$3000. Total, \$32,500.

BRETTAL MURDER OF A MISTRESS.—A couple in Housatonic, N. Y., who have lived together as man and wife, without the sanction of any legal authority, for twelve years, got into a quarrel on Friday night last, because the woman would not cook some meat after midnight. The man, whose name was Lewis Gould, first knocked the woman down, then seized an axe and struck her a blow in the stomach, inflicting a terrible wound from which the extruded protruded. The deed was committed in the presence of a daughter who was told by the wretch that if she made any noise he would knock her in the head with an axe. The woman died and the murderer was arrested.

THE "VICE OF MARRIAGE."—A man was brought before a Wheeling, Va., justice, recently, on the charge of adultery. The accused proved that he was married, whereupon the justice dismissed the case, saying:—"That marriage, like other vices, brings its own penalty, and any statutory enactment on the subject would be an unnecessary interference with the stern retribution of nature."

DR. OSGOOD'S FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.—On Tuesday, Springfield people celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Osgood's settlement over the first church and society in that city. Dr. Osgood preached a sermon in the afternoon, and in the evening 3000 persons assembled at the City Hall, where they were addressed by Mayor Calhoun, Judge Morris, Dr. Vaill of Palmer, Dr. Davis of Westfield and others.

MAN-OF-WAR'S MEN BAPTIZED.—Twelve sailors belonging to the United States Navy, were baptized at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, on Sunday last, in the presence of nearly a thousand of their shipmates. After baptism the Lord's Supper was celebrated on board of the receiving ship North Carolina.

DRIVEN TO DESPAIR.—A woman and her child were found wandering in the streets of New York at a late hour Saturday night. They had scarcely any clothes on, having pawned them for food. She and her child had taken husband and end their misery, but it did not prove fatal.

DELICATE SIGNAL.—A distinguished telegrapher of this country says that the motion of the telegraph instrument attached to the Atlantic cable is so delicate that the operator has to use a microscope to discover it. He thinks all the messages purported to have come over the line are a humbug.

CAUTION TO WIFE BEATERS.—A woman in Philadelphia, on being struck by her husband, stabbed him in the neck with a knife she happened to have in her hand, inflicting a fatal wound. We hope this will serve as a caution to wife-beaters.

DECLINES RENOMINATION.—It is stated that Buchanan positively declines a renomination probably on the ground that he could not get it if he wanted it.

Small Paragraphs.

—The late freshest has left ice everywhere, and the boys are in raptures over the glorious skating. We rejoice that it affords them so much pleasure, when it is so inconvenient for those who dislike to tread on slippery places.

—Rev. Theodore Parker expects to sail for the West Indies about the 8th of February. He has written a parting letter to his society. His physician decides that he is afflicted with a deep seated consumption.

—It is cheering to learn that bachelor Buchanan contemplates marrying a widow from Georgia. We supposed he was bullet-proof against the charms of woman, and were no sure that nobody but a widow could make an impression on his affections. Miss Lane, his niece, also contemplates a union with a Baltimore gentleman.

—A lady in Albany has got the idea in her head that she is the ghost of Bill Poole, and that she is haunting the earth to avenge his death. She has got into jail by upsetting a man and two women in the street, but she says no such "pent up Utiar" contracts her powers.

—A nephew of Burns' Highland Mary lives in Caledonia, Canada. He cannot be anything like that "bonnie lassie" which Burns fell in love with and wrote about.

—A Michigan woman having given birth to four children at once, the legislature of that State contemplates giving her a bounty of 320 acres of land. We rather like the idea, as it would encourage others to imitate her example. It also goes to prove the adage that a hen can scratch for a dozen chickens at once, as well as one.

—As this is the season of Burns' celebrations, we give his comparison of momentary pleasures:

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You'll see the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever."

—A divorce case is now on the legal tapis in Cincinnati between two parties, both young, and married but three years, whose disagreement arose out of a night-cap which the wife insisted upon wearing in spite of her husband's wishes, petitions, tears, threats, oaths and commands.

—An insane man in Manchester, N. H., attacked his horse with an axe, and was cutting up the animal when the police interfered and secured the lunatic butcher.

—Rev. Mr. Harding has baptised a Hindoo of the Bhatter caste at Bombay—the first one of that caste ever received into the church.

—Dr. Beck, a Prussian physician has discovered an antidote for drunkenness. The dose is administered with an olive, and the patient may drink all he wishes without producing intoxication. We fear such medicine would encourage drinking instead of preventing it.

—A female child, about three weeks old, was left in the printing office of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer a few evenings since. That was a bad take.

—A daughter of Frederick Douglass, the negro orator, is offered for sale at Memphis, Tenn. She is described by the dealers as a "likely girl." Of course.

—The Cleveland Plaindealer proposes to get Cuba by swapping New England for her.

—The ladies and gentlemen have high times sliding down hill at Waterbury, Ct. They go a distance of half a mile, making leaps of 18 or 20 feet over "thankie marns" without spilling any one off.

—A man of our acquaintance attempted to write a ballad on the weather. He got as far as the ice and slipped up, leaving rhyme and the weather to take care of themselves.

—James Gordon Bennett has taken to writing poetry for the New York Ledger. His first effort is a love ditty which relates his walk with a lady in the country. It is refreshing to think that such an ugly looking man as Bennett ever had his "arm squeezed" by a lady as he states in the following:

"Oh it gave my soul a charm,
When she gently squeezed my arm,
A lady in white was closely wound,
Sleeping 'er the daisy ground."

—Dr. Holland in his lecture on American Social Life, says:—"It cannot be denied that the masses of Catholic France and Ireland Germany are happier than the Protestant people of England and Scotland. The religion of the former countries recognizes the necessity of keeping alive the social happiness of the people. That of the latter countries keeps aloof from it. America resembles England more than she does France, and it is only her homes that keep her from being worse than the latter country."

—The wife of Mr. Berry of Portsmouth, Va., on Sunday last, presented her husband with three fine babies—two boys and a girl, and a woman in Albany did the same thing by her husband on Monday last.

—A man in London, who undoubtedly loved the rosy cheeks of little children, has been fined \$50 for kissing a girl of ten years against her will. The little girls of this country are too much like ladies to demand so high a price for so small a favor.

SINGULAR DEATH.—A young man named John Hart died in Washington last Thursday night by a painful accident. Returning home at a late hour, he attempted to climb over the palings of the front yard, but slipped and was caught by the neck in such a manner as to be strangled to death. His dog, in the endeavor to pull his master from his dangerous position, tore the clothes completely off from the body.

A SUPPOSED SLAYER.—The barque Laurens was seized at New London, a few days ago, on a charge of being fitted out for a slaver. Though there was little evidence that she was a whaler, it will be very difficult to show that she was intended for the African coast.

SUICIDE OF A WIFE.—Mrs. Poole, with a husband and two children living in Portland, Me., committed suicide, on Thursday night last, by taking arsenic. She stated before her death that she had resolved to kill herself, but refused to give any reasons for so doing.

EX-PRESIDENT HITCHCOCK OF AMHERST COLLEGE, the eminent geologist and teacher, has been dangerously ill of lung fever and inflammation of the kidneys, but is now thought to be convalescent.

SPARKING IN CONGRESS.—There has been a little quarrel in Congress between Senators Fitch and Douglas, which may lead to more serious developments.

Mr. Fitch charged Mr. Douglas with uttering shameful calumnies, and denounced him as a rebel to the Democratic party.

Mr. Douglas haughtily replied that he was an unsullied and successful rebel, and that neither the President nor his Senatorial followers could put him down. He then retorted upon the gentleman from Indiana his charges of falsehood and defamation. At this stage of the affair, Mr. Hale, the Chairman, called the disputants to order, kindly suggesting, in his facetious way, that the harmony of the Democratic party would not be promoted by such displays of fraternal affection.

The war of words still continuing, Mr. Jefferson Davis at length interposed, and sternly rebuked the scolding Senators. He told them they were talking "like highwaymen and bravo"—"I give you his exact language—and that their conduct was shameful and disgraceful to the Senate. This brought them to their senses, and they subsided into silence.

This scene is said to be the most violent and indecorous that has ever occurred in the Senate, even in secret session, where the proceedings are accompanied always with great freedom of manner and of language—the Senators lighting their cigars and talking and dissembling in the free and easy style of an after dinner conversation.

The friends of Douglas and Fitch have interfered to prevent hostilities.

THE REVOLUTION IN ILLINOIS.—A letter has been received at Boston which says that the Emperor Souleuvre left the capital with his army on the 27th of December, in the direction of Gonaives for the purpose of putting down the insurrection, but after proceeding about thirty miles he stopped at a place called L'An-habit, where he threw up some fortifications, being afraid to meet Gen. Geffard in the open field. On the 4th, there were vague rumors circulated at Port au Prince that a battle had been fought at the above place, and that the Emperor had been beaten, but it was impossible to learn any thing definite about the affair. On the morning of the 5th the same rumors were repeated that Gen. Geffard had defeated the Emperor's forces; but in the afternoon of that day, the rumors having become of a positive character in regard to the Emperor's reverses, some of the officials sent around the city a company of soldiers, proclaiming everywhere the utter defeat of the rebels.

AN OLD COUPLE.—An ancient couple, Bakeman by name, reside in the town of Freedom, Cattaraugus county, N. Y. The man, Daniel Frederick Bakeman is 100 years old, and his wife is 101 years old. He was a Revolutionary soldier. He is quick and spry, can walk two or three miles, chop wood, &c. She can see to thread her needle and sew as well as an one, and can walk off half a mile visiting and back. She has good health. They were formerly from the Mohawk country, and were married when quite young.

A PORK SPECULATOR MISSING.—The Chicago Daily Press learns that a speculator, not a resident of that city, who has been operating to a considerable amount in pork, has suddenly disappeared leaving his creditors minus the value of from 2000 to 3000 hogs. He has purchased hogs, giving checks in payment on certain brokers, which checks were not honored, and sold the hogs for cash, thus pocketing the handsome sum of \$20,000 or more.

MORE EXCITEMENT AT OBERLIN.—There is a new excitement at Oberlin Ohio, on account of the arrest and imprisonment of a school teacher named William A. Lincoln, for aiding in the escape of a fugitive slave. The complaint was not so much that he was arrested, as that it was done in a barbarous manner, and he was not allowed to give bail, but was thrown into jail with felons and loaded with irons.

TAKING THE STAND AGAIN.—Rev. Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell has reappeared as a clergywoman and lecturer at Rochester. Since her marriage she has been little in public life. Previous to that event she had officiated as the pastor of a Congregational church at Butler, Wayne county, N. Y.

CONSCIENCE STILL AT WORK.—Rev. Mr. Sullivan, a Catholic priest of Charleston, S. C., paid over to a lady of that city on Monday the sum of \$500, received through the confessional. He received it from a person who said it was to satisfy an indebtedness rightfully due the heir of the lady's father.

ABORTION AND DEATH IN LOWELL.—A young woman named Almira Callahan, of St. John, N. B., died at the residence of Dr. Andrew Jackson, in Lowell, it is supposed from the effects of an attempted abortion. Dr. Jackson has surrendered himself to the authorities.

AN AWFUL WRETCH.—An unknown wretch quietly entered the residence of a colored washerwoman, at St. Louis, a few days since, and, unobserved by her, set her clothes on fire, and amid the awful screams of the victim got off with six shirts. The poor woman died in awful agony.

STITCHES IN BED.—On the morning of the 15th inst., early, while in bed, the wife of Mr. Cornelius Parmelee, of Bethlem, Conn., terminated her life by cutting her throat from ear to ear. She died in fifteen minutes after. She leaves two small children. Her age was about 35 years.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Saturday evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Justus Francis of Hartford were about retiring for the night, Mrs. Francis said that she believed she should faint away, as everything looked dark; she lay down upon the bed and died instantly.

A CLEVERMAN WITH THREE WIVES.—Henry Madison Smith, with the title of Reverend attached to his name, has been arrested in Brooklyn, N. Y., on a charge of bigamy, he having three wives.

ALMOST SUFFOCATED.—A young lady in Holden was rendered insensible, and narrowly escaped death by suffocation a few nights since, with the fumes of a charcoal fire, which ascended to her sleeping room from the cellar.

FELL DEAD.—A young lady named Mary E. Prindall, fell dead in the streets of Gloucester, Mass., on Thursday afternoon last, from disease of the heart. She was about eighteen years of age.

Fifty-three persons were killed last year, while shooting birds, and 24 others were seriously wounded.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

LARGE HOG.—S. K. Lawrence has recently purchased a hog of Thomas Curley of Brimfield, which weighs 738 lbs, and when fattened he will probably weigh two or three hundred pounds more.

DEDICATION.—The new church of the United Brethren, at Powers' Corner, will be dedicated to the worship of God on the first Sabbath in February. Rev. L. Davis, (Bishop) of Ohio, is expected to be present and preach the dedicatory sermon.

WALLES.—Salem H. Wales, of The New York Scientific American, has presented the Methodist Society of his native town (Wales) with an elegant pulpit bible. He has also presented the society with \$20 to aid them in furnishing their new parsonage.

OFF THE TRACK.—Last Monday morning the down train on the New London road lost two freight cars near Montville. They ran off the track, turned bottom side up and broke to pieces. The cars behind kept on the even tenor of their way without receiving injury. The week before a freight car on the same road met with a similar accident.

GATHERING ICE.—People have been filling their ice houses for the past fortnight. The recent freshet threw up large cakes of ice into the meadows and many have gathered it instead of cutting it from ponds. Those who have no ice houses can keep ice by piling in a pyramidal form, and covering it with saw dust, in the first place laying it on sticks of wood also covered with saw dust. It is said that ice will keep longer so than in common ice houses.

A DEN OF SNAKES.—Ethan Rice of Willington, Ct., while digging a grave last Monday, at the Village Hill cemetery, lit upon a den of black snakes, three feet beneath the surface of the ground. They were bedded in a shelving position from where he was digging, near to or within another grave. Having every advantage of them in position, although very active, he killed thirteen black snakes and one adder. The largest snake was over six feet and the smallest not less than four feet in length, so that when extended, they presented an aggregate of more than sixty feet. He thinks he did not get more than half of them.

THE THAW.—The thaw of last week culminated in a freshet on Friday. The water rose rapidly in the streams, and the store cellars on the north side of Main street, occupied by Messrs. Cross, Smith, Brown, and others in the Palmer House block were flooded. The brown house occupied by Irish families, near Mr. Spier's foundry was surrounded and filled with water nearly a foot in depth above the first floor. A bridge over Quabog river, about half a mile above Powers' Corner was entirely swept away, and one of the piers to the new Burley bridge was severely damaged, as was also one of the piers to the railroad bridge a few rods above. A small bridge spanning the brook near Mr. Burley's residence, was also washed away, leaving a crust of frozen earth over the stream. The damage to bridges was not so serious as might have been expected from the sudden rise of water and breaking up of ice. Fortunately a streak of cold weather made its appearance on Saturday morning, causing the water to abate, and the walks and highways to be covered with ice. P. S.—One reach of the Hasting's bridge over Swift river was carried away, but all the timber was saved.

LEADLOW ITEMS.—The members of the Congregational Society in Leadlow held a parish meeting on Monday, when it was voted to build, forthwith, a new and commodious church in place of the one recently burned. It was also voted to circulate a subscription paper among the people worshipping with the society, but not particularly connected with the parish, and after securing what they were willing to contribute, to levy a tax upon the parish sufficient to cover all expenses. We doubt whether an instance of the kind can be found in the State, where a small parish of about forty persons, all in moderate circumstances, have unanimously voted to tax themselves to the amount of three or four thousand dollars for church building. The cost of the new church will not be far from \$6000.

The Methodist society held a fair at the old Fuller hotel on Thursday evening last week. Over eight hundred persons were admitted to the house and more than one hundred went away unable to get in. The house was literally packed with people, and the net receipts amounted to \$210, one company from Springfield contributing \$27.

The manufacturing works at Jenksville are all suspended in consequence of damage done to the dam of the mills by ice in the late freshet.

A HUSBAND SHOTS HIS WIFE'S PARAMOUR. A Mr. Bailey residing in Simpson county, Ky., induced Mrs. Moore, the wife of a neighbor to elope with him recently. Her husband pursued the guilty pair and overtook them near Shakertown, where he shot Bailey through the head, killing him instantly. Moore then gave himself up to the authorities.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENT.—It is estimated that 30,000 people were on the ice at Central Park, New York, on Sunday last. New trains of cars are called for, new accommodations are demanded, to help along these Sabbath-breakers.

A "BETTERMENT LAW."—The Boston papers have been talking for a fortnight about having a "Betterment Law." We have no doubt that all laws might be bettered if a few sensible people would take them in hand.

PRECOCIOUS GIRL.—A girl thirteen years of age coupled with a man at Gardner, Maine, on Tuesday night. She was married before her solicitous papa and mamma could interfere.

ON A STRIKE.—About seventy weavers in the Tagconic mills, Pittsfield, are on a strike. They demand four cents a yard, their pay heretofore having been 3 1/2.

SAGACITY OF DOGS.—We have been reading several remarkable instances of the sagacity manifested by dogs. In one case a pair of runaway horses at Rochester were stopped by a dog, who seized the reins and pulled the horses against a fence; in another, a man who lost his hat by the wind in the evening at New York, had it restored to him by his faithful dog. The latter case reminds us of the sagacity of a young shepherd dog in our own family. Leaving him alone in the sitting room for a few moments a day or two since, we returned to find that he had been upon the table, taken our new shiny hat upon the floor, where he had literally dissected it—taking out the lining to get at a handsome gilt figure in the bottom, pulling off the fur and outside covering to see what it was made of, tearing the band off to find out whether it was silk or cotton, and in fact taking it all to pieces to see if it was well manufactured. Another article looking something like a lady's bonnet shared the same fate—a ribbon being in one corner of the room, a pink flower in another, while a tab and other fixings were scattered over the floor. We surveyed the wreck with a good deal of indignation, but our admiration of the dog's extraordinary sagacity saved his life. His sagacity on that occasion cost us an X and we are satisfied to experience no more of it for the present.

SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS.—The young lady whose entrenchment at Bridgewater we mentioned several weeks ago, is a sort of mystery. After laying in a trance three days she opened her eyes and commenced talking to some one, declaring she wouldn't marry him—accusing him of having broken a promise made to a dying parent, and giving him leave to end his mortal career in a drunkard's grave, and finally winding up by informing an imaginary personage, named "Mary Ann," that she got out of her chamber window and came down on a tree. She finally recovered, but would not disclose her name. She stated that her parents were dead, and that all her property had been taken from her. It is inferred that she came from a Southern city. She is now employed in some remunerative labor in Plymouth County.

ANOTHER OLD SOLDIER GONE.—Oliver Rice, a soldier of the Revolution, died in Mayfield, Fulton County, N. Y., last week. He was ninety-two years old. He was employed as an express rider in the Revolution, and in that capacity executed commissions for Washington. He belonged to the Freemasons over seventy years, and passed through twenty degrees. He had laid aside \$200 to defray the expenses of his burial with masonic honors, with the request that a Mason should preach his funeral sermon, and his wishes were faithfully complied with.

MORTGAGED FARMS.—The farmers of Wisconsin whose farms were mortgaged to help build railroads, have held meetings, and resolved to prevent by force the foreclosure of the mortgages. The farmers who have been gulled into mortgaging their farms number 5000. There is a prospect of trouble equal to the anti-rent outrages in N. Y.

WOMEN IN BREACHES.—No less than three women were arrested in New York, Tuesday evening, for appearing in the streets dressed in boy's clothing. Two of them stated that they were on their way to a fancy dress ball, and the third was found walking in company with the well known John Smith, and followed by a crowd of unruly boys.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.—The wife of Thomas Redley, of Lockport, N. Y., put her little child in the wood-box, near the stove, for safe-keeping, while she went down street. The stove became too hot, and set the wood-box on fire, and before assistance could be rendered the child was burnt to death.

A WHOLE FAMILY FROZEN TO DEATH.—In North Castle, N. Y., a man named Tucker, his wife and two children, were all frozen to death while sleeping in a barn one of the late cold nights. They were begging during the day, but did not obtain funds enough to procure a night's lodging.

PARDONED.—The President has granted a pardon to Mr. Spear, now in Salem jail for robbing the mails while a clerk in the Boston post office. The pardon has been forwarded to his wife who will bear the glad tidings to her husband.

EMANCIPATED.—Mr. Campbell of Louisiana, having a handsome female slave, with a child in her arms bearing a strong resemblance to him, has taken her and her child to Cincinnati and given them their liberty. He is too humane to enslave his own children.

TELEGRAPH TO KANSAS.—The telegraph line has been completed to Leavenworth, Kansas, making a continuous communication from that city to New York. The first message over the wires was received at New York on Monday evening.

MURDER AND ROBBERY.—At Belleville, N. Y., last week, Robert D. Dickie was robbed of \$100 by his hired man named Rock, and when discovered, Rock shot Dickie through the head. He then fled to the woods.

INDIAN ORCHARD.—The manufacturing works at Indian Orchard have been set in motion. The owners employ Yankee girls and have appropriated \$1000 for alibary, to which all in their employ will be admitted free.

POWDER MILL EXPLOSION.—One of Dupont's powder mills in Wilmington, Del., exploded on Thursday last week, killing two workmen. The shock was terrific, and was felt for a circuit of twenty miles.

A SLOW PEOPLE.—John Phelps, of Birmingham, Ct., was buried in a well on Wednesday last week, but the people did not conclude to dig him out till Friday, thinking he was dead by that time.

ARRESTED.—Stephen H. Graham and Albert Statia, two young men from New York, were arrested on Parker's train for Boston, on Friday last week, for passing counterfeit \$5 bills on the Mechanics' Bank of New Haven.

SHIPWRECK.—The ship Rajah, a whaler from New Bedford, was wrecked on the 18th of October, on Shastar Island, in the Pacific, and 13 of her crew of 26 were lost.

Ware, Jan. 15, 1859.—ff

The Palmer Journal.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

No. 1.—My first is an adjective, short and dry,
Which an absence of moisture seems to imply;
Or, in reference to mind, that kind of wit,
Which is sleek on the rein, and sharp on the bit.
My second is a sort of hole or den,
Unfit for the resort of timid men.
When once the righteous come safely out,
While the wicked were whirly put to rout.
My whole is an author of classic fame,
If you know the man please tell me his name.

No. 2.—My first is the name of a river; my second is a pleasant beverage; my third is what we are too apt to do, and my whole is the name of an ancient city.

No. 3.—One man said to another, "give me one of your sheep, and I shall have twice as many as you." The other replied, "No, give me one of yours, and I shall have as many as you." How many had each?

No. 4.—Name hits you tena,
Dan akme hist tuo yuo hants.

No. 5.—What is the most suitable dance to wind off a frolic?

No. 6.—Why are buckwheat cakes like the caterpillar?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

No. 1.—B—O—Y.
No. 2.—N I N E.
No. 3.—Forty horses have 80 fore legs.
No. 4.—Hannah—hand.
No. 5.—He presses them with a goose.
No. 6.—One that needs darning.

Lord Dexter's Mock Funeral.

Dexter's tomb was in the basement story of a handsome summer house, erected on a slightly position, surrounded by shrub, flower and trees. The tomb was lighted and ventilated—a most pleasant retreat "after life's fitful fever" should be over. After the tomb had been prepared, and the coffin finished to his taste, Dexter, with a few of his cronies, got up a mock funeral, supposed by many at the time to be a real one. He had, by giving to his wife, son and daughter suits of mourning, and money to boot, engaged them at last to acquiesce in his whim. Cards were sent to certain persons in the town to attend the funeral. Some who had no misgiving, and all who desired a frolic, came at the hour appointed. Some wag for he could not get a priest to perform the burial service, read it, and pronounced an eulogy on the great man of the East. The procession moved to the garden vault, the coffin was deposited and the door locked. The assembled mourners returned to the large hall, where a sumptuous entertainment had been provided, and the choicest wines were poured out like water. Some one hinted that Dexter's ghost was seen at an upper window while the procession moved to the vault; but this moved away when a loud complaint was heard in the kitchen. It was Lord Dexter caving his wife for not acting her part as she should have done in the ceremony. She had not shed a tear! She should have cried to think it was not a reality. Dexter had been so much pleased in his concealment, in hearing of his praise, that he entered the wake room with the highest glee; shared in the wine, and threw small change to the gaudy crowd of boys who had gathered to witness the last solemn scene. There was, however, a drawback to his experiment; not a single bell tolled, when he expected the whole of them would have sounded the knell of his passing soul. That was not all; not a requiem was sung, except by the wag who performed the funeral services; he gave one that some bacchanalian had in former times composed for himself to be sung before his departure. Dexter expressed himself satisfied with everything but the absence of the tolling bell, and his wife's dry eyes.

His son had performed his part to admiration, being sufficiently drunk to weep without much effort. It is said that his grief was so excessive that he required support as he entered the tomb; at least, the old man was satisfied with his enactments.—*Knap's Life of Lord Dexter.*

THE ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR PHRASES.—The term "masterly inactivity" originated with Sir James Mackintosh. "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb," which everybody who did not suppose it was in the Bible credited to Sterne, was stolen by him from George Herbert, who translated it from the French of Henry Estienne. "The cup that cheers but not inebriates" was "conveyed" by Cowper from Bishop Berkeley, in his "Sins." "Wordsworth's 'The child is father of the man'" is traced from him to Milton, and from Milton to Sir Thomas Moore. "Like angels' visits, few and far between," is the offspring of "Hook"—it is not Sir Thomas Campbell's original thought. Old John Norris (1698) used it, and after him Robert Blair, as late as 1746. "There's a gude time coming" is Scott's phrase, in "Rob Roy," and the "almighty dollar" is Washington Irving's happy hit.

PRECIOUS TRUTH.—Christ did not count his converts by thousands, nor yet by tens; but he counted them by units, saying: "There is more joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," &c. He valued individuals; and yet at last shall we welcome him redeemed as an innumerable multitude, whom no one can number.

ACCIDENT AT HOLYOKE.—Julia Smith, employed at the Parsons paper mill, Holyoke, had her clothing caught by a revolving shaft last week, and was drawn so closely to it that the flesh on the calf of her leg was worn to the bone, before she could be liberated.

The Star of Home.

Far from home and all its pleasures
Here I stand forlorn alone;
Where are ye my heart's fond treasures?
Lies ye not my plaintive moan?
Brightly gleams the star of Even,
And my soul it fills with pain,
For on yonder moonlit heaven
I would gaze at home again.

None but those, who have been parted,
Know the power of mighty love,
When forsaken, broken-hearted,
All our hopes are thrum'd above;
Sad regret and restless longing
Night and day my bosom fill,
Dreary thoughts and fancies thronging
Are the exile's portion still.

Lovely star, thou see'st me pining
For the joys of Fatherland;
O! how sweetly art thou shining
O'er my home's beloved strand;
Thy soft beam to me is dearer
Than the sun's meridian glare,
Far thou seem'st to bring me nearer
To my darlings all afar.

THE PRIEST AND THE ROBBER.

Madame de Beaumont relates the following story:

Last summer, while in the country, I made the acquaintance of a very venerable and worthy Roman Catholic priest, who was upwards of eighty years of age.

"More than forty years ago," said he, "I was sent for from the prison of criminals, to confess a highway robber condemned to die; and, as was the custom at that time, I was locked up with the prisoner in the small chapel attached to the prison. I used all the arguments enjoined by our holy religion, and did my best to bring the poor fellow to a sense of his terrible situation, and his urgent need of repentance, but all my efforts appeared to make no impression. He was absent-minded, preoccupied, and did not seem to hear me. 'Young man,' said I, 'do you realize the dreadful certainty that at sunrise this very day, your soul must appear before the throne of God? Why do you not listen to my exhortations, and what, at this dread hour can take your thoughts away from your terrible situation?'"

"You are right, holy father," said he, "I ought to listen to your kind exhortations, and be grateful for the interest you take in my sad fate, but I cannot banish the conviction that it is in your power to save my life. 'I save your life,' I cried, 'how can I save it? and if I could, ought I to attempt it?—If I succeeded in saving your life, which I consider impossible, I should but enable you to go on in your career of wickedness and crime.'"

"If that is all that prevents you from hearing what I have to say," the poor fellow replied, "you may set your conscience at rest, for I am brought too near the scaffold and the fatal axe to again run the risk. Help me to escape, and I swear from this moment to live and die an honest man."

What could I do? A fellow mortal implored me to save him from a dreadful death. He had sinned, but would sin no more. He was young too, and but for the paleness caused by the foul air of a felon's cell, and his own gloomy forebodings, he would have been well looking, handsome even, and in perfectly good health. He pleaded eloquently, he implored me to aid him to escape. I hesitated, but finally could not resist his earnest entreaties, that I would at least listen to his plan. He at last overcame my scruples, and listened, and in short joined my exertions to his in trying to devise how his deliverance could be brought about.

The chapel in which we were locked had one window, which was very near the rafters of the building, and more than fifteen feet from the chapel floor. "You," said the prisoner, "have but to put your chair upon that pulpit, which is moveable, and can be placed against the wall, under the window; then stand up in the chair; I will get on your shoulders, then spring up to the window, and out of it; then get out upon the roof of the chapel; and once there I shall find a way to get in safety to the ground." The hazardous undertaking was soon accomplished without noise or accident, and after having replaced the pulpit and chair, I sat down to await quietly the coming of events. After having been thus seated between three and four hours, which my robber employed, no doubt, in a very different manner, the executioner, a jailer, getting impatient, knocked at the door, came into the chapel, we were astonished to find me alone, and asked what had become of the prisoner. "He must be an angel," I answered, with all the simplicity and calmness I could assume, "for I assure you on the word of a priest, he went out of that window." The headsman, who lost his vile pay and perquisites by the flight of the prisoner, was of course in a brutal passion, and, after inquiring in no gentle terms whether I meant to make a fool of him, hurried off to find the magistrates. They came immediately to the chapel, I remaining seated as before. I assured them that the prisoner did take flight through the window; that the being who could accomplish an act so extraordinary might be looked upon as an angel—certainly not a criminal; that I myself might beg one possessed of such superhuman power to intercede for my sins, instead of receiving his condemnation; and that, if the prisoner was guilty, which could hardly be the case, in view of his miraculous escape, I was not placed there to be his keeper. My manner was calm and serious, for my solitude of three hours had quieted the nervous agitation I had felt at first. The magistrates listened with evident misgivings, not at all complimentary to the soundness of my intellect, but finally, laughing contemptuously at my evident stupidity, they wished my protégé a good journey, whether on angel's wings or his feet, and went away. I quickly walked out of the chapel, breathing, as may well be imagined, much more freely than I had done for the last four eventful hours.

Some twenty-five years after my robber's flight I was traveling alone in the forest of Ardennes, so familiarly known to all readers of Shakespeare. I had lost my way, and night was coming on, when I overtook a man dressed in the garb of the country, who first looked very hard at me, then asked me where I wished to go, adding that the road we were traveling was extremely dangerous—that if I chose to put myself under his guidance, he would take me to a peasant's cottage, where

I could pass the night in safety. I was in doubt as to my best course, and the scrutinizing look of my rude companion was far from encouraging. But I said to myself, I am completely in his power, and if he means to murder and then rob me there is no escape; and I, therefore, followed him with fear and trembling.

I was not, however, kept long in this anxious suspense, for we soon arrived at the cottage he had mentioned, and my guide, who was its owner, told his wife, as he entered the doorway, to lay the poultry under contribution, and to prepare the best supper she could in honor of her husband's guest, meaning my worthy self. While they were executing these orders the peasant went out of the cottage, but soon came back leading in eight children—sons and daughters. "My children," he said, "thank this good man on your knees for your lives, for without him you would never have been born, and I should not now be alive, he saved my life." I then, in the utmost surprise, looked at my host

History of the Plow.

The first plow is supposed to have been the rude branch of a tree, cut so as to have a cleft end, the point of which dragged along the surface of the ground, scraped a furrow into which seeds were thrown. I soon received the husbandman that he might relieve his own labor, by yoking an animal to the long arm of this primitive instrument; then arose the necessity for a handle, affixed to the back, so that the plow might be guided. The strength of the animal soon wore away or broke the cleft of the branch, and this necessity gave rise to the invention of means for attaching movable shares, first of wood, and next of stone, copper or iron, worked to a shape adapted to the cutting of furrows, so as to avoid the excessive labor arising from the plowman's having to lean upon the plow with all his weight, to press it into the earth. Just such an implement as these conjectures indicate, was used by the Saxons. Some of the facts connected with the history of the plow are almost incredible. In Ireland there once prevailed a custom of "plowing by the horse's tail." The draft-pole was lashed to the tail of the horse, and as no harness was employed, two men were necessary, one to guide and press upon the plow, the other to direct the horse, which he did by walking backwards before the miserable animal, and beating it on the head on either side, according to the direction required. This custom prevailed for a considerable time, in spite of a law which was passed in the early part of the seventeenth century, imposing severe penalties upon persons found guilty of "plowing by the horse's tail," as in the act mentioned and described. From the Rev. Cesar Otway's "Sketches in Erris and Tynawley," it appears that the barbarous practice lingered in the remote west of Ireland as late as the year 1840! And from a paper on "The breed of horses in Scotland in the Ancient times," printed in the first volume of the "Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland," we find that the same custom was practiced in that country as late as the year 1792.—[Progress of Agriculture.]

PROVIDENCE.—"What a strange providence that a mother should be taken in the midst of life from her children!" Was it providence? No! Providence had assigned her three score years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children; but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and so she lost it. A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz arises on every side, "What a striking providence!" This man has been in the habit of studying half a night—of passing his days in his office, or in the courts, of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking of wine. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.—It has been customary in some of our cities for young girls to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid winter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of heaven's laws, paid the penalty—a checked circulation, cold, fever and death.—"What a sad providence!" exclaimed her friends. Was it providence, or her own folly? Look at the mass of disease that are incurred by intemperance in eating and drinking, in study or business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness and pure air; by dissipated dressing, tight lacing, &c.; and all is quietly imputed to providence. Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to frightful diseases that cut life short, and of the long list of maladies that make life a torment or a trial, and it is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "godly temple," would decay, and men would die as if falling asleep.

ON MOON BLINDNESS.—Sir G. Robinson gave several instances of his men who had slept on deck exposed to the moonbeams, being so blind on landing, that they had to be led by the hand. Also the sailors were in the habit of waking up the soldiers who attempted to sleep on deck, and warning them that they would be blinded.

Once on a time, an Irishman and a negro were fighting, and while grappling with each other the Irishman exclaimed: "You devil of a black nigger, cry enough—I'll fight till I die!" "So'll I, bosc," sung out the darkey, "I always does."

A spendthrift, who had wasted his patrimony, rallying a frugal country gentleman said among other things: "I'll warrant those buttons on your coat were your grandfather's." "Yes," said the other, and I have got my grandfather's lards, too."

"Are you worth two hundred and fifty dollars?" was asked of a New York colored barber, as he walked up to deposit his vote on election day. "Yes, sir," replied the barber, "and if I was in St. Louis I should be worth seven hundred dollars."

Morning Prayer.

So fit and useful is morning devotion, it ought not to be omitted without necessity.—If our circumstances will allow the privilege, it is a bad sign when no part of the morning is spent in prayer. If God finds no place in our minds at that early and peaceful hour, he will rarely recur to us in the tumults of life.—If the benefits of the morning do not soften us, we can hardly expect the heart to melt with gratitude during the day. If the world then rush in and take possession of us, when we are at some distance and have had a respite from its cares, how can we hope to shake it off when we shall be in the midst of it, pressed and agitated by it on every side?—Let a part of the morning, if possible, be set apart for devotion; and to this end we should fix the hour of rising, so that we may have an early hour at our own disposal. Our piety is suspicious, if we can renounce, as many do, the pleasures and benefits of early prayer, rather than forego the senseless indulgence of unnecessary sleep. What! we can rise early enough for business. We can even anticipate the dawn, if a favorite pleasure or an uncommon gain request the effort. But we cannot rise, that we may bless our great Benefactor, that we may arm ourselves for the severe conflicts to which our principles are to be exposed! We are willing to rush into the world without thanks offered, or a blessing sought! From a day thus begun, what ought we to expect but thoughtlessness and guilt?—*Dr. Channing.*

The Hermitage.

A gentleman who has visited the Hermitage, the residence of General Jackson, thus writes of what he saw there:—

"Prominent among the curiosities, was a wooden pitcher. It was made of wood from the elm tree under which William Penn made the celebrated Indian treaty. The pitcher was made and presented by the coopers of Philadelphia, and although it is not larger than a common cream jug it contains 750 staves. The hoops, lip and handle are silver; the bottom is a magnifying glass, by looking through which one is enabled to see the joints, which are not visible to the naked eye. We will next notice the 'Old Hickory.' This is a double cup—that is, two cups with one bottom, so that when one is turned up the other is turned down. It is, as its name implies, of hickory, and what is more singular, a block about one foot in length, and was cut on Long Island from a hickory sprout, the parent stem of which was severed by a cannon ball in the war of the Revolution.

The next things we will mention are a calumet of stone, presented by some Indian chiefs; a bayonet, with a large root growth around it, found near the battle ground below New Orleans; the cup and saucer of which Gen. Washington drank his last tea, and a small piece of candle found in the tent of Lord Cornwallis when he surrendered to Gen. Washington, and closed the Revolutionary struggle. The last named article was given to Gen. Jackson with the request that he would light it on each Fourth of July.—Mrs. Jackson remarked that they had failed to do this for several years owing to its shortness."

THE PRESS—WHAT IT IS?—The realm of the press is enchanted ground. Sometimes the editor has the happiness of knowing that he has defended the right, exposed the wrong, protected the weak; that he has given utterance to a sentiment that has cherished somebody's solitary hour, made somebody happy, kindled a smile upon a sad face, or a hope in a heavy heart. He may meet that sentiment months, years after; it may have lost all traces of its paternity, but he feels an affection for it. He welcomes it as a long absent child. He reads it as the first time, and wonders if, indeed, he wrote it, for he has changed since then. Perhaps his force did not give utterance to the sentiment now; perhaps he would not if he could. It seems like the voice of his former self calling to the present, and there is something mournful in its tone. He begins to think, to remember—remember when he wrote it, and why; who were his readers then, and whether they have gone; what he was then, and how much he has changed. So he muses, till he finds himself wondering if that thought of his will continue to float after he is dead, and whether he is really looking upon something that will survive him. And then comes the sweet consciousness that there is nothing in the sentiment he could wish had been unwritten; that it is the better part of him—a shred from the garments of the immortality he shall leave behind, when he joins the "innumerable caravan," and takes his place in the silent hall of death.

SMOKERS.—A Scotch lady who has more reverence for the inspiration she draws from Helicon than that imported from Havana, writes in the following style of the patrons of the weed:

"May never lady press his lips, his proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps its chimney burning.
May each true woman shun his sight for fear his fame might choke her;
And none but those who smoke themselves, have kisses for a smoker."

THE RIGHT USE OF ONE'S EYES.—An Italian bishop, who had endured much persecution with a calm and untroubled temper, was asked how he attained such a mastery over himself. "By making a right use of my eyes," said he, "I first look to heaven, as the place where I am going to live forever, I next look down upon the earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want. I then look around me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

THE DISPUTED QUESTION OF OWNERSHIP IN THE SOUTH AMERST MEETING.—HOUSE has been referred to Julius Rockwell, R. A. Chapman and William Hyde, who meet February 10 to hear the evidence. The original society has divided, and both branches claim the church.

VESTIVUS THREATENING.—MOUNT Vesuvius is bursting out with fire along its sides and people in its vicinity are in great terror. They go to church daily and pray for protection against the impending calamity.

Western Correspondence.

MAIDEN ROCK, WIS., Jan. 18, 1859,

MR. EDITOR:—I saw a notice in your paper a few days ago, stating that Elijah Porter, formerly editor of the Westfield News Letter, was a poor man and could not raise money sufficient to carry his family back to Westfield, and actually had received funds from there to enable him to live in Wisconsin, &c. All the above is true in some sense, but that the New England public may be set to rights in relation to my poverty and destitution in the West, I will give you a few facts in relation to myself. I left Mass. in June, 1857, for this place, with some \$700 in cash, which, on landing here I laid out in first rate land, good city lots and a small cottage, having left a new house in Westfield unsold, with a mortgage on it. The hard times soon came on, and with my failing health, and the scarcity of money here, I was soon without a sou in my pocket. Having spent 32 years of my life in a printing office, I soon found out that I could not clear up my land, and that I must take some land on shares. This I did last summer, and raised corn, potatoes, beans and such truck, sufficient for my family till next spring. But as all sorts of store goods sell high here, and can only be bought with money, (as also flour) I have been obliged to borrow some funds from my New England friends to enable us to live on something else beside hog and hominy till I can get a start in the West. Some of the Westfield people have sent me small sums of cash as a present, which shows their generosity and kindness of heart. In the summer of 1858 Mr. Buell of the News Letter sent me word that if I would return to W.—, he would send me money (the contribution of my old patrons) to pay our fare home. This I agreed to do, but, as the times were so tight the project failed for the time at least, though I have not yet given up the idea of returning to my native town of Westfield, in the good time coming, when I hope to take you by the hand. You see how it is, Mr. Editor, I am not so poor, really, as when in possession of the News Letter, yet I am hard up for cash and no mistake, as are thousands of men in the West, who cannot raise the money to pay their taxes, and per consequence their land is sold in nine cases out of ten by the sheriff. I have made out thus far to pay my taxes and keep my property free from mortgages, which I could not do in Mass. Had I sound health and a little cash I should try and stay here, but as I am too slender to work in the cold of winter and the heat of summer, I shall, as soon as may be, work my way back to the "Land of Pilgrims," glorious New England, where the white school houses and churches dot the face of the country all over from the sands of Cape Cod to the hills of Berkshire. Remember, dear Mr. Editor, that I have some real estate here, and some in New York and Mass., yet am hard up for cash, and feel really as poor as you represent me in the Journal. One principal object of my wishing to go home is that I have two children at school there, and wish the three now with me to be educated in Fatherland.—In time, perhaps five years hence, my property in Maiden Rock may be worth in gold full \$5000, and our coming West will result in good, both to me and my family. This is one of the finest places on the Mississippi and soon may be blessed with a railroad, yet with all its prospects ahead my heart is in New England, and thither I must go. Begging pardon for trespassing on your patience and columns, I am, dear sir, your friend and obt. servant,
E. PORTER.

FEMALE ARTS.—The Providence Post has the following very sensible remarks in relation to the arts of the female sex to attract the notice of gentlemen:

"Newspaper editors have a great deal to say against the kind of education which our young ladies get, and the arts which they resort to, in attracting the notice and winning the affections of the gentlemen. They should remember that the young ladies are educated for a market. Furs are not wanted in Africa, and root beer is of no great account in Greenland. A modest, plain-speaking, unaffected and very artless young lady, will stand little chance of getting a husband, where gew gaws, low-necked dresses, simpering, giggling, flirting and scheming are advertised for. Is it not shamefully true that the best young women are overlooked, even by very sensible young men, in their search for wives; while the butterflyes are married off by scores? Undoubtedly, the sensible young man says to himself, when he sees these two characters together, that he would much prefer the artless, modest, plain speaking woman for a wife; but at the same time, he prefers the butterfly for flirting purposes; and he finds a year afterwards that flirting led to marriage, and marriage to wretchedness. Whose fault is it, more than his own?"

A Hibernian being recently on trial for some offence, pleaded "Not Guilty," and the jury being in the box, the State Solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the Court, and said: "Do I understand, your Honor, that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness fornest me again?" The judge said dryly, "It seems so." "Well, then, yer Honor, I plade guilty, sure an yer honor plaze, not because I am guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer Honor's suckling babe, but just on account of saving Misther Furkisson's soul."

An old soldier, whose nose had been cropped off by a sabre cut, happened to give a few pence to a beggar, who exclaimed in return: "God preserve your eyesight!" "Why so?" inquired the veteran. "Because, sir," was the reply, "if your eyes should grow weak you couldn't keep spectacles on them!"

A WARNING.—An exchange paper says:—E. B. Doolittle is in the habit of robbing our henroost, and stealing our neighbor's pigs in the night. If he does not desist we shall publish his name. This is equal to the minister at campmeeting, who said: "If the lady with blue hat, red hair, and cross eyes, don't stop talking, she will be pointed out to the congregation."

Keep good company—and be one of the number.

The Lost American Race.

Dr DeHaas of Virginia, whose discovery of an inscription in one of the ancient mounds of the West, excited considerable attention in the archeological world a year or two ago, gave, on Saturday evening, in the rooms of the Historical Society, New York, the first of a series of lectures on the antiquities of America, throwing light on the ancient inhabitants of this continent. He estimates that there are 100,000 tumuli within the United States. Their shape is very varied, and they are smaller and more numerous in the North than in the South. Their situation indicates that they were built by an agricultural people, indeed they are generally most numerous in those portions of the Mississippi Valley which are now most numerously settled. In the lake region of Wisconsin there are some which are in the form of animals. Most of these mounds are places of sepulture, and with the skeleton are sometimes found brass implements, and even pieces of cloth. Some mounds in the South and West have been and are being built by the Indians, but they are different from the ancient mounds in every respect. The ancient tumuli are never found on the first terrace of the rivers, which Dr. De Haas supposes to prove that they were built before the rivers had cut their present channels. He divides them into mounds or sepulture, of sacrifice, of worship, of observation and of defense, besides miscellaneous. The mounds of sepulture rarely contain more than two skeletons, and are square or ellipsoid. The mound at Grave Creek, Marshall County, Va., is unique. It is 71 feet high by 800 in circumference, and covered with forest trees. It was opened in 1838, and in the center were found a male and female skeleton, in a small chamber constructed of wood and stone, with a passage out toward the north-east. On one of the skeletons were four copper bracelets; and a small stone pebble, containing the inscription which had excited so much attention, was lying near by. He drew a comparison between the tumuli raised by all the ancient inhabitants of the Eastern Continent and those of this; he finds nearly every variety upon this continent which we knew were built upon the other. The mounds of sacrifice are raised platforms. Dr. De Haas exhibited a large number of articles which he had found in alar mounds. In some of these charred skeletons are found which suggests human burnt offerings; one such skeleton had its skull fractured so much as to produce death. The guard mounds rarely contain any remains; their position indicates their character.—Mounds of observation command most of the Valley of the Mississippi and probably served for a fire telegraph. The temple mounds stand within inclosures, and contain no remains. Mounds have been thrown up by the Indians for defense, and for refuge in inundation. So, also, the Indians pile up heaps of stones over their dead. Occasionally circles of stone are found about the back of the mounds, reminding us of the Druidical circles. They are most frequent in Yucatan. There appear to have been four methods of interment by this ancient race. First, in a chamber in the center of a mound, stretched from east to west, with copper ornaments accompanying the body; second, by folding the body in a small stone coffin; third, by incineration, the ashes being placed in earthenware urns, and only after the general slaughter of a battle.

My Wife is the Cause of It.

It is not more than forty years ago that Mr. L. called at the house of Dr. B. one very cold morning, on his way to H.—. "Sir," said the doctor, "the weather is very frosty—you will not take something to drink before you start?"

In that day liquor was deemed indispensable to warmth for winter. When commencing a journey, and at every stopping-place along the road, the traveler always used intoxicating drinks to keep him warm. "No," said Mr. L., "I never touch anything of the kind, and I will tell you the reason—my wife is the cause of it. I had been in the habit of meeting some of my neighbors every evening for the purpose of playing cards. We assembled at each other's shop, and liquors were introduced after a while. We met not so much for drinking, though I used to return home late in the evening more or less intoxicated. My wife always met me at the door affectionately, and when I chided her for sitting up so late for me, she kindly replied: 'I prefer doing so, for I cannot sleep when you are out.'"

This always troubled me. I wished in my heart she would begin to scold me, for then I could have retorted, and relieved my conscience. But she always met me with the same gentle and loving spirit.

Things passed on thus for some time, when I at once resolved that I would, by remaining late and returning much intoxicated, provoke her so much as to cause her to lecture me, when I meant to answer her with severity, and thus, by creating another issue between us, unburden my bosom of its present trouble.

I returned in such a plight about four o'clock in the morning. She met me at the door with her usual tenderness, and said—

"Come in, husband, I have just been making a warm fire for you, because I knew you would be cold. Take off your boots and warm your feet, and here is a cup of hot coffee."

"Doctor, that was too much. I could endure it no longer, and I resolved that from that moment that I would never touch another drop as long as I lived, and I never will."

He never did. He lived and died practicing total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, in a village where intemperance has raged as much as any other in the State.

That man was my father, and that woman my mother. The facts above related I received from the doctor himself, while on a visit to my village, not long since.

An exchange tells the story of a preacher who observed that it is a striking proof of the wisdom and benevolence of Providence, that death was placed at the end of life—thus giving time to make the necessary preparation for the event. This calls to mind the profound remarks of a philosopher, who admired the arrangement of placing Sunday at the end of a week instead of the middle, which would make a broken week of it.

The Palmer Journal.

SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1890.

Amalgams Too Unsocial.

Yankees are proverbially unsocial. A foreigner in giving his opinion of American people said—"One would think they were all born for deacons or clergymen, so unsocial are they in their habits and temperament." It is too true that we neglect the better part of our natures—that which contributes to health and enjoyment—for the all-absorbing interests of business. To make money and get rich is the chief end of a New England Yankee. In whatever capacity he may be called to act he keeps constantly in view the almighty dollar, as if his final salvation depended upon it. If a man educates himself for a high profession, he does so with the intention of securing large gains when he embarks in the profession he has chosen; if he aspires to official honors, he measures the "honor" by the pay of the office; if he becomes a public man, he finds that public interest will be benefited just in proportion to the salary which goes into his own pocket; if he is an author, he values his talents in dollars instead of merit. By this course the grand aims and objects of life are defeated, and its wholesome pursuits are prostituted to base purposes.

It is true that we are too deaconish in our habits. We give few moments to the cultivation of social faculties. Young men are turned into the channels of business before they reach maturity, and young women are made wives and mothers before they pass the bounds of girlhood. We are not boys and girls long enough to develop our physical and mental powers in those amusements and social pastimes incident to youth. The result is, we grow prematurely old, marks of decay commencing where a healthy development should begin. The practice of confining a young man of eighteen or twenty to the unceasing duties of a counting room, or burdening a young girl of sixteen with the cares of a family, is enough to break down the health, and cloud the hopes of the most promising youth. Yet this we witness every day, viewing such scenes in the light of preceity rather than a wrong against human nature.

The Englishman grows portly and good natured over his London ale, the German enjoys his games and athletic sports, smokes his pipe and gets merry over his cup of lager, and both are happier, healthier and better for it; but the American, lean, lank and nervous, allows all his active energies to be swallowed up in business, giving himself little time to any subject or recreation that is foreign to the accumulation of wealth. The religious prejudices of our forefathers have had much to do with making us what we are. The puritans were stern men and women, who believed that all amusements were fraught with wickedness, and that to be Christians it was necessary to be sober and serious-minded. The sharp corners of this idea are rapidly wearing off, but so long have we been taught to respect it that several generations will yet pass away before it will be entirely wiped out. It is encouraging to witness the measures already taken to encourage a more social life. It is taught from some pulpits that the Christian instead of being the soberest and saddest mortal, should be the happiest and most cheerful—that to be good it is not necessary to shroud ourselves in gloom, or to trench the gentility of our souls behind an outward breastwork of solemnity. Boat clubs, ball clubs and other organizations for the development of muscle and health, are of recent date with us. Their existence is now recognized as a necessity instead of an unprofitable amusement. If people gave more of their time to wholesome pleasures, and less to scheming business pursuits, they would experience fewer physical infirmities and enjoy more vigorous lives. Four days out of six ought to be enough to yield to avarice, and if such were the custom, people would get just as rich as they now do by laboring early and late from Monday morning till Saturday night.

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—Sylvester Reupert of New Orleans, lately committed suicide in a very singular manner. Last October he lost his youngest child by yellow fever, and from that time he ceased to labor or to think of anything but his lost darling. For a long time he employed himself in building a brick tomb in the cemetery, and after completing it removed the remains of his child from the grave to it, going every day to look at its decaying body. On Wednesday last week, he left home, telling his wife if he could not get work he would never see him again. He then went to the tomb of his child, got into it and fastened the door inside. Taking off his coat and placing it upon a brick for a pillow beside his child's coffin, he laid down upon it and drank a large vial of laudanum. Not returning that night his wife started out early the next morning to find him. She went to the cemetery to see if he had been there, when she observed that the door of her child's tomb was not properly fitted to its place. She moved it a little so that she could look in, and the first object that met her gaze was the dead face of her husband. She fainted and fell to the ground, where she remained insensible she knows not how long. At length she recovered and conveyed the sad news to her friends.

A BOY OVER THE FALLS.—On Saturday last a little son of Mr. Gibbs, foreman of the paper mill at Niagara Falls, while at play on the shore ice, slipped into the water and was swept into the rapids and then over the American Fall. He was 12 years of age.

FIRE.—Three barns with fifteen cows and other contents, owned by Messrs. Brewer and Richards at Highgate, Vt., were destroyed by fire last week; also the saw and grist mill of Elroy Stoddard of West Brattleboro. Loss \$2000; insured \$350.

Kindall J. Godwin, a resident of Franklin township, N. Y., died on the 21st, ult., at his age of one hundred and ten years.

Massachusetts Legislature.

The estimated expenses of the several Alms Houses for the current year are as follows:—Lowbury \$49,000; Bridgewater \$36,000; Monson \$38,000. The estimated expenses at Hainsford Island Hospital are \$23,000; for the Industrial School for Girls at Lancaster, \$12,875.

Mr. Brownell of Westport grows merciful as State Prison convicts become ruthless and savage. Mr. B. has introduced an order instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the death penalty altogether. A bill has been reported fixing the appropriations to be made for the mileage and compensation of members, and under a suspension of the rules passed through the several stages. It provides that the sum to be appropriated for Senators shall not exceed \$12,300; and for the House, not to exceed \$75,400. Mr. Knight of Hampshire proposes the repeal of that clause of last year's act in relation to banks holding a certain amount of specie, which forbids their receiving interest on their balances in the cities. Mr. Arnold of Northampton proposed the repeal of the State liquor agency. The resolves authorizing the borrowing of money in anticipation of the revenue were passed, and authorization of the revenue were passed, and authorization of the revenue were passed.

The Sheriff of Franklin County has been appointed to consider the propriety of so amending the Constitution as to abolish the office of Councilors as it now exists, and substituting therefor the Lieutenant Governor and other State officers; also to consider the propriety of making Justices of the Peace elective; and also to require that in all the appointments made by the Governor and Council the same shall be made upon recommendation and receive the confirmation of the Senate. On Saturday, the Senate took its final discussion on the bill to increase the salaries of the judges of the supreme court. Mr. Branning of Berkshire made another long speech against it; but it was passed to take effect Jan. 1, 1890. A bill relating to jurors, reported by the committee of the Judiciary, provides that no juror shall be obliged to serve more than 12 days in any one term of court, that firemen and the military shall no longer be exempt from jury duty, and that in all cases, civil or criminal, each party shall have the right peremptorily to summon off three jurors without assigning any cause.

On Wednesday the Senate resolve appropriating \$300 a year for five years to the Massachusetts teachers' association, and appropriating a sum in aid of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary were rejected, because improperly originated in that branch; but substitutes for them were proposed to the House by the committee on finance, appropriating \$300 for this year only to the teachers' association and \$2500 to the infirmary. The proposition to increase the salary of the sergeant-at-arms from \$1300 to \$1500 cash was reported against by the committee on finance; and the same committee reported appropriations for the expenses of the following establishments for the quarter to April: Alms-house at Tewksbury \$9000, Monson \$8000, Bridgewater \$8000, and hospital at Hainsford Island \$5000.

In convention the two branches have elected the following gentlemen Overseers of Harvard College: Josiah G. Abbott of Lowell; Chas. G. Davis of Plymouth; P. B. Haughton of Fall River; Alfred Hitchcock of Fitchburg; and Philip H. Sears of Boston. To fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Danl. N. Dewey, Julius Rockwell of Pittsfield.

A DAUGHTER OF BURNS LIVING.—The late Burns celebration has called forth many facts of interest relating to the celebrated yet unfortunate poet. One of these is the statement that an illegitimate daughter of his is now living near Glasgow. Her mother was Anna Park, one of the poet's many loves, and the heroine of that glowing song—

"Yestreen I had a pint of wine
In place wherebody saw us;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The golden locks of Anna."

The wife of the poet took his unfortunate child into her family, and the little girl never knew of any other mother. She grew up as a "gude girl" and married respectably. She and her husband are now old and infirm. Her husband's name is John Thompson.

TWO DISTINGUISHED PERSONS GONE.—Wm. H. Prescott, the historian, died at his residence in Boston on Friday, last week. He was stricken down by an apoplectic fit and died in two hours. His age was 63. He was a grandson of Col. Wm. Prescott, who commanded at the memorable battle of Bunker Hill. Wm. C. Bond, the astronomer, died at Boston on Saturday, ripe with years and experience in scientific attainments. He was 69 years of age.

TREES FOR TELEGRAPH POLES.—A correspondent proposes that poplar trees be planted along all our railroads and used as telegraph posts. The under branches can be cut down so as to leave the trunks as clear as the posts now employed. It will take some years for such trees to grow, but if they then make permanent posts, not subject to be blown down during gales of wind, they will be superior to bare poles and should be planted.

FOX KILLED BY A GUN.—The *Buffet Gazette* states that a few days since, a daughter of Mr. Ira Bruce of West Boylston found a large gray fox in the hen-house, helping himself to the poultry. Miss Bruce, instead of screaming and running away as some young ladies would have done, entered the coop pitchfork in hand, closed the door behind her, and slew the varmint.

THE DIVORCE LAWS OF INDIANA.—A bill to amend the existing divorce laws of Indiana has been passed by the Senate. It requires a residence of one year in the State and six months in the county, by the person applying for a divorce, previous to the filing of the petition, and makes several other changes in the existing laws.

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.—English papers record the death, on the 8th inst., of Miss Amelia Ross, at the great age of 117 years. She resided in one parish during the whole of her long life, and within the last year could read and write without the aid of spectacles. She lived in the reign of five sovereigns of Great Britain.

Items From Washington.

Mr. Branch, from the committee on Foreign Affairs has reported a bill appropriating, \$30,000,000 to enable the President to conclude with Spain a treaty of amity, and for the settlement of all difficulties with her including the cession of the island of Cuba. It also authorizes the President, if he shall see fit, to advance this sum in advance of the ratification of the treaty. The majority say, in their report, that they hope that circumstances may never occur rendering it incumbent on the United States, under the imperative and overruling law of self preservation, to take possession of the island without the concurrence of Spain, but, if they should, summary measures could be much more easily justified, if we are prepared to show that we have exhausted all honorable negotiation in attempting to avert the necessity, and had offered to Spain an equivalent for it.

A minority report has also been made, which rather overthrows the arguments offered by the President for the purchase of Cuba.

Senators Fitch and Douglas have settled their difficulty by mutual apologies. The Senate after debating and amending the Pacific railroad bill until its best friends could not tell what it was, have finally rejected the whole thing by the adoption of a proposition to advertise for estimates for three routes. The vote was 31 to 20, Mr. Wilson voting in the negative.

It is stated authoritatively that the Southern and Western Democrats will resist by every constitutional expedient, any effort to change the tariff. So far from the Republicans desiring to have effect on this question they will insist that the revenues shall be improved before the enormous expenditures demanded by the administration are voted. They will also oppose new loans, insisting that government shall pay as it goes.

The State Department is satisfied there has been no action on the part of the French Emperor hostile to this country on the question of Cuba. Leading Democratic members of Congress have remarked that if the tariff bill passes and a revival of business follows, it will be claimed by the opposition as the effect of that measure, and an increase of duties will be swept from power, in not only the federal, but in a majority of the State governments.

Just now the purchase of Cuba is the all-engrossing topic among the administration men, and their views are but the reflection of those advanced by John S. Thresher, in his pamphlet just published. The real political question, however, which is being gradually introduced, is the opening of the African slave trade. The South desire to balance the increasing political strength of the Northern and Western Free States, and although some of their prominent men cannot conceal their horror of the unholy traffic, they demand it as a domestic question, over which Congress has no control.

The charges of "corruption" at the navy department will prevent the introduction of any recommendations for the purchase of more land at Charleston for the extension of the Navy Yard there.

The Union argues that the financial revolution commencing in 1857, has performed its great mission. "It has withdrawn vast sums from the channels of legitimate commerce. It has thus cheapened money by limiting its employment, and rendering its holders more cautious and circumspect."

There is some talk about enlarging the boundaries of Kansas, to embrace a portion of Nebraska, and coupling the admission of Kansas and Oregon as States, the former under one of the numerous constitutions framed in that territory, which has been before the Senate Committee on Territories some weeks.

A gentleman from Mobile, Alabama, asserts that, practically, the African slave trade is reopened in the South, and that the speculators in African flesh have no fear of this government. Indeed, they are willing that it should interfere sufficiently often to render them popular in the extreme South.

A DEMOCRATIC SENATOR.—The appointment of Mr. Robinson, Judge of probate and insolvent for Berkshire, creates a vacancy in the Senate which must be filled by a convention of both branches of the Legislature. The constitution provides that the selection shall be from the next two candidates receiving the largest number of votes at the election. Samuel W. Bowerman of South Adams, a democrat, will probably be elected to Mr. Robinson's seat—and this too, by Republican votes.

REPUTATION AT THE WEST.—The cities of Jeffersonville, Ind., Keokuk, Iowa, Milwaukee, Wis., and other cities, have repudiated their bonds issued to aid the construction of railroads. The Wisconsin farmers also repudiate the mortgages on their farms given to aid certain railroads. Such a step must entail long and vexatious troubles upon the West. It will prevent emigration thither, and drive thousands from those States.

CRUISED BY A DANKEE.—At Salem, the ladies got out skating as they do elsewhere. One day lately, one of the "upper crust" gave out word that if any man would catch her she would forfeit a kiss. She succeeded in escaping all her pursuers except an athletic dankee, who soon had his arm around her waist. Her brother interposed at that instant, and by giving the colored gentleman a V, relieved his sister from a mortifying predicament.

LADIES' FURS.—A dealer in furs at Taunton advertises for skunk skins, cat skins, &c.—The *Gazette* says he has received and sold, since December, the skins of upwards of eleven hundred animals common to Eastern Massachusetts, all of which were collected within a circuit of fifteen miles from Taunton, and of the whole number six hundred and forty-three were skunks! Thew!

GRASS HORSE SHOES.—In Japan their horses are shod with nothing but grass, dried and twisted together in hard masses, and then fastened to the hoofs by a thong of the same brought up and bound around the fetlock.

The wife of John McCraw of Chicago, was terribly and probably fatally burned on the 28th ult., by the igniting of a kettle of tar which she was melting, and which enveloped her in flames.

HOUSE BURNED.—Chester Allen's house at Ellington, Conn., was broken into last week and four hundred dollars in bills stolen.

Small Paragraphs.

Only twenty members of the lower branch of the Massachusetts legislature have grey hair, while one hundred and ten chew tobacco. If wisdom is manifested by grey hairs, then we do not wonder there are so few white heads in so large a body.

The editor of the Provincetown Banner has been visited by a surprise party, who left valuable presents for the editor and his wife. The fashion has not got up this way yet.

Valentine Perkins of Portage Co., O., has become completely ossified in all his joints. He is as immovable as a stake. People's hearts are frequently ossified, judging from outward appearances, but it is seldom we hear of such a misfortune happening to their limbs.

A modern Juliet, claiming to be a member of the Society of Friends, sends to the *Ladies' American Magazine* a copy of verses which commence thus:

Dearest, come kiss me, my lips are yet warm,
And my bosom still pants from the clasp of thine arm;
The blood dances wildly through each throbbing vein,
But I droop, oh! I droop for thy kisses again.

Edward Everett says that Dr. Hudson died from the effects of animal poison inhaled from the negroes of the Echo, while on their return to Africa. This may account for the conduct of Southern members of Congress, who appear to be under the influence of some active negro poison while at Washington.

A Dutchman who saw a notice of Dr. Holland's Bitter-Sweet in the papers, asked if he was the same man who manufactured Holland's Bitters. He was informed that such was not the case, and was also told that the Holland's Bitters man was a cousin to the sole manufacturer in this country of brown Holland gin. He said "very good," and retired to refresh himself with a glass of Holland gin.

More than 1500 persons witnessed the burning to death of a negro at Troy, Ky., on New Year's. The poor negro had murdered his master, and his sacrifice at the stake was demanded by his master's brother.

More than 20,000 of the nobility of England dine at Melvoir Castle every year. The expenses are enormous.

"Father," said an ambitious youngster, about the size of a pepper box, "I can do without shoes, but I am suffering for a bosom pin."

An married lady out West, nearly broke her neck, a few days since, while learning to skate. Since that period there has been an extraordinary demand for skates by married men, and the supply is not equal to the demand.

Three professional resurrectionists have just been arrested in Cincinnati, caught in the act of conveying to the Medical College the body of a Cyprian who was lately burned to death.

The person who attempts to trace out a bad report is like one pursuing a jack o' lantern. It keeps just beyond his reach at every step, leading him into dangerous places, from which he cannot escape without injury. As the evening meteor goes out when not propelled by pursuit, so gossip and slander perish when left to their own course.

"It is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that it is only the female mosquito that torments us." A bachelor friend says it is not at all "curious."

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS MORE PAID TO MR. WASHINGTON.—The January number of the Mount Vernon Record announces that on the 14th of December, the anniversary of Washington's death, the regent of the Mount Vernon Association agreed the sum of \$10,000 to be paid to Mr. Washington towards the purchase of Mount Vernon. By this payment Mr. Washington has now received \$85,000 of the purchase fund. Fifteen thousand dollars more are invested so advantageously that it is thought best they should remain untouched at present.

SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.—The Spiritual Register for 1889, gives some figures in regard to the spread of Spiritualism, from which we arrive at the following facts: The total number of Spiritualists in the United States is given as 1,284,000, and the number in the whole world is estimated at 1,840,000. Maine is credited with 41,000; New Hampshire 20,000; Vermont 25,000; Massachusetts 100,000; N. Island 6000; Connecticut 20,000; and New York 350,000. The Register gives names of 349 speakers and 238 professional mediums.

A HOUSE FOR DOMESTICS.—At Germantown, Pa., there is a harbor for dishonest domestics, known as a Servants' Boarding House, where Bridget or Betsey can repair when out of a place, and live free of charge while there, providing she steals enough when next employed to compensate for her board. The establishment is wholly sustained in every article of housekeeping by the plunder secured by domestics. We guess a few such places might be found in Boston.

ACCIDENTS.—In Pelham, Mass., on the 24th ult., two frightened horses attached to a wood sled ran into the sleigh of Nathaniel Gilson, breaking Mr. Gilson's leg, and otherwise seriously injuring him, so that his life is despaired of. In the same town, next day, Isaac C. Northampton, was run away with by his horses and hurled from his sled, over a bridge, upon the ice below, and it is thought was fatally injured.

PERILOUS EXPOSURE.—During the intensely cold and memorable Monday night of Jan. 10th, a Mrs. Albrecht of Haverhill, who had two or three days before presented her spouse to a pair of twins, left her bed in a delicious state, and with no covering but her night clothes, went to the neighboring woods, where she was found nearly two hours afterwards, actively walking in a circular path which was beaten hard by her bare feet.

A LONG TRANCE.—Mrs. Burney, of Tippecanoe, Ohio, a respectable lady, has been in a semi-trance state for eighteen years. Every Sunday she preaches a sermon half an hour long, but has no recollection of it afterwards. Physicians do not doubt her sincerity, but cannot account for her singular condition.

BROWNED.—John A. Wentworth, a lad seven years old, was drowned in Howard's pond, near North Bridgewater, on Saturday last. He broke through the ice and was carried under it. His brother, in endeavoring to save him was nearly drowned.

END OF A FRAIL ONE.—A house of ill-fame was destroyed by fire at Cincinnati on Tuesday night, and with it one of the inmates named Josephine Ellison.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.—Gov. Robinson of Kansas, and Miss Sarah Pellett, of Brookfield, died at the Nassauvau on Tuesday.

BALL.—A Ball will take place at the Nassauvau House on Wednesday evening next, where all who know how to dance will have an opportunity to exhibit themselves.

ASKED FOR A DISMISSION.—Rev. J. W. Tuck of the Congregational Church of Ludlow, has asked for a dismission, to the deep regret of his Society.

SKATING AND TROTTING.—A party from this village visited the pond at Three Rivers on Wednesday, to exhibit their skill on ice skates for several small purses which had been made up for the fastest skaters. The exhibition was quite exciting. There were several trotting horses on the pond at the same time.

A SAD CASE.—On Wednesday a man named Shaw reached Palmer from Nebraska with the corpse of his wife, and a young child but three weeks of age. He had tended the child all the way from Nebraska, and appeared nearly exhausted with anxiety and grief. He went down on the New London road, expecting to meet his friends at or near Williamette.

WALE.—The society of Rev. W. S. Phillips, of the Baptist Church in Wales, paid him a donation visit on the evening of the 26th ult., leaving testimonials of their regard to the amount of \$92.—The number of births in Wales during 1858 was 13; number of marriages 6, three of which were mated for the second time, and one for the third; number of deaths 8, three of which were caused by consumption.

SMALL ITEMS.—Last Saturday a horse ran away with Wm. Fuller, turning him out and splintering the sleigh. The ice crop has been superb, most people having laid in a good stock for next summer. Very few ladies have tried to learn how to skate this winter, because the ice is so cold. Mr. W. French, formerly a merchant here will open a dry goods and grocery store in McGillivray's block the coming Spring.

LUDLOW.—The number of Births in Ludlow during 1858 was 45—males 23, females 17. Only 5 were born to foreign parents, leaving 40 real native Americans. Number of Marriages 8, all but one the first union of both parties. The oldest groom was 41, who took to himself a mate of 23. The youngest groom was 21, the youngest bride 18. The town clerk issued 9 marriage certificates during the year. Number of Deaths 18—males 8, females 13—one death to 66 of the population. The oldest person was Mrs. Patience Pratt, aged 97, oldest person a child of two days. Six were under 2 years of age; between 6 and 10 one, between 10 and 20 one, between 20 and 30 four, between 30 and 40 one, between 40 and 50 one, between 50 and 60 one, between 60 and 70 two, between 70 and 80 one, between 80 and 90 one, between 90 and 100 one. The average age is 34 years. One death was caused by suicide, 2 by consumption, 2 by fever, 3 by marasmus, 2 by old age, 2 by dropsy; by inflammation of lungs, cancer, tumor, fits, scarlet fever and dropsy on the brain 1 each.

MEETING OF THE E. HAMDEN A.G. SOCIETY.—A special meeting of the members of the E. Hamden Agricultural Society was held at Antique Hall on Saturday last. The committee appointed to select grounds for a Park were instructed to make a purchase if they thought it expedient. A resolution was also passed favorable to the organization of a State Society.

The committee appointed to select land for a Park have viewed three pieces of land contiguous to the village—the lot of 20 acres owned by John M. Converse, a few rods back of Pleasant street, the lot owned by the Park's estate on South Main street, and a lot owned by Col. Knox a few rods west of the village on Main street. The committee have not yet decided which lot to purchase. The lot belonging to Mr. Converse is a very desirable one, and there is nothing in the way of obtaining it but the price—\$2300. It will require two or three thousand more to fence and fix it up, and we should have a Park of which we might feel proud. To raise the amount necessary for this expenditure, it will require willing hearts and liberal hands. The idea of using the permanent fund of the Society without the consent of each member will never be carried into effect. The constitution and by-laws of the Society prohibit it. The money must be raised by voluntary subscription, or a better way perhaps would be for the Society to make the purchase, and then mortgage the land as security till it could be paid for in some legitimate way. We understand that one party has proposed to pay the Society 7 percent. for the use of the Park with the exception of such days as the Society may want it for exhibitions. We anticipate there will be little trouble in paying for the land when once purchased and put in order. In the first place it is needed, in the next necessity will suggest a way to pay for it.

CHILDREN SCALDED TO DEATH.—A little boy while standing on the sidewalk in front of a wire-factory, in Lewis street, New York, was so severely scalded by a gust of steam from a pipe leading from the factory to the gutter, that he died in a short time. It is said that within the last six months, five children have been scalded by the same pipe, but the police have taken no notice of it.

TWO WOMEN KILLED.—On Saturday last an express train ran into an Irish funeral procession near Worcester, killing two women and badly injuring two or three others. A two horse team was driven recklessly on to the track in sight of the approaching train. The wagon was smashed to splinters, and none but the horses escaped injury.

MORE SNOW.—On Thursday a dry, mealy snow fell to the depth of three inches. A coating of hail gave it a crust on Thursday night, and we now have a good prospect of sleighing. Those who have been on skates for the last fortnight should now turn their attention to sliding down hill.

SHOCKING AFFAIR.—At Allegheny city, Penn., on Monday night a house occupied by Mr. Rodgers was burned, together with himself, wife and three children. They all slept up stairs and the fire originated below. One boy of 11 years was rescued.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Daniel Sprague of Coleraine, in attempting to jump from a train of cars on Friday, at Greenfield, missed his footing and fell between the wheels. Both his legs were cut off below the knees, and he died the same evening.

Twelve hundred persons went from Worcester on Wednesday, to enjoy the sport of skating on Long Pond. Special trains were run for their accommodation.

Human Frailties.

A sad case of matrimonial infidelity occurred in Vermont last week. William H. Saunders, a young man of but 19, had for some time lived in the family of his brother Daniel, at Springfield, and an improper intimacy had sprung up between the young man and his brother's wife. She was but 19 years of age—seven years younger than her husband. She was a rude, giddy woman, fond of going to balls and parties, and withal very pretty. On Thursday evening, last week, young Saunders eloped with his brother's wife, hiring a team for that purpose at a livery stable, and the guilty couple came on to Bellows Falls, where they put up for the night. The husband of the woman with an officer tracked them to Bellows Falls, and arrested them in their room. The young man dressed himself before admiring the officer, but the woman remained in bed. After being caught both took strychnine, which the young man had procured beforehand, to be used in case of discovery. Young Saunders died in great agony. The woman became frightened after taking the poison and told her husband to go for a doctor. Her life was saved, and she returned to the unhappy home of her husband. She was married when but 14 years of age, and when she eloped, left a young child at home sick with croup. She is of French birth, and a native of Canada.

—Eli P. Gerry of Holyoke, has got himself into trouble and into jail by marrying three women. About two years ago he left his wife in Cabot, Vt., and eloped with a woman whose husband was in California. A few weeks ago he deserted his second love and married a notorious woman of Northampton, and he is now spending his honeymoon alone in jail.

—The injustice of imprisoning witnesses is illustrated in the following case: A man committed a crime in a Western city. His daughter was a witness of the fact. She was arrested and held to testify. For one year she was under arrest, and during that time, by a course of treatment the beneficence of which is beyond conception, she became the victim first of the lust of the keeper, then of other officers of the jail. She went into prison a pure girl; she left it a poisoned, degraded outcast.

—A Mrs. Russell and James Hilton were arrested in Chicago, last week, for indulging in hugging and kissing in the street. The woman being the aggressor, was fined \$10, and the man \$3. If the man didn't object to the operation, we don't see what right the law had to interfere.

—On Thursday night, last week, Eliza Murphy, wife of John Murphy, living in Oak street, New York, was taken home intoxicated, and placed on a bed. Shortly afterwards, her husband, taking a heavy leather strap, beat her about her head and body. He then dragged her off the bed several times, and finally threw her out in the hallway, where she bled profusely from a wound in her head. The unfortunate woman was subsequently placed in bed, where she continued to fail rapidly until Saturday morning, when she died. The two were happily together, and were alike addicted to drink. Murphy disappeared, and has not been arrested.

—It is reported that Dr. Channing of Boston, a man who stands high in the literary world, has got so bewildered in the mazes of spiritualism as to believe he is wrongly mated, and is about going to Indiana for the purpose of procuring a divorce, that he may marry another lady who seems to have a spiritual affinity for him.

—A runaway couple from Cleveland, Ohio, have been overhauled in Cincinnati. The man is a married person, answering to the name of Robert Holley, sexton of Cleveland Church, and the father of a large family of children. The partner in his elopement is one Rebecca Rugner, formerly a domestic in a Cleveland boarding-house. The deserted wife, Mrs. Holley, consented to receive her runaway husband back, while the damsel was taken into custody by her father.

—A suit for slander, damages laid at \$20,000, has been commenced in Cincinnati by Mr. Joshua Cook, against Market-Master Crisman, for the use of improper language to Mrs. Cook and sister. The same plaintiff has brought suit against another party, also \$20,000 damages, for malicious prosecution. Cook's damages were discovered for money, which were afterwards discovered in defendant's own premises.

MURDER IN WORCESTER.—Willard S. Tainter, a farmer of Millbury, was assaulted in the house upon the Millbury road, known as the Half Way House, Thursday evening, by a party of Irishmen who are supposed to belong to Millbury, and beaten over the head by Cornelius Dugan so violently that he died of the wounds inflicted, at about 2 o'clock on Friday afternoon.

—Mr. Seth Thomas, one of the first manufacturers of clocks in Connecticut, died at Plymouth Hollow Conn., Jan. 29, at the age of 75. He had amassed a large fortune, but was always accustomed to enjoy himself at the work-bench. During the last panic, his factories at Plymouth did not diminish work at all.

A DISHONEST POST OFFICE CLERK.—Albert M. Balthaser, clerk of the post-office at Orange, Vt., has been arrested on a charge of robbing letters. He was trapped by means of a decoy letter, and confesses his guilt. For want of bail in the sum of \$5000, he was committed to jail in Chelsea, Vt.

—In the Terre Haute jail they have a most ingenious rascal, who manufactured a key from a half dollar, with which he could unlock the cells, and he had worked his way to the outer door, when he was detected and baulked in his intentions.

SUGAR CANE NOT GOOD FOR CATTLE.—An Iowa paper gives an account of the death of seven head of cattle from eating sugar cane. It says that the outside of the stalk when taken into the stomach operates like broken glass and produces violent inflammation.

—The 32d Regiment, which gained such glory at Lucknow, is now only 215 strong, 460 having died since May, 1857; of these, 235 were killed in action.

WIFE MURDER.—The parish clerk of Grand Falls, N. B., killed his wife last week, while laboring under the horrors of delirium tremens.

—The Utah Legislature met at Fillmore City on the 13th of December, organized on the 18th, and adjourned to meet at Salt Lake City on the 27th.

NUMBER 39.

Deborah Tracy, a maiden lady of about sixty years of age, residing at East Sheldon, died last week from the effects of poison, which she mistook for cough drops.

The Palmer Journal.

SATURDAY, FEB. 12, 1859.

A Farm for Ten Dollars.

A very important Homestead bill has passed the U. S. House of Representatives. It provides that any person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one, and is a citizen of the United States, or who shall have filed his intention of becoming such, shall be entitled to enter, free of cost, one quarter section of unappropriated public lands. Any person who wishes to take the benefit of this act must make affidavit before the Register of the land office, describing himself or herself, and declaring the application to be made in good faith. The certificate of ownership shall not be given until after a residence of five years upon the land, and the payment of \$10. Provisions are made to secure the land to widows and heirs, or to orphans, or to sell it for the sole benefit of the latter. Land thus acquired shall not be liable to the satisfaction of any debts contracted previous to the issue of the certificate. In case the applicant removes from or abandons the land for six months during the five years, it shall revert to the Government. The Commissioner of the General Land Office shall prepare rules for the guidance of applicants and keep a record of all entries, so as to render it impossible for one individual to make more than one entry. The object of this bill is to provide free homes for poor people and induce emigration to the unsettled wilds of the West. It is the only "free Homestead bill" ever before Congress. We trust it will pass the Senate and become a law. There are thousands of poor families who would take advantage of it and better their condition. One hundred and sixty acres of land for \$10 makes a cheap farm. But the pioneer who settles upon it should consider beforehand that there are disadvantages to encounter as an offset to the inducements offered. We take it for granted that the bill will pass the Senate, though it meets the opposition of the New York Herald and a few jaded politicians who see in it a huge bugbear, and fear that the treasury will be robbed of its usual land receipts.

A NOBLE LITTLE BOY.—One day last week, as we learn from the Chicago Journal, a party of young skaters went from that village to Springfield on the Connecticut, several of the boys drawing after them hand-slides on which were little girls. Charley Adams, son of a widowed lady, drew Emma Adams, daughter of Mr. Sylvanus Adams, agent of the Dwight Mills. On returning in the evening young Charley skated into an open place in the river, drawing his precious freight after him. Fortunately he could swim, and with great presence of mind he seized hold of the cloak of Emma and kept her from sinking, although she was under water until others of the party came to the rescue. The boys formed themselves into a chain of arms and legs by lying down upon the ice, and Charley seized hold of the boots of the nearest one and was drawn out together with Emma. The little girl was much chilled and nearly insensible, but soon revived on being taken to the toll house near by. Charley and Emma were each eleven years of age, and when their companions came to their rescue, the lad with a nobleness deserving the highest praise called out to them to save Emma first! The little girl had the presence of mind to keep her lips closed while under water, having heard her mother say that persons must not open their mouth when placed in that condition. It was a thrilling experience in juvenile life, and withal a remarkable escape.

SHOCKING OUTRAGE.—A beautiful and accented girl, named Emma, was on the night of the 28th ult. She went to a ball with one James Parlane, and about midnight went with him to the refreshment room where he gave her a glass of wine in which he administered a drug that produced partial insensibility. While in this state Parlane, with the assistance of Wm. Strong and Henry Staats, carried her to his oyster saloon where all three ravished her. She did not recover from the effects of the narcotic until about 11 o'clock the next morning, when she awoke to find herself in bed with Parlane. As soon as she went home, she told her friends how she had been abused, when Parlane and Staats were arrested and put under \$5,000 bail each, but Strong escaped and was traced to New York on his way to California.

BAD AS A SLAVE HOLDER.—Eli Bennett of Southington, Ct., took a colored boy from New York asylum, and made him go without shoes or stockings during the cold weather in January, by which the boy lost all his toes and fingers by freezing. He also stripped him naked and hung him up by his hand and flogged him with a horse whip till his back was completely lacerated. He locked him up in a cold garret from which he escaped while the family were at church last Sunday, and the public is now excited on the subject. The boy deserves a term in the State prison.

SHOCKING TRAGEDY IN NEW YORK.—Anna Maria Bosley, a colored woman, aged 20, murdered her mother in New York on Tuesday, by cutting her head open with several blows from an axe. She had previously made an unsuccessful attempt to poison her, having been instigated to the act by her paramour, for the purpose of getting possession of a few dollars belonging to her mother.

COLLEGE BURNED.—The William and Mary college, including the library and the laboratory, at Williamsburg, Va., was destroyed by fire early on Tuesday morning. The students all escaped. Insurance \$22,000.

SENTENCED FOR MURDER.—Edward Hyman, of Clinton Mass., recently found guilty of murdering his wife, has been sentenced to the State Prison for ten years.

Trial Justices.

The Massachusetts law establishing trial justices, a few years ago, proved a failure, and thus far the police justice law of last winter, establishing justices for the trial of criminal cases, has failed to answer its purpose. On every hand we hear a cry raised against it. In his message Gov. Banks virtually doubts its economy, and intimates that a change in the law would be beneficial. The country press condemns it, on account of the inconvenience to which it subjects parties seeking justice, and the unnecessary expense often attending trials under it. It often happens that the justice is out of town when an arrest is made, and this may not be known till the officer has taken his prisoner half a dozen miles to reach the justice's office. He must then keep him until the justice returns, or take him to another justice in a distant town for an examination. This is wrong. There should be at least two trial justices in each town, and they should be elected by the people. This would be democratic and just. Towns could in this way regulate their own criminal expenses to a great extent and at the same time the ends of justice would be answered as well as now.

Already several propositions are before the legislature for a change. The new law has not been fairly tried, we admit, but when it has been tried long enough to exhibit its practical workings we may with propriety judge of its utility. The abuse complained of under the old system is made worse in most cases under the new. The justices endeavor to make their business profitable, and a man can obtain a warrant as easily now as he could a year ago. The expense of travel, officer's fees, &c., are larger, while in hardly any respect is the system an economical one. The Connecticut and New York way of electing justices in the several towns is the right way, and to that we must come at last—the sooner the better.

HE WAS IN PRISON AND SHE VISITED HIM.—Mrs. Harriet Nolen, of Oxford, whose organ of philanthropy must be alarmingly developed, was brought before a Justice on Wednesday last, to answer a charge of adultery. It appeared from the testimony taken in the case, that one Hartwell C. Twitchell was lying in jail awaiting trial on a charge of larceny, and Harriet, thinking to console him, called on his keeper, stated that she was Twitchell's wife, and requested the privilege of visiting him. The keeper, believing her story, assented, and they both occupied the same bed that night. The magistrate decided such conduct to be wrong, inasmuch as she had a very respectable husband and three children living in Oxford, and she was locked up for want of bail in \$500.

A BLOODY RELIC.—The knife with which Joseph Jewett (colored) killed his father at Belchertown, Dec. 25, 1814, is deposited in the clerk's office at the Hampshire county court house. The Gazette says that Jewett was convicted of this murder and sentenced to be hung, but when the people had assembled by hundreds to witness the execution, it was found that he had hung himself in his cell. There has been no trial for murder committed in the county since 1816.

SPIRITS DIVORCING PEOPLE.—Mrs. Birch, of Portland, Me., by the advice of the spirit of Benj. Franklin, left her husband and went on a lecturing tour, her husband consenting to the separation, because he was informed through a spirit that a negro's spirit was troubling him. After his wife had gone he began to doubt whether the order came from the spirit land, and immediately started after his wife, whom he found in Boston stopping with a couple of doctors. But they prevailed upon him through the spirit of a deceased person, that if he would follow their directions he would be perfectly reconciled to the separation. The prescription was to take 2 table spoonfuls of highest proof alcohol, 2 table spoonfuls of refined sugar, 1 tumbler full of boiling water, and drink three times a day before each meal. The husband returned home, leaving his wife, but we do not learn that the medicine had any effect.

MURDER IN PHILADELPHIA.—In Philadelphia on Sunday evening John Sloan had a bitter altercation of words with John Alexander, keeper of a tavern on Second street, and not long after approached him with a double-barreled pistol, and discharged both barrels at him. The balls took effect in the top of Alexander's head, scattering his brains upon the pavement and killing him instantly. The murderer was arrested.

SENTENCED TO PRISON.—D. S. Keeney, the young man whose forgeries have caused some excitement in New London and elsewhere, has been sentenced to three years in the State Prison, on the first count, and two years on the second, making five years in the whole. Keeney's wife and her parents were present when the sentence was pronounced, and the scene is described as having been very affecting.

THE AMSTERDAM EXPRESS LOCATES THE VILLAGE OF HAYDENVILLE IN FRANKLIN COUNTY.—The editor probably has not travelled very extensively in this section of the county. —Hampshire Gazette.

THE EDITORS OF THE GAZETTE LOCATE ATHOL IN FRANKLIN COUNTY IN THEIR DIRECTORY OF JAN. 25TH.—Perhaps they haven't travelled very extensively in Worcester county.

BOY SNAATCHING.—The Cincinnati Gazette states that the medical schools of that city require from 100 to 125 bodies every year, four-fifths of which are stolen from the graveyards by professional resurrectionists. The average price of bodies in that city is said to be \$15 each.

DEATH OF AN AFRICAN NEGRO.—Jacob Dibble, a colored man, died a pauper at Brookfield, Ct., a few days since, aged 110 years. He was stolen from Africa in his early life, was long a slave, and was chained for many years by Col. Dibble of Danbury.

Massachusetts Legislature.

The two branches of the legislature met in convention on Saturday to fill the vacancy in the Senate occasioned by the resignation of James T. Robinson of the northern Berkshire district; and Samuel W. Bowerman of South Adams, democrat, being practically the only eligible candidate, was chosen by a nearly unanimous vote.

On Saturday in the Senate, a resolve was presented from the Joint Special Committee upon a revision of the Statutes, providing for the appointment of a Joint Committee (to consist of nine on the part of the Senate and eighteen on the part of the House) to consider and examine during the recess of the Legislature the report of the Commissioners to revise the Statutes, and empowering said Committee with authority to employ a clerk to record the proceedings of their sessions which shall be held in the Senate Chamber, and also providing for the filling of any vacancy that may exist on said Committee.

Orders have been adopted, proposing further restrictions on premiums paid by agricultural societies, and defining the limits of such societies; the repeal of the trial or police justice law of last session; and the requiring of towns to build and maintain school houses, in order to relieve school districts and secure better schooling accommodations. An order was proposed, also, for a special committee to revise the constitution in a new draft, said draft containing all the provisions and amendments now in force in a codified form, for the consideration, adoption or rejection of the two houses now in general court assembled, and if adopted, and if the same shall meet the approbation of the succeeding legislature, it shall then go before the people for their action thereon.

It has been reported "inexpedient" to legislate on the subject of the death penalty. This was an effort to abolish the section of the act of 1835, which made it necessary for the government to prove wilfulness and malice aforethought to constitute murder in the first degree, which was such a "sticker" in McNulty's case. Capital punishment, therefore, remains the same.

A bill has been reported requiring the school committee of each town to print the annual report now required by law, in octavo, pamphlet form, and transmit two copies thereof to the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

A resolution has been reported by the Committee on the Library, authorizing the Secretary of the Commonwealth to contract with Henry F. Walling for the correction of the plates of the State map.

The bill in addition to an Act to provide for the adoption of children where the parent is dead, was amended so as to provide for the term of one year, was passed to be engrossed; but on objection of Mr. Butler, who raised serious objections against the stringency of the bill, this action was reconsidered after some debate, and the bill was amended so as to read "willfully deserted," &c. Upon a proposition to make a second amendment, Mr. Butler announced himself adverse to the entire bill. He "nounced himself adverse to the entire bill," and especially on matters pertaining to the domestic relations, constantly striving to invade the domestic circle. Years ago, this was not so, and we had likely children and good parents. For one he stood upon the fundamental maxim that if a man wanted a child, he should go to work and get it in the usual way.

In the House, Wednesday afternoon, the bill to increase the salaries of the judges of the supreme court, was defeated, 132 to 53. This large vote can hardly be reversed.

The committee on agriculture reported inexpedient upon the order relative to the establishment of an Agricultural College. A motion to recommitt the matter was lost, and the report was accepted under a suspension of the rules.

ROBBED IN THE CAR.—The New Haven Palladium states that a lady from Keene, N. H., on her way to meet her husband at New York, on route for California, passed through that city Thursday afternoon. While the cars were in the depot at New Haven she went into the car, and a man rose to give her a seat. She took it, and as she passed him he picked her pocket, taking all the money she had—\$225. If the thief might have been arrested, but she did not speak to the conductor until the train had left the depot and the rascal had escaped.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—At Boston, on Sunday morning, the large building on Commercial street, known as the "Barn," was destroyed by fire. The walls fell crushing six smaller buildings in the vicinity, and killing a colored man named Daniel Henderson, a freeman. Several others were severely injured. Twenty-three thousand barrels of flour on storage were consumed. The bakery had but just gone into operation, and on Thursday over 15,000 loaves of bread were baked and delivered. Loss \$300,000.

PETITIONS FOR PARDON.—Win. Clark, who was tried at New Haven last September for the murder of Richard W. Wright, but acquitted on the ground of insanity and sent to the County Jail, now petitions the court for his release on the ground that he has recovered his reason. He acknowledges the commission of the murder, but claims that a single act should not outweigh twenty years of residence in peace and harmlessness. He says his troubles have arisen in consequence of an ignorance of the law in his case.

A DESPERATE SCOUNDREL.—A man named Arnold, a graduate of the Michigan University, and of fine attainments, good connections, &c., was recently arrested at Omaha, K. T., on a charge of horse stealing. While confined in a room, under charge of an officer, he broke up a tumbler and a pane of glass from the window, and swallowed the fragments. This not producing death as soon as he desired, he hung himself with a small cord to the bed post.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.—Next Wednesday morning, at 18 minutes past 4, the moon will be eclipsed, and in 67 minutes the face of her majesty will be entirely darkened, and remain so for 93 minutes, and be partially eclipsed for 57 minutes longer. In all the eclipse will occupy 3 hours and 32 minutes. Such an eclipse will be worth seeing, but lazy folks will find it an inconvenient hour to get out of bed.

AMHERST.—The Governor and Council have appointed Prof. William S. Clark of Amherst, a member of the State Board of Agriculture, in place of James S. Grennell of Greenfield, whose term on the Board has expired.

RAISE.—The price of slaves in Brazil has recently taken an extraordinary rise. Within three years the price of a likely negro has increased from \$800 to \$1500 and \$2000.

Small Paragraphs.

—Deer are very plenty near the mouth of Wild River, Maine. Five gentlemen shot five in one day last week.

—The towns of Adams and Williamstown have paid their scrip to the Troy and Greenfield railroad company, the former \$60,000, the latter \$33,000.

—On the 21st ult., J. L. Nixon, a practicing physician and Baptist clergyman, of Troy, Ala., was instantly killed by lightning.

—An Old Bachelor's Convention is announced to be held in New Haven the latter part of February. The precise object of the convention has not yet transpired, but it is distinctly stated that it is to be "no one-horse affair."

—The Governor of Michigan has vetoed a bill passed by the Legislature giving 640 acres of land to a woman who had added four to the population at one time. How ungallant.

—Mrs. Sallie Mattingly, a grand daughter of Patrick Henry, died a few days since at Bardonia, Ky.

—Five executions have, within six months, taken place by Lynch law in Pike county, Illinois. The last was of two brothers named Cryson, who were swung up on the same tree. All desperadoes.

—One of the guests at a late brilliant party in Washington, a Mrs. P., of New York, is said to have worn gems fully worth \$100,000, and several others were decked with fortunes in this attractive shape.

—It is said in Albany that Dr. Gould is to succeed the late Professor Bond, who had charge of the Observatory connected with Harvard University.

—The Aristocrat Pioneer tells of a bachelor residing in that vicinity who recently married, and took his fair bride home, when his watchful dog interposed, and would not allow the lady to occupy the same bed with his master.

—It is stated that a firm in New York have made a profit of \$100,000 by manufacturing steel boots for ladies' skirts.

—Bridget Leddy, who was shot by her employer, Henry Bernard, the pawnbroker, in Third Avenue, New York, in mistake for a burglar, is recovering from her wounds.

—Dr. Williams has been sent to jail for 60 days at Hartford for beating his wife, who testified in addition that he made her prostitute herself to other men and took the money thus earned himself.

—A man obtained a decree of divorce in the Cincinnati common pleas court, a few days since, and in less than an hour afterward had procured in the Probate court a license to marry again.

THE NEW GAME OF "SHANGHAI" WITH ELOPMENT TENDENCIES.—A double development recently taken place in a section of councilmen lying between Bethany and West Alexander, east of Wheeling, Va. The parties had always made more display than their neighbors, and laid claim to more than ordinary respectability. This winter, for the purpose of killing time, a game was got up in the village in which the clappers resided. It was called the "Shanghai game," and was played as follows: A gentleman mounts a chair, draws his arms like a rooster, and crows like one, if he can. The first lady detected in laughing at this ridiculous exhibition, has to run and be pursued even out of the house, by the Shanghai. George Carsner was famous for his personations of the Shanghai, and a Miss Curtis could never restrain her risibles when he flapped and cawed. The consequence was that she was frequently pursued and caught by him, out of the house, far beyond the views of the company. Mrs. Carsner became restive, under the intimacy between her husband and Miss Curtis, and commenced playing the same game with a Mr. Day, in the way of retaliation. Night after night she laughed at his wonderful cawing, and the morning after the last party ran off with him, leaving her husband with two children to take care of. Instead of doing so, however, he ran off with Miss Curtis.

A "DEMOISELLE D'ELIEMENT."—Last week, at Presque Isle, Me., a young artist named Deley, who was a good-looking girl and married her. The lady's father pursued and overtook them, but was astonished to hear from the mouth of the supposed dumb man, unmistakable evidence of his powers of speech, as well as the fact that he had made the girl his wife.

MURDER SENTENCED.—It may be remembered that, some months ago, the Rev. Peter E. Green, of the Mississippi Conference of the M. E. Church, was shot by a man named Fisher, near Vicksburg, Miss., for receiving Fisher's wife as a member of the church of which Mr. Green was the pastor. Fisher has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to the penitentiary for seven years.

A BAD PRACTICE.—In the interior of Vermont they have a custom of disturbing the nuptials of newly married couples by "horning" them, or, in other words, of making night hideous with guns, trumpets, kettles, horns, &c. A "horning" party was fired at recently by an indignant bridegroom, and one of them received a dangerous wound in his head.

ARRESTED.—Three confederates in the recent murder of Mr. Taintor at Millbury, have been arrested and committed for trial, viz: Malone, who was with Dorgan; Dennis Murphy of Sutton, who concealed Malone and assisted him in an attempt to escape, and Kate Hill of Millbury, who bought hair dye for Dorgan and otherwise aided him to escape.

A LARGE SLEIGH RIDE.—A sleighing party from Holyoke, numbering from fifty to sixty double teams, and embracing one hundred and twenty horses and seven hundred and fifty persons, visited Springfield on Saturday, creating great excitement among the natives of that quiet country town. The party consisted of the employees of the Lyman Mills at Holyoke.

PRISONERS POISONED.—Over three hundred prisoners in the California State prison have been poisoned by eating bread made of flour purchased at San Francisco. They staggered about as if drunk, but at last accounts none of them had died. A similar affair occurred about 18 months ago in the same prison.

THE POOR.—The number of paupers supported or relieved by the Commonwealth during the year just ended is 37,206.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

STATE ALMS HOUSE.—Number of inmates Feb. 10th, 617. Men 93, women 87, boys 287, girls 150.

REV. H. R. NYE. (Universalist) will preach in Antiquary Hall on Sunday, Feb. 27th.

DEPUTY SHERIFF.—Sheriff Marsh of Holyoke has appointed Lathrop V. Chaffee of South Wilbraham one of his deputies.

NATHAN RICHARDSON of Warren sails with Rev. Mr. Clark of Ware for Europe. They are accompanied by their wives.

SMALL POPULATION.—The Worcester Spy gives the population of Palmer as 402. Another 0 would make the number more correct.

GETTING THE FEVER.—Several young men in Palmer have got the Kansas gold fever, and talk of starting for the mines in that territory early in the Spring.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—The seventh annual exhibition of the Eastern Hampden Agricultural Society will occur on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 4 and 5.

DONATION OF MAPS.—John Foster has presented a set of Mitchell's Outline Maps to the School of his district, an example worthy to be followed by other persons in other School districts.

LUNAR.—The Methodist Society of Ludlow have arranged to hold their Sabbath meetings in the Hall of the Fuller Hotel till their church can be got ready for occupation.

WALTON.—The friends of Rev. Silas Piper of the Methodist Society in Wales, are invited to meet at the parsonage next Tuesday afternoon and evening, (if stormy, on Wednesday,) to make their pastor a donation visit.

GOV. ROBINSON OF KANSAS, and Miss Sarah Pellet of Brookfield, dined at the Nassawanno on Tuesday. —Palmer Journal.

Well, what of it? —Hampshire Gazette.

Well, nothing, except that we made a note of it, the Gazette copied it, and now all the world knows it. Besides we want it understood that nearly all distinguished persons visit Palmer.

CLERICAL.—Rev. L. Bolles Jr., still retains his connection with the Methodist Society of Ware, as their pastor. He will remain so till May next, when he will go West to look after his Exodus Colony. —Rev. Mr. Jones now supplies the pulpit of the Baptist church in the absence of a settled pastor.

AMUSEMENTS.—A party of sleighriders from Wales, numbering fifteen couples stopped at the Antiquary on Wednesday, where they enjoyed themselves till a late hour in the evening in dancing, &c. Another party of young folks met at the Nassawanno House and did the same thing till about two o'clock next morning. Sleighing and long winter evenings make a gay season, especially when fiddle strings are in order.

PRINTERS AND MINISTERS.—Rev. W. S. Phillips of the Baptist Church in Wales was formerly a printer, and served his apprenticeship in the Courier Office at Northampton. Rev. Mr. Collins, the first pastor of the Baptist Church in this village was once a printer, and Rev. A. D. Bullock, his successor and present pastor, served a regular apprenticeship in a printing office. All these gentlemen are not only an honor to the "eraf" but to the profession they now follow.

POLICE.—Last Saturday night Daniel Stebbins, a straggling vagabond, was picked up drunk near the station house, and shut up till Monday morning, when justice Collins fined him \$4 and costs, which he was unable to pay and was committed. On Wednesday Andrew Cary, James McCloskey and Wm. McDonald, who were just out of jail, took to inhaling liquor freely and begging at nearly every house. They also became saucy, when they were nabbed. The first was sent to the house of correction for 90 days, the second for 60 days and the third for 30 days.

LEGISLATIVE CHARITABLE COMMITTEE ON A TRIP OF INSPECTION.—The legislative Charitable Committee, consisting of Dr. Davis of Bristol, Bigelow of Worcester, Dr. Chandler of Worcester, Dr. Bates of Chatham, and Dr. Sturges of Hingham, visited the State Alms House at this place on Monday. They expressed themselves highly pleased with the appearance of the institution, and its general management. They took the evening train for Hartford, to visit the Asylum for the deaf and dumb, in which this State has an interest. They also intend to visit the Hospital for the insane at Northampton, intending to return to Boston to-day.

SLEIGH RIDE.—Twenty-five couples from this village visited Holland on a sleigh ride last Tuesday. It was the first sleigh ride of any size that has occurred here for six years. Arriving at Holland about 4 P. M., the party indulged in various social amusements for several hours, making themselves perfectly at home with the accommodations afforded by Madam Kinney, who is the landlady of the hotel at that place. Holland is a nice little town at the south-east corner of the county, and is the jumping off place into Connecticut. It contains about thirty voters, two small churches, a blacksmith shop, school house, several dwelling houses, and Madam Kinney's hotel, which is the great institution of the place, having a wide celebrity for the facilities it affords to pleasure parties who are bound to have "a time." For the information of strangers who may wish to visit the place we would say that a telegraph line runs past the hotel towards Boston and Hartford. The Palmer company enjoyed their ride and Madam Kinney's turkey supper with great relish. The only drawback to the full enjoyment of the latter was a lack of milk, but this was amply atoned for by an abundant supply of the milk of human kindness, which filled the company to such an extent that several wet buttons and stay-lacings gave way under the pressure. The party reached home about 11 P. M., all feeling gay, happier and better for that day's experience in sleigh-riding.

A VILAINOUS HUSBAND.—At Aurora, N. Y., George W. Chamberlain has been sent to jail for perjury. He desired to get a divorce from his wife, and to do this he swore that he had no connection with her for a year after their marriage, and not until after their first child was born. He got his brother to swear that he had criminal intercourse with her. The wife established her innocence and proved that her husband and his brother had perjured themselves. The latter will probably follow the former to jail.

SOLD AT AUCTION.—The property of the Hadley Falls Company, at Holyoke, consisting of 1100 acres of land, the great dam, the canals, machine shop, tenements &c., which cost about \$2,000,000, was sold on Thursday last at auction for \$225,000. It was bid off by Alfred Smith of Hartford for a company of old stockholders.

Stealing Defined.

On Tuesday in the U. S. House of Representatives, while a discussion was going on concerning the Oregon and Washington war claims, the following tart colloquy occurred between Mr. Singleton of Miss., and Mr. Lovejoy of Ill.

Mr. Lovejoy of Ill., moved to strike out the appropriation for the safe keeping of prisoners, remarking that it was for fugitive slaves, till their trial came on, and characterized their capture as odious and abhorrent to the free States.

Mr. Singleton of Miss., said he would be glad if Mr. Lovejoy would return the negro he had stolen from one of his constituents.

Mr. Lovejoy replied—his constituent never owned a negro, for every being God made belonged to himself. He had no hesitation to declare that he did help the fugitive slave, and would always give food and shelter to necessitous whites or blacks.

Mr. Singleton asked—What is that but stealing?

Mr. Lovejoy—Stealing is taking a man and keeping him as a slave.

Mr. Phelps of Mo., said if the amendment prevail, every man arrested as a criminal, would be turned loose, and Mr. Lovejoy would be the general jail deliverer of many infamous persons.

Mr. John Cochrane of N. Y., humorously remarked that Mr. Lovejoy's objection might be obviated by making the clause read "free prisoners." (Laughter.)

Mr. Lovejoy's amendment was rejected. Mr. Singleton subsequently said Mr. Lovejoy had admitted he had participated in slave stealing, he regarded him as a disgrace to the nation.

The Chairman (Mr. Darksdale of Miss.) declared him out of order.

Exclamations from the Republican side—"Let him go on!" "He is perfectly in order and I move that he be permitted to proceed." (Laughter.)

The Committee rose, and the House concurred, by the ensuing vote of the Speaker, in an amendment striking out \$67,379 for the Congressional Globe, and binding the same, and reporting the proceedings. The vote was then reconsidered, and the amendment rejected by 92 majority.

From Washington.

The correspondent of the New York Daily News says: "The open and shameless intrigues—amounts not to diplomatic—the noble representative of one of the proudest of European nations, continue to excite comment in social circles. Upon a recent occasion his mistress and his wife met at the same reception! What a comment upon fashionable life in Washington City?"

"There is a noticeable fact recently occurred in the House—a little matter, yet one which could not escape the notice of Northern members. It was announced three times in one day that Keitt of South Carolina had paired off with a Massachusetts member. Since the time that Keitt stood, pistol in hand, over the prostrate and bleeding form of Sumner, no intercourse has taken place between him and the Massachusetts delegation. Even Burlingame who is thought sometimes to tarry South, gentlemen, has never, since that day, exchanged word or nod with the base and bloody boy."

"One of the bills for the payment of French Spoilation claims has been sent to the Committee of the Whole under an incorrect ruling of the Speaker. But this is no unfavorable indication. The bill which has passed the Senate remains to be acted upon, and one of the votes on Tuesday showed a majority in the House of 31 in favor of paying the claims. It requires only decision and energy to pass the bill."

"Recent advices received from Great Salt Lake make no mention of reported difficulties. Governor Cummings' last advices are satisfactory. Mr. Bernhisel, the Mormon delegate, has late letters, which state that peace and good order prevail in the Territory."

It being now decided that Senator Sumner will not return to his seat this session, his private secretary, who was the correspondent of a Boston paper, has left Washington, and his place will be supplied by the correspondent of the New York Tribune.

From Mexico.

The Mexican wheel of events has taken another turn, and Zuloaga comes uppermost again. Gen. Miramon, with a modesty quite out of place in this country, has declined the Presidency, and also, although he appears to have no superior in military power and capacity, has placed Gen. Sales at the head of the army. Thus, the Church party seems to be set on its feet again in the capital, while Miramon is said to have planned an expedition against Vera Cruz, the Liberal stronghold. This looks like bringing the rival parties to a decisive encounter. But when we remember the shifting events of the past few months, it would be unsafe to calculate upon anything in Mexico as decisive, except for the succeeding twenty-four hours. In regard to our relations with that country, the last change is unfavorable to the Buchanan policy—admitting the existence of any such policy.

A BRITISH REGIMENT IN NEW YORK.—The Gothamite military are on the qui vive in regard to the expected arrival of that city in an early day of the 42d Highlanders, of the British army, en route for Fraser River, by way of the Isthmus. With the exception of the Montreal celebration last fall, this will be the first appearance of British troops in New York since the evacuation in 1783.

NEW HAND AT THE HELM.—George B. Smith, late assistant editor of the Springfield Republican, has purchased the Norwich Courier of Mr. D. E. Sykes. The paper is a daily and weekly. Mr. Smith has had training and experience, which, added to an admirable tact for the business, fit him for the enterprise he has undertaken. May success crown his efforts.

A MOTHER'S POWER.—Among the recent cases of pardon as given by Governor Bingham, of Michigan, in his message on the subject, was one granted in part, to a convict, in the language of the worthy Governor, "upon the unyielding importunities of his mother."

BROKE HIS NECK.—Dr. Solomon Allen, of Westbrook, Me., while flogging his horse on Monday evening, fell from the hayrack into the crib of the horse, breaking his neck. He was dead when found by his family.

BEAR KILLED.—A grizzly bear was hunted and killed at Port Chester, N. Y., last week. A negro named Charles Wilson was killed by the bear, who had previously destroyed three cows, an ox and a hog.

COWS KILLED.—Mr. Stedman Carpenter, of West Westminster, Vt., recently lost four fine cows by the falling in of the roof of his barn, caused by the heavy weight of the snow upon it.

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber will pay the highest cash price for Hides delivered at his Meat Market.
Ware. W. G. SHELDO
Ware Dec. 23, 1853.—tl

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

Fare thee well—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er to meet on earth again.
Other hearts will seek thy shrine,
But no other e'er will love thee
With the constancy of mine.
Yet farewell—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er to meet on earth again.
Fare thee well!

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," "THE
DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE NOCTURNAL VISIT.

How is't with me when every sound appeals me?
In the south'ry ear?—Hark!—more knocking!
Silence!—more knocking!

Hurricane Hall is a large old fashioned
family mansion, built of dark red sandstone,
in one of the loveliest and wildest of the
mountain regions of Virginia.

The estate is surrounded on three sides by
a range of steep, gray rocks, spiked with
clumps of dark evergreens, and called, from
its horseshoe form, the Devil's Hoof.

On the fourth side the ground gradually
descends in broken rock and barren soil to
the edge of the wild mountain stream known
as the Devil's Run.

When storm and floods were high, the loud
roaring of the wind through the wild mountain
gorges, and the terrific raging of the tor-
rent over its rocky course, gave to this sur-
rounding locality its ill-omened names of Devil's
Hoof, Devil's Run and Hurricane Hall.

Major Ira Warfield, the lonely proprietor
of the Hall, was a veteran officer, who, in dis-
gust at what he supposed to be ill-requited
services, had retired from public life to spend
the evening of his vigorous age on this his
patrimonial estate. Here he lived in seclusion,
with his old-fashioned housekeeper, Mrs.
Condiment, and his old family servants and
his favorite dogs and horses. Here his mornings
were usually spent in the chase, in which
he excelled, and his afternoons and evenings
were occupied in small convivial suppers
among his few chosen companions of the
chase or the bottle.

In person Major Warfield was tall and
strongly built, reminding one of some old
ruined Douglas of the olden time. His
features were large and harsh; his complexion
dark red, as that of one bronzed by long
exposure and flushed with strong drink.—
His fierce, dark eyes were surmounted
by thick, heavy black brows, that when
gathered into a frown, reminded one of a thunder
cloud, as the flashing bolts beneath them did
of lightning. His hard, harsh face was sur-
rounded by a thick growth of iron-gray hair
and beard that met beneath his chin.

His usual habit was a black cloth coat, crimson
vest, black leather breeches, long black yarn
stockings, fastened at the knees, and morocco
slippers, fastened at the heels.

In character Major Warfield was arrogant,
domineering and violent—equally loved and
feared by his faithful old family servants at
home—disliked and dreaded by those
abroad, who partly from his house and partly
from his character, fixed upon him the ap-
propriate nickname of OLD HURRICANE.

There was, however, other ground of dis-
like besides that of his arrogant mind, violent
temper and domineering habits. Old Hur-
ricane was said to be an old bachelor, yet rum-
or whispered that there was in some obscure
part of the world hidden away from human
sight, a deserted wife and child, poor, forlorn
and heart-broken. It was further whispered
that the elder brother of Ira Warfield had
mysteriously disappeared, and not without
some suspicion of foul play on the part of the
only person in the world who had a strong in-
terest in his "taking off." However these
things might be, it was known for a certainty
that Old Hurricane had an only sister, with
black, dark hair, and with her son, a dray-
man, a wretched life of ill-requited toil, se-
vere privation and painful infirmity, in a dis-
tant city, unvisited, unsought and uncared for
by her cruel brother.

It was the night of the last day of October,
1845. The evening had closed in very dark
and gloomy. A cold wind arose in the north-
west, driving up masses of leaden
clouds, and in a few minutes the ground
was covered deep with snow, and the air was
filled with driving sleet.

As this was All Hallows Eve, the dreadful
inclination of the weather did not prevent
the negroes of Hurricane Hall from availing
themselves of their capricious old master's
permission, and going off in a body to a ban-
quet-breakdown held in the negro quarters of
their next neighbor.

Upon this evening, then, was left at
Hurricane Hall only Major Warfield, Mrs.
Condiment, his little old housekeeper, and
Wool, his body servant.

Early in the evening the old hall was shut
up closely, to keep out as much as possible
the sound of the storm that roared through
the mountain gorges, and announced the
walls of the house as if determined to force
an entrance. As soon as she had seen that
all was safe, Mrs. Condiment went to bed and
went to sleep.

It was about ten o'clock that night that Old
Hurricane, well wrapped up in his quilted
sleeve, sat in his well padded
easy chair before a warm, bright fire, tak-
ing his comfort in his own most comfortable
bedroom. This was the hour of the quietest
enjoyment to the self-indulgent old Sybarite,
who dearly loved his own ease. Very com-
fortable was Old Hurricane, and as he toasted
his feet and sipped his punch, while his black
servant, Wool, applied the warming pan to
his cozy couch, he fairly hugged himself for
enjoyment, and declared that nothing under
heaven would or could tempt him to leave
that room and that house and go out into that
storm on that night. Just as he had come to
this emphatic determination he was startled
by a violent ringing of the door-bell. On
going to go and see what was the matter
he hastily arrived himself in his sleeping

habilitments and jumped into bed, determined
not to be intruded upon, or to be called out
of his room on any account whatever.

At this moment Wool reappeared.
"Shut the door, you villain! Do you intend
to stand holding it open on me all night?"

Wool hastily closed the offending portals,
and hurried to his master's side.

"Well, sir, who is it rung the bell?"

"Sar, de Reverend Mr. Parson Goodwin,
and he say how he must see you yourself, per-
sonally, alone."

"See me, you villain! Didn't you tell him
that I had retired?"

"Yes, Marse, I tell him how you were gone
to bed and asleep morn'n an hour ago, and he
ordered me to come wake you up, and say
how it were a matter o' life and death!"

"Life and death? What have I to do with
life and death? I won't stir! If the parson
wants to see me he will have to come up here
and see me in bed."

"Mos' I fetch him reverence up, sar?"

"Yes, I wouldn't get up and go down to see
—Washington—shut the door, you rascal! or
I'll throw the hoot-jack at your wooden head!"

Wool obeyed with alacrity and in time to
escape the threatened missile.

After an absence of a few minutes he was
heard returning, attending upon the footsteps
of another. And the next minute he entered,
ushering in the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, the pa-
rish minister of Bethlehem, St. Mary's.

"How do you do? How do you do? Glad
to see you, sir! glad to see you, though oblig-
ed to receive you in bed! I met him, I caught a
cold with this severe change of weather, and
took a warm negus and went to bed to sweat
it off! You'll excuse me! Wool, draw that
easy chair up to my bedside for worthy Mr.
Goodwin, and bring him a glass of warm ne-
gus. It will do him good after his cold ride."

"I thank you, Major Warfield! I will take
the seat, but not the negus, if you please, to-
night."

"Not the negus! Oh, come now, you are
joking! Why, it will keep you from catching
cold, and be a most comfortable night-cap,
disposing you to sleep and sweat like a baby!
Of course you spend the night with us?"

"I thank you, no. I must take the road
again in a few minutes."

"Take the road again to-night! Why,
man alive! it is midnight, and the snow driv-
ing like all Lapland."

"Sir, I am sorry to refuse your proffered
hospitality and leave your comfortable roof
to-night, and sorrier still to have to take you
with me," said the pastor, gravely.

"Take me with you! No, no, my good
sir! no, that is too good a joke—ha, ha!"

"Sir, I fear that you will find it a very seri-
ous one! Your servant told you that my er-
rand was one of imminent urgency."

"Yes, something like life and death—"

"Exactly—down in the cabin; near the
Punch Bowl, there is an old woman dying—"

"There, I knew it. I was just saying there
might be an old woman dying. But, my dear
sir, what's that to me? What can I do?"

"Humanity, sir, would prompt you."

"But, my dear sir, how can I help her? I
am not a physician to prescribe—"

"She is far past a physician's help."

"Nor am I a priest to hear her confession."

"Her confession God has already received."

"Well, and I'm not a lawyer to draw up her
will."

"No, sir; but you are recently appointed one
of the Justices of the Peace for Alleghany."

"Yes, well, what of that. That does not
comprise the duty of my getting up out of my
warm bed and going through a snow
storm to see an old woman expire."

"Excuse me for insisting, sir; but this is
an official duty," said the parson, mildly but
firmly.

"I'll throw up my commission to-mor-
row," growled the old man.

"To-morrow you may do that, but mean-
while, to-night, being still in the commission
of the peace, you are bound to get up and go
with me to this woman's bedside."

"And what the demon is wanted of me
there?"

"To receive her dying deposition."

"To receive a dying deposition! Good
Heaven! was she murdered, then?" exclaimed
the old man, in alarm, as he started out of
bed and began to draw on his night gar-
ments.

"Be composed—she was not murdered,"
said the pastor.

"Well, then, what is it? Dying deposition!
It must concern a crime," exclaimed the old
man, hastily drawing on his coat.

"It does concern a crime."

"What crime, for the love of heaven? She
will do that."

"Wool, go down and rouse up Jehu, and tell
him to put Parson Goodwin's mule in the stable
for the night. And tell him to put the
black draught-horses to the close carriage, and
light both the front lanterns—for we shall
have a dark, stormy road—Shut the door,
you infernal!—I beg your pardon, Parson, but
that villain always leaves the door ajar after
himself."

The good parson bowed gravely; and the
Major completed his toilet by the time the
servant returned and reported the carriage
ready.

"To the Devil's Punch Bowl!"—was the
order given by Old Hurricane as he followed
the minister into the carriage. "And now,
sir," he continued, addressing his companion,
"I think you had better repeat that part of
the church litany that prays to be delivered
from 'battle, murder and sudden death.' Black
if I should be so lucky as to escape Black
Donald and his gang, we shall have at least
an equal chance of being upset in the dark-
ness of these dreadful mountains."

"A pair of saddle mules would have been
a safer conveyance, certainly," said the minis-
ter.

Old Hurricane knew that, but though a
great sensualist, he was a brave man, and so
he had rather risk his life in a close carriage
than suffer cold upon a sure-footed mule's
back.

After many delays and perils, the pastor
and Old Hurricane arrived at their destina-
tion, called the White's Hut, on a rug-
ged couch, lay a grey-haired and emaciated
woman, evidently near death. On be-
ing informed that a magistrate had arrived,
she insisted on everybody else leaving the
room, as she would speak with him alone.
Her request having been complied with, Old
Hurricane took from his pocket a Bible, ad-
ministered the oath, and then said:

"Now then, my good soul begin—the truth,
the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,
you know. But first, your name?"

"Is it possible you don't know me, mas-
ter?"

"Not I, in faith!"

"For the love of heaven, look at me and
try to recollect me, sir! It is necessary that
some one in authority should be able to know

me," said the woman, raising her haggard
eyes to the face of her visitor.

The old man adjusted his spectacles and
gave her a scrutinizing look, exclaiming at in-
tervals—

"Lord bless my soul! it is! it is! it is! it
must! it can't be! Granny Grewell—the—
the—midwife that disappeared from here
some twelve or thirteen years ago?"

"Yes, master, I am Nancy Grewell, the la-
dies' nurse, who vanished from sight so mys-
teriously some thirteen years ago!" replied
the woman.

"Heaven help our hearts! And for what
crime was it you ran away? Come—make a
clean breast of it, woman! You have noth-
ing to fear in doing so, for you are past the
arm of earthly law now."

"I know it, master."

"And the best way to prepare to meet the
Divine Judge is to make all the reparation
you can by a full confession."

"I know it, sir—if I had committed a crime;
but I have committed no crime, neither did I
run away."

"What? what? what?—What was it then?
Remember, witness, you are on your oath."

"I know that, sir, and I will tell the truth;
but it must be in my own way."

"At this moment a violent blast of wind
and hail roared down the mountain side and
rattled against the walls, shaking the witch's
hut, as if it would have shaken it about their
ears.

It was a proper overture to the tale that was
about to be told. Conversation was impossi-
ble until the storm raved past and was heard
dying in deep reverberating echoes from the
depths of the Devil's Punch Bowl.

"It is some thirteen years ago," began Gran-
ny Grewell, "upon just such a night of storm
as this, that I was mounted on my old mule
Molly, with my saddle-bags full of dried
yams, and still waters and such, as I always
carried when I was out tending on the sick.
I was on my way going to see a lady as I
was sent for to tend."

"Well, master, I'm not ashamed to say—as
I never was afraid of man, beast, nor spir-
it, and never stopped at going out all hours
of the night, through the most lonesome
roads, as if he I was called upon so to do—
Still I must say that just as me and Molly
mule, got into the deep, thick, lonesome
woods as stands round the old Hidden House
in the hollow, I did feel queerish; 'cause it was
the dead hour of the night, and it was said
how strange things were seen and heard, yes,
and done too, in that dark, deep, lonesome
place. I seen how even my mule Molly felt
queer too, by the way she snuck up her ears
stiff as quills. So, partly to keep up my own
spirits, and partly to encourage her, says I,
'Molly, says I, what are you feared of? Be
a man, Molly! But Molly stepped out cau-
tious, and pricked up her long ears all the
same."

"Well, master, it was so dark I couldn't see
a yard past Molly's ears, and the path was so
narrow and the bushes so thick, we could hard-
ly get along; but just as we came to the lit-
tle creek as they call along till it empties in-
to the Punch Bowl, and just as Molly was
cautiously putting her fore foot into the wa-
ter, out starts two men from the bushes and
seize upon Molly's bridle."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Major Warfield.
"Well, master, before I could cry out, one of
them willains seized me by the scruff of
my neck, and with the other hand on my
mouth he says:

"Be silent, you old fool, or I'll blow your
brains out!"

"And then master, I saw for the first time
that their faces were covered with black
crapes. I couldn't scream if they'd let me, for
my breath was gone and my senses were going
along with it from the fear that was on me."

"Don't struggle, come along quietly and
you shall not be hurt," says the man who had
spoken before.

"Struggle! I couldn't—a struggled to a-saved
my soul! I couldn't speak! I couldn't
breathe! I liked to have dropped right off
Molly's back. One on 'em says, says he:

"Give her some brandy!" And 'tother
takes out a flask and puts it to my lips and
says, says he:

"Here, drink this!"

"Well, master, as he had me still by the
scruff of the neck I couldn't do otherwise
but open my mouth and drink it. And as
soon as I took a swallow my breath come back
and my speech."

"And oh, gentlemen," says I, 'if it's your
money or your life you mean, I hint it about
me! 'Deed, 'deed to the Lord-a-mighty I
hint! It's wrapped up in an old cotton glove
in a hole in the plastering in the chimney-
corner at home, and if you'll spare my life,
you may go down and get it,' says I."

"You old blockhead," says they, 'we want
neither one nor 'tother! Come along quick
ly and you shall receive no harm. But at the
first cry or attempt to escape this fellow held the
you! And with that the willain held the
muzzle of a pistol so tight to my nose that I
smelt brimstone, while 'tother one bound a
silken handkerchief round my eyes, and then
took poor Molly's bridle and led her along.
I couldn't see, in course, and I dismist breathe
for fear of the pistol. But I said my prayers
to myself all the time."

"Well, master, they led the mule on down
the path, until we came to a place wide
enough to turn, when they turned us round
and led us back outen the wood, and then
round and round, and up and down, and cross
ways and length ways, as if they didn't want
to find where they were taking me."

"Well, sir, when they'd walked about in
this 'fused way, leadin' of the mule about a
mile, I knew we was in the woods again—the
very same woods and the very same path—I
knewed by the feel of the place and the sound
of the bushes as we lit up against them each
side, and also by the rumbling of the Spoon.
We went down, and down, and down, and
lower, and lower, and lower, until we got
right down to the bottom of that hollow."

"Then they stopped. A gate was opened, and
up I went, and I took all the pains I
could to raise the handkerchief, and see
what I was; but just at that minute, I felt
the muzzle of the pistol like a ring of ice right again
my right temple, and the willain growling into my
ear:

"But I didn't—I dropped my hand down as if I
had been shot, and afore I had seen anything
other. Saw went through the cracking of the
gravelly walk—I knew it by the cracking of a horse-
block, where one o' them willains lifted me off my
feet—I put up my hand again."

"If you dare," says 'tother one, with the mis-
zle o' the pistol at my head."

"I dropped my hand like lead. So they lead
me on a little way, and then up some steps. I
went six. You see, master, I took all the pains
I could to know the way in the middle. Then they went
along a passage and up more stairs—there was
ten and then a turn, and then ten more. Then
along another passage, and up another flight of
stairs just like the first. Then along another
passage, and up a third flight of stairs. They

"Well, sir, here we was at the top o' the house.
One o' them willains opened a door on the left
side, and 'tother said—

"There—go in and do your duty!" and pushed
me through the door, and shut and locked it on
me. Good gracious, sir, how scared I was! I
slipped off the silk handkerchief, and 'feared as I
was I didn't forget to put it in my bosom."

"Then I looked about me. Right afore me on
the hearth was a little weny taper burning, that
showed I was in a great big room with sloping
walls. At one end two deep dormer windows, and
a black walnut bureau standing between them."

"At 'tother end a great leather bedstead with dark
curtains. There was a dark carpet on the floor,
and with there were so many dark objects and
sundry shadows, and the little taper burned so
dimly that I could hardly tell 'tother from which,
or keep from breaking my nose against things as I
groined about."

"And what was in this room for to do? I
couldn't even form an idea. But presently my
blood ran cold to hear a groan from behind the
curtains—then another—and another—then a cry
as of a child in mortal agony, says I:

"For the love of heaven, save me!"

"I ran to the bed and dropped the curtains, and
liked to have fainted at what I saw."

"Master, behind those dark curtains I saw a
young creature, about the age of a young
girl, and beautiful as an angel, and tearing
wildly at the fine lace that trimmed her nightdress.
But, master, that wasn't what almost made me
faint—it was that her right hand was seized up
black crape, and her whole face and head com-
pletely covered with black crape drawn down and
fastened securely around her throat, leaving only
a small slit at the lips and nose to breathe
through."

"Well, take care, woman! remember that you
are upon your oath!" said the magistrate.

"I know it, master! And as I hope to be for-
given, I am telling you the truth!"

"Go on then."

"Well, sir, she was a young creature, scarcely
past child hood, if one might judge by her small
size, and soft, rosy skin. I asked her to let me
take that black crape from her face and head, but
she threw up her hands and exclaimed—

"Oh, no, no, no! for my life, no!"

"Well, master, I hardly know how to tell you
what followed—said the old woman, hesitating
in embarrassment."

"Go right straight on like a ear of Juggernaut,
woman! Remember—the whole truth!"

"Well, master, in the next two hours there were
twins born in that room—a boy and a girl; the boy
was dead, the girl living. And all the time I
heard the wretched tramping of one of them will-
ains up and down the passage outside of that
room. Presently the steps stop, and there was
a rap at the door. I went and listened, but did
not open it."

"Well, master, 'tother voice asked:

"Before I could answer, a cry from the bed
caused me to look around. There was the poor
mother stretching out her white arms, and
ward me in the most imploring way. I hastened
back to the door."

"Tell him—no—no," she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

An Exciting Sea Story of the Revolution!

SEA WAIF;

OR,
THE TERROR OF THE COAST.

A TALE OF PRIVATEERING IN 1776.

CHAPTER I.

I'd like to know your history, Captain Sea-
waif—I'd like very much to know your his-
tory, sir! I think I've a right to sir—a right,
you understand. And if there is one thing
which I stick out for more than another, it is
my right, sir—right! That is why I, Phineas
Cringe, merchant, et-cet-er-a, et-cet-er-a, and
an open and avowed patriot, sir, Old Eng-
land is wrong, and Young America is right.
Therefore, I'm with her. You are a young
man, yet you come so well recommended to
me as a skillful seaman, a fearless man and an
honest one, withal, that I like you, though
you are not as rough in the figure—have given
good sea-dogs generally are. I have given
you command of the "Tyranicide," as good a
craft as floats on salt water—well manned,
well off, and well armed, et-cet-er-a et-cet-er-a;
and I know she'll be well commanded.
But your history, sir, your history!"

"At present, I have no history worth listen-
ing to, Mr. Cringle; but I'll try to write one
with my sword which all the world can read!"

This conversation occurred at the com-
mencement of that revolution which gave free-
dom to the United Colonies of America, in the
store of the first speaker, Mr. Phineas Crin-
gle, "merchant, et-cet-er-a," as he always called
himself.

He was a curious, but a good old man—
very eccentric in his ways, but as sound at
heart as a young, unshaken oak. His age
was full sixty, and his long natural hair was
white as snow, and hung in masses down
about his neck; but his close-shaven face
was as smooth and as rosy, almost as that of
Kate Cringle, his blooming daughter, who
was just eighteen.

Mr. Cringle's short, thick-set figure was
dressed in a claret, shad-bellied coat, buff
waist-coat, knee-breeches, (claret, like his
coat) white cotton long hose, with immense
silver buckles in his shoes. Upon his head
he wore the tricorne continental hat of the
day, with a red white and blue cockade
placed so conspicuously on it, that he who
looked might see that he did not fear to
wear the sign of a patriot American.

The person whom he spoke to was a young
man, probably twenty-five years of age. His
eyes were large, dark blue, and shaded by
long, brown lashes; his flowing hair and
soft, glossy beard was of a rich dark brown;
his figure was slight, yet very graceful; his
entire appearance quiet, and exceedingly gen-
tle. But when his eye looked deep upon you,
it told you there was something in its cold clear depth
—a something in the expression of his curved
lip that told you, that in spite of the delicacy
needed he was there, in spite of the delicacy
of his appearance.

His dress was a naval
of his appearance.

frock-coat, with epaulet straps upon his
shoulders, plain pantaloons and boots, and a
blue naval cap. He wore no weapons there
—yet he looked like one who could wear a
sword gracefully, and use it skillfully.

"You can at least tell me where you were
born, sir!" said Mr. Cringle, pursuing his
object.

"I cannot tell where I was born, or even
who my father or mother was," replied the
young captain. "As my name indicates, I
am literally a waif of the sea. Drifted
ashore from a wreck upon a little island at
the south-west corner of Nantucket Shoal, I
was taken from a chest into which I had been
laid by the hands of a noble and good old
man who had left the world to live a hermit
life there. He named me Edward Seawaif—
the first name his own; the latter, in remem-
brance of the manner I came to him. No
living thing but myself reached the land."

"That old man, Edward Seawaif, was more than
father or mother to me—he hated a world
which had wronged him much; but he loved
which had wronged him much; but he loved
me all the more for that. I had seen nothing of it."

"To him I owe

The Palmer Journal.

VOLUME IX.

PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

NUMBER 40.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

—BY—
FISK & GORP.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum. To those who pay strictly in advance Twenty-five cents will be deducted. For six months 15 cents; for three months 8 cents.

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JOB PRINTING of nearly every description, and in the neatest styles, promptly executed.
G. M. FISK. HENRY J. GORP.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

No. 1.—By a little boy.—A farmer had 100 ears of corn, and a rat came every night, and carried away 3 ears, yet it took him 100 nights to carry it all away. How was that?

No. 2.—Henry is 4 feet high and William is 5. The sum of their heights multiplied by 5 is equal to their father's age, plus 15. How old is their father?

No. 3.—From 6 take 9, from 9 take 10, from 40 take 50 and 6 remain.

No. 4.—My first is a collection of water, my second is used when speaking of myself, my third is a fruit, my whole is a town in Hindoostan.

No. 5.—What bird is that which has no wings?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

No. 1.—Candle-stick.
No. 2.—Doctor of Medicine.
No. 3.—Neva, nave, vane.
No. 4.—Lighted lamp.
No. 5.—Five seconds.
No. 6.—56 quarts difference.
No. 7.—Aspen-aspen.
No. 8.—When it is sat in (satin.)

AN ENGLISH LADY'S EXPERIENCE IN AMERICA.—A travelled London lady gives the following incident among others, to a circle of admiring friends, on her return from America: "I was a dinn' haboard a first-class steam-boat on the Hoheghe river. The gentleman next me, on my right, was a Southerner, and the gentleman on my left was a Northerner. Well, they gets into a kind of discussion on the abolition question, when some 'igh words hariz. 'Please to retract, sir,' said the Southerner. 'Won't do it,' said the Northerner. Pray, ma'am, said the Southern, 'will you 'ave the goodness to lean back in your chair?' 'With the greatest pleasure,' said I, not kno'in' what was a comin'. When what does my gentleman do, but whips out a 'oss-pistil as long as my harm, and shoots my left- and neighbor dead! But that wasn't all! for the bullet, comin' hout of the left temple, wounded a lady in the left side. She huttered a 'orrible scream. 'Pon my word, ma'am,' said the Southerner, 'you needn't make so much noise about it, for I did it by mistake.' 'And was justice done the murderer?' said a horrified listener. 'Hinstantly, dear madam,' answered Miss L. The cabin passengers set right to work, and lynched him. They 'ung 'im in the lamp chains right over the dinn' table, and then finished the dessert. But for my part, it quite spoiled my appetite."

REASONABLE CURIOSITY IN A DYING MAN.—It was a bright thought of Smithson, when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Smithson had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover what his disease was. At length they told the patient he must die. Calling them all around him he said: "My friends, after I die, make a post mortem examination, and find out what ails me; for I have heard such long and learned discussions on the subject, that I am dying to know what the disease is."

A FEARFUL ACCIDENT.—An accident occurred in Buffalo, recently, which was witnessed only by a youngster, who was terribly frightened. According to his account, a lady was upset in a twinkling by the wind, the "hoops and things" flying over her head like the jib of a man-of-war torn from its belt ropes. "And don't you believe me," said the little fellow, in relating the occurrence, "there wasn't the sign of a drawer on her."

THE COLD IN THE PASSES OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—A letter has been received in Salt Lake City, under date of the 14th ult., giving a deplorable account of the severity of the weather in the neighborhood of the South Pass. For four consecutive days the mercury in the thermometer stood at 80° below 0. Some fourteen or fifteen mules had perished, and seventeen men were badly frozen.

THE ALBANY DISEASE.—Dr. Willard stated in a paper read before the New York Medical Society, that since last April there had been 2000 cases of the "Albany disease," or diptherite, 176 of which proved fatal, all but three of whom were children, and most of them under 12 years of age. A false membrane is formed in the throat, which gradually extends downward, obstructs breathing, and suffocates the patient.

THE HEATHEN IN TEXAS.—An itinerant preacher, styling himself Elder Heral, hailing from Calais, Me., announces that he is about to start for Texas where he is going as missionary to preach to the "heathen."

RAILROAD LEASED.—The Montreal Railroad has leased the White Mountains Railroad for the term of five years, at the annual compensation of \$10,000, subject to a small contingent deduction for repairs the first year.

EBENEZER EATON, senior editor of the Danville, Vt., Star, died recently at the age of 82. He was a brother of the celebrated Gen. Eaton of Brimfield Mass.

FATAL LEAP.—A prisoner, handcuffed and in the custody of the sheriff, jumped from the cars of the N. Y. Central Railroad while they were at full speed, and was immediately killed.

A FAT OFFICE.—The fees of the sheriff of New York, for the year 1858, all of which goes into his own pocket, amounted to \$22,209.

Take Heart.

All day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow tree.

This is the summer's burial time;
She died when dropped the earliest leaves,
And cold upon her rosy prime
Fell down the autumn's frosty rime—
Yet I am not as one who grieves:

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The blue-bird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The May-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden summer's bier—
Take heart!—thy birds are only down,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful down,
To greet thee in the immortal year!

The Retort.

Old Birch, who taught a village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was as stubborn as a mule,
And she as playful as a rabbit.
Poor Kate, had scarce become a wife,
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country parsonage life,
And prim and formal as a Quaker.
One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Kitty sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him!
The husband's anger rose!—and red
And white his face alternate grew!
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said,
"Oh dear! I didn't know 'twas you!"

THE DYING SAILOR.

An affecting story is related of a young sailor, who died on board a whaler in the South Atlantic. James Dubois—such was his name—had been carefully reared, but impelled by a strong love of adventure and an ardent desire to see the world, had gone to sea. The ship had made a prosperous voyage, and was on her way home.

Of all the men in that ship, none were more elated than James. He had been ashore at the Azores, and got a few curiosities; he had been ashore at Rio and Cape Verde Islands, and clambered up the rocky sides of one of the Falkland Islands; and he felt already his mother's kiss, and heard the cordial welcome of friends at home, and saw their look of wonder and heard their words of astonishment while he showed his shells, and related his adventures to them. He spent the whole of the middle watch in painting with enthusiastic words the anticipated meeting, and the scenes which would occur at home. Poor fellow, it was only a waking dream; he never saw his mother again in this world.

The next day we went to "stowing down" the oil. It was a rough sea, and the ship pitched heavily, so as to make it hard and dangerous work to handle the casks of oil. The last cask was stowed and filled, and in ten minutes more the hatches would be down. Dubois stood on the cask in the main hatchway, and was passing a few sticks of wood down among the water casks, when the vessel rolled deeply to the leeward, a cask of water broke from the lashings at the weather rail, and rolled into the hatchway where he stood, and in one instant both his legs above the knees were literally jammed to pieces—the bones were broken into shivers.

We took him into the steerage, and did the best we could to bind up his broken limbs, and make him comfortable; but he knew, and he knew, that his days were numbered—he must die. That night as I sat by his berth and watched with him, he was constantly calling, "Mother! mother!" Oh, it was heart-rending to hear him in his piteous ravings calling, "Mother! mother!" And then he would weep like a child because she came not. In the morning watch he grew calm, and spoke rationally again. After giving me his parents' address and a message for them, he slept a little while. When he awoke he bade me go to the fore-cabin and open his chest, and under the till I should find his Bible. I brought it to him, and he opened it at the blank leaf, and looked long and eagerly at the name. His mother had given it to him when he left home, and on the fly-leaf was written by her hand, "Presented to James Dubois by his mother, Sarah Dubois."

"Now read to me," said he, handing me the book.

"Where shall I read?"

"Where it tells us how to get ready for heaven."

I felt bewildered, and knew not what to read; but opening the book at random, my eye fell on the fifty-first Psalm, and I read to him from that Psalm till I came to the tenth verse:—"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

"Hold, there! That is just what I want, said he. 'Now, how shall I get it?'"

"Pray God to give it you for Jesus' sake," I suggested.

"Oh yes, Jesus is the Savior. Shipmate it is an awful thing to die; and I've got to go. Oh, if mother was here to tell me how to get ready!" and he trembled with earnestness.

After a short pause, during which he seemed to be in deep thought, he said: "Do you know of any place where it is said such sinners as I can be saved?"

I quoted I Tim. i. 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners of whom I am chief."

"Oh, shipmate," said he, "that is good. Can you think of any more?"

I quoted Hebrews vii. 27: "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

"That's plain. Now if I only knew how to come to God?"

"Come like a child to its father," I suggested.

"How's that?"

"As the child feels that his father can help him in danger, so you are to feel God can help you now. And as the child trusts his father by fleeing to him, so you must trust Jesus by casting yourself upon him."

He lay a little time engaged in earnest pleading with God, as was evident from the few words I overheard. Then the tears began to run down his face; his eyes opened, and a bright smile played like a sunbeam over his features.

"He forgives me and I shall be saved," he said with a voice like the sound of a flute for sweetness.

The day dawned—then the sun arose in regal splendor on the ocean. I held his hand in mine, and felt the death-thrill; then he murmured, "He's come, he's come."

"Who has come?" said I.
"Jesus," he whispered, and he fell asleep.
On sped the noble ship till four bells in the afternoon, and then we laid the main-toes to the mast, and buried him closely sewed in his hammock, in the "deep, deep sea."—Boston Recorder.

Wonders of the Starry Heavens.

That profound astronomer, Professor Mitchell, has been delivering lectures in New York the present winter. In his last lecture, after speaking of the unfathomable distances which no telescope can penetrate, lying far beyond the system in which the earth revolves, and yet filled with independent systems of worlds of infinite numbers, he said:

"Light traverses space at the rate of a million miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Herschel's telescope revealed stars two thousand three hundred times further distant. The great telescope of Lord Ross pursued these creations of God still deeper into space, and having resolved the nebulae of the Milky Way into stars, discovered other systems of stars—beautiful diamond points glittering through the black darkness beyond. When he beheld this amazing abyss—when he saw these systems scattered profusely throughout space—when he reflected upon their immense distance, their enormous magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them, it seemed to him as though the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized.

"God called man in dreams into the vestibule of heaven, saying, 'come up hither and I will show thee the glory of my house.' And to his angels who stood about his throne he said, 'take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils; but touch not his human heart'—the heart that fears and hopes and trembles. A moment, and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sounds of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven they fled through the mazes of darkness, wildernesses of death. At length, from a distance not counted save in the arithmetic of heaven, life beamed upon them—a sleepy flame as seen through a hazy cloud. They sped on their terrible speed to meet the light; the light with lesser speed came to meet them. In a moment the blazing suns came to meet them—a moment the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then again on the right hand and the left appeared more constellations. At last the man sat down crying, 'Angel, I can go no further; let me lie down in the grave, and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none.' 'End there is none?' demanded the angel. 'End there is none?' demanded the angel again; 'and is it this that awes my soul?' 'Answer, end there is none to the universe of God! Lo, also, there is no beginning.'"

COFFEE AND PISTOLS ALL ROUND.—The Augusta (Ga.) Dispatch gives an account of a scene which occurred at the breakfast table of the Augusta Hotel, on the morning of the 26th ult. It appears that a Mr. Parish was seated at breakfast, when a Mr. Biggs and wife entered and took seats a few feet from him. Biggs then approached Parish, put his hand on his shoulder and ordered him to leave the table. Biggs repeated his order, and Parish rose and went in on his muscle. Friends separated them, when Biggs drew his revolver and Parish followed suit. Then it was pop, bang, bang, Parish retreating through a door. They banged at each other through the half shut door a few times and ended the scrimmage; Parish having received a painful wound in one arm, and Biggs another in his coat sleeve.

There was great consternation in the dining room while the gentlemen were firing their random shots. Some dodged under the table, some out of the room, and some stood by, watching the range of the pistols in order to avoid the bullets which flew about, breaking dishes and scaring the walls of the room. Several ladies were carried to their rooms in a fainting condition. The landlord expelled the belligerent parties from the hotel, and Biggs was arraigned before the magistrates.

It appears from the testimony adduced at the examination that the woman was at the bottom of the affair. Parish had been led into an intimacy, had borrowed money of him, the husband had borrowed money of him. The evening before the shooting, Mrs. B. had enticed Mr. P. to her room, and after detaining him some time, Mr. B. and a friend rushed in from a closet, and the part of the enraged husband was enacted, B. pointing his pistol at P., threatening to shoot him on the spot, asking his friend to run him through with his sword cane, etc. After this scene the door was unlocked, and Mr. Parish was dismissed with a promise that he should be shot the next morning. The result of the examination has not yet reached us.

BOYS AT HOME IN THE EVENING.—Night running is ruinous to the morals of boys in all instances. Street education is proverbially bad. Boys acquire, under cover of night, an unhealthy state of mind; vulgar and profane language; obscene practices; criminal sentiments and a lawless and riotous hearing; indeed, it is in the street, after nightfall, that boys principally acquire the habits of the bad, and the capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute men.

The revelries of our town boys through our streets at night are beginning to be regarded as a nuisance by the greater portion of our community, and will soon merit the attention of our public officers. It is the duty of every parent to keep his son at home in the evening. The way to do this is to make home attractive, but there are indeed few who have learned that art.

Organ grinders are ordered by the Mayor of Richmond to quit the city, when found playing in the streets.

An Irish attorney says: "no printer should publish a death, unless apprised of the fact by the party deceased."

A Wife's Confession of Murder.

Last week we stated that Mrs. Hartung of Albany had been found guilty of the murder of her husband. Her counsel, Mr. Hadley gave the following confession of the prisoner, which elicited much feeling, and created considerable sympathy for the unfortunate woman:

The confession says that Mr. and Mrs. Hartung were married in May, 1853; that soon after they were married she discovered that he had improper intimacy with the wife of a baker in Pearl street; we had trouble about it; he did not treat me very kindly; he was a hard drinking man, and often came home stupefied; the first time I saw Wm. Rhineman, she says, was when we moved into a house in Division street; he first was polite, then was more attentive to me; he then commenced to talk against my husband; in about a month he told me he was afterwards to me; I reproved him, and he was afterwards less bold; he was so kind to me that I began to love him passionately; but I had no thought of doing my husband any harm.

It proceeded thus:
"One day my husband went to Schenectady; when going, he told William he should be gone all night, and wanted him to stay up with me, and see to business. William said he would. We sat in the bar-room until near the time of closing at night, and then five or six gentlemen came in who were friends of William's. They sat talking and talking with him, and now and then drinking, until a little past 4 o'clock in the morning. I did not suspect then why they said so. I do now—When they left we shut up the bar-room, and William went, as I supposed to bed. I was so tired, and it was so near day, that I thought I would not go up stairs to bed, but I laid down upon the sofa in the bar-room; I soon fell asleep; how long I slept I do not know, but I was awakened by William in the bar-room. How can you ask me to tell you what took place? At last he over-persuaded me! Oh, my husband, why did you so neglect me?—That was my first shame."

The second paragraph, which relates to the purchase of the poison, runs as follows:
"I went to Mr. Sautter's twice that day for medicine. I think the first time was about two o'clock. I put up the medicine I went for, and then I told Mr. Sautter that I wanted some powder that Mr. Hesham used for stuffing birds. He told me that there were two kinds of powder used; asked me which I wanted. I had forgotten the name, and therefore could not tell him which I wanted; and told him I would go home and inquire again. When I returned home William asked me if I had got it. I told him 'No,'—that I had forgotten the name of it, and that Mr. Sautter did not know which of the two powders it was. He said it was arsenic. I went again for medicine towards evening, and then I told Mr. Sautter it was arsenic I was to have got in the afternoon. He sold me sixpence worth, and I took it home and gave it to William, and that was the last I ever knew or heard of the arsenic until after the death of my husband."

One time at dinner something was said about the purchase; William tread heavily upon my foot and looked very pale; the truth then flashed on my mind; after this he urged me to go off with him as folks would suspect that as I purchased the arsenic I had poisoned my husband; at last I went. The wording of the letter was explained and the statement ended.

Wm. Rhineman, Mrs. Hartung's seducer, is to be tried for complicity in the murder.

A Cherub's Smile Will Tame a Savage.

The houses of the Kabyle village were all but deserted and empty; the women and children had been sent for protection to a neighboring tribe further removed from the seat of war. In one, a Zouave, mad with plunder, was struck by observing a huge jar of rudely baked earthen ware standing in a corner. To rush forward and dash it to pieces with his musket-butt was the affair of a second, when to his surprise out rolled a poor little Kabyle child, who, forgotten amidst the general confusion and flight, had crept into the jar for shelter. The Zouave raised his musket, but the little cherub smiled on its assailant as though perfectly at home. The rude Zouave's heart was touched. Perhaps he thought of some far-off home in France, where a brother or sister might be playing in the sunshine like the poor Kabyle child, who smiled unconsciously of the threatened nuisance. Perhaps it was merely his better nature touched by that smile. I know not how this was, but I do know that the Zouave, laying down his musket on the ground, secured the child on his back with his turban, and rushed forward on his way. The poor baby was thus borne through the thickest of the fray, but it seemed to have a charmed life. The balls whistled harmlessly by it; and tho' that night the brave Zouave was found lying on his face, with a ball through his brain, the child was asleep and unharmed. It was subsequently adopted by the officers of the regiment, and is yet alive.—[Sketches of Algeria.

TO THE YOUNG.—The young and thoughtless should remember that the frequent use of the name of God or the devil; allusions to passages of Scripture; mocking at anything serious or devout; oaths, vulgar words, cant phrases, affected hard words, when familiar terms will do as well; sermons of Latin, Greek or French; quotations from plays, spoken in a theatrical manner, all those much used in conversation, render a person very contemptible to grave and wise men.

TEMPERANCE.—It is an easy thing to gather out of the Holy Scriptures, not only sentences, but histories also, which declare that destruction to man banqueting, drunkenness, and the study of the belly bringeth.

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune is an age of pain.

Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of man's own making.

We waste our time in moments, our money in shillings, and our happiness in trifles.

No Social Life.

A clergyman in New York, on a late Sunday, thundered in the ears of his congregation the following sentiments:—

"The bane of New York is that you have no social life—that the passion of business swallows up all the finer and nobler feelings of the man—indeed the duty a man owes to his family and to his neighbor is not recognized 'down town.' The great master passion, like gaming or the raging appetite for strong drink, consumes all else. The universal plea, 'I have no time,' suggests the purchase of the needed moments for attendance on social and domestic duties. Like truth, 'buy and sell not.' You men of New York, leave your homes at the earliest possible hour; consume the whole day down town immersed in business; stay as late as possible from your homes; go out too early in the morning, and come home too late at night to see your children, whom you would hardly know should you meet them in the street; you have no time to instruct or guide your household; none to cultivate kindly feelings with your neighbors; none to visit with your families places of even healthful recreation. You leave them alone in their homes, or at their hotels, or boarding houses, while you delve at your business and add dollar to dollar; or, what is worse, leaving them under the escort of some moustached vagrant Baron—barren of morals, barren of intellect, barren of money, you reap the reward which your neglect ripens. Better trade less at the expense of your homes. Better devote more time to your children and your wives. In our you shall have less domestic disgrace in our Courts connected with married life; fewer elopements; and fewer instances of well educated daughters in fashionable families running away with illiterate coachmen and marrying grooms."

The Comet.

The best thing yet written by Edward Everett, in his Mount Vernon papers, is an article on the late Comet. After describing its approach to the earth, and the beautiful picture it presented, he says:—

"Return, then, mysterious traveler, to the depths of the heavens, never again to be seen by the eyes of men now living! Thou hast run thy race with glory; millions of eyes have gazed upon thee with wonder; but they shall never look upon thee again. Since thy last appearance in these lower skies, empires, languages, and races of men have passed away; the Macedonian, the Alexandrian, the Augustan, the Parthian, the Byzantine, the Saracenic, the Ottoman dynasties have sunk or are sinking into the gulf of ages. Since thy last appearance, old continents have relapsed into ignorance, and new worlds have come out from behind the veil of waters. The Magian fires are quenched on the hill-tops of Asia; the Chaldean seer is blind; the Egyptian hieroglyphic has lost his cunning; the Oracles are dumb. Wisdom now dwells in furthest Thule, or in newly-discovered worlds beyond the sea. Happily, when, wheeled up again from the celestial abysses, thou art once more seen by the dwellers on earth, the languages we speak shall also be forgotten, and science shall have fled to the uttermost corners of the earth. But even there, his hand, that now marks out thy wondrous circuit, shall still guide thy course; and then, as now, Hesper will smile at thy approach, and Arcturus with his sons rejoice at thy coming."

J. HOWARD PAYNE—SWEET HOME.—The Essex Banner, after devoting a few paragraphs to the memory of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, alludes thus to the author of "Sweet Home."

Real Genius is too often at the mercy of a world which does not appreciate it until the human casket lies in the tomb. J. Howard Payne, the author of "Sweet Home" wrote of himself:
"How often I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or hand organs playing Home, Sweet Home, without having a shilling to buy the next meal, or place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melodies. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me hopelessly from office, and in my old age, I have to submit to humiliation for my bread."

Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity. Poor Payne! his wish was realized. He died at Tunis. His remains should be brought to this country, and a monument erected to him by the homeless with this inscription:—"Here lies J. Howard Payne, author of 'Sweet Home.' A wanderer in life, he whose songs were sung in every tongue and found an echo in every heart, never had a home. He died in a foreign land."

THE BETTER LAND.—Our relatives in eternity outnumber our relatives on earth. The catalogue of the living we love becomes less, and in anticipation we see the perpetually lengthening train of the departed; and by their flight our affections grow gradually less glued to earth and more allied to Heaven. It is not in vain that the images of departed children, and near and dear ones, are laid up in memory, as in a picture gallery, from which the ceaseless surge of world's cares cannot obliterate them. They wait there for the light of the resurrection day, to stand forth holy, beautiful and happy—our fellow worshippers forever.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Some one has said of those who die young, that they are like the lambs which the Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flocks may follow.

AN INJUNCTION.—A petition to the Supreme Court is in circulation in North Adams, with forty or fifty signatures, asking an injunction against the issuing of scrip by that town in aid of the Troy and Greenfield Railroad.

Go to Bed Early.

To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means is the balm of life—without there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves; let the care rather be to establish an hour for retiring so early that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.

Another item of very great importance is: Do not hurry up the young and the weak. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes are open, nor is it best for the studios, or even the well who have passed a fatiguing day to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them remain, without going to sleep again, until the sense of weariness passes from their limbs. Nature abhors two things: violence and vacuum. The sun does not break out at once into the glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast nor sprightliest bird, leaps at once from its resting-place. By all of which we mean to say, that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable than that the brain, and with it the whole nervous system, recuperated by sleep, it is of the most importance, as to the well-being of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end, the habit of retiring to bed early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary event should be allowed to interfere with it. Its moral healthfulness is not less important than its physical. Many a young man, many a young woman, has made the first step towards degradation and crime, and disease, after ten o'clock at night, at which hour, the young, should be in bed; and then the early rising will take care of itself, with the incalculable accompaniment of a fully-rested body and a renovated brain. We repeat it, there is neither wisdom, nor safety, nor health, in early rising in itself; but there is all of them in the persistent practice of retiring to bed at an early hour, Winter and Summer.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

Boys.

There's something in a noble boy.
A brave, free-hearted, careless ease,
With his uncheck'd, unhidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshadowed by a thought of guile,
And unexpressed by any crime,
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

EXPLAINING THE WORD MYSTERY.—"I say, Murphy, what's the meaning of Mystery? Faith I was reading the paper, and it was mysterious how it was done." "Well," said Murphy, "Pat, I'll teach ye. Ye see, when I lived with my father, a little gossamer, give a party, and my mother went to buy somethin' for the party to ate, and among a lot of things, she got a half a barrel of pork, ye see. Well, she put it down in the cellar, ye see. Now, for safe keepin' till the party come on, me mother sint me down into the cellar to get some of the pork, de ye see; well I went down to the barrel and opened it and flashed about, but devil a bit of pork could I find; so I looked around the barrel to see where the pork was, and found a rat-hole in the bottom of the barrel, where the pork had all run out and left the brine standin', de ye see." "Hold on, Murphy! hold on! wait a bit; now tell me how could all the pork git out of the barrel, and leave the brine standin'?" "Well Pat," said Murphy, "that's what, I'd like to know myself, de ye see; that's the mystery."

HEAT FROM THE STARS.—Doctor Lardner says: "It is a startling fact, that if the earth were dependent upon the sun for heat, it would not get enough to make the existence of animal and vegetable life upon its surface. It results from the researches of Poissonet, that the stars furnish heat enough in the course of a year to melt a crust of ice seventy-five feet thick, almost as much as is supplied by the sun. This may appear strange when we consider how immeasurably small must be the amount of heat received from one of those distant bodies. But the surprise vanishes, when we remember that the whole firmament is so thickly sown with stars, that in some places thousands are crowded together within a space no greater than that occupied by the full moon."

HOW TO STOP BLOOD.—Take the fine dust of tea or the scrapings of the inside of tanned leather, and bind close upon the wound, and blood will soon cease to flow. These articles are at all times accessible, and easy to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions will save agitation of mind, and running for the surgeon, who would probably make no better perscription if present.

TWO CENTURIES AGO NOT ONE IN AN HUNDRED wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at nights. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvement in this wonderful age.

A country paper refuses to publish obituaries gratis, but adds:—"We will publish the simple announcement of the death of four friends with pleasure."

AN ingenious man who desired to go from Needham to Boston, but had no money, made believe that he was the murderer of Canby, for whom a reward was offered, was arrested and taken to Boston, where he was immediately released, as not being the man wanted.

ANOTHER CONVICTION.—Charles Cook, the gay young man of Cincinnati, who murdered a courtesan for allying to his sister, has been convicted of murder in the second degree.

EXOTIC SUPPORT.—The large sum of £171,558 is annually paid by the East India Company for the support of idolatry in Hindoostan.

The Palmer Journal.

SATURDAY, FEB. 10, 1890.

PIKE'S PEAK.

It was an Englishman, who, envious of the general characteristics of America, declared us to be a country of "gold worshippers." Whether or not our trans-Atlantic critic was right, we leave our readers to judge, and if right, whether or not we did not inherit the quality which he attributes to us from our English ancestry. Be it right or wrong, it is undeniable that there is a general desire on our part to grow suddenly rich—a desire so strong that it often leads us to the abandonment of correct principles of action to secure sudden and even unnecessary material acquisitions. But this is a matter of individual responsibility, so that if it is a reprehensible principle of action, each one must reconcile it with their own sense of propriety. If successful in the pursuit of wealth, as success is a duty, there is no cause of reprehension; if unsuccessful, as in nine cases in every ten, the success of the tenth may be pleaded by the nine in extenuation of their overzealous pursuits for wealth.

Ten years ago, this country was excited from center to extremes, by the discovery of gold on the Pacific coast, and as report succeeded report apparently more fabulous than real, hundreds of thousands abandoned their legitimate callings, accustomed fields and native hearths, and braved the dangers of a journey through an inhospitable clime and a home in a new land, that they might acquire a fortune such as their course of business did not seem to promise.

It may be well to enquire what proportion of the California adventurers have been successful. The amount of gold realized has reached two hundred and fifty millions in ten years, or an average of twenty-five millions per annum, which divided equally among the population as estimated, would not exceed seventy-five dollars each per annum, a small sum when we consider that gold digging was the only industrial, producing business for more than half the period of time named, as it is now to a great extent. If a correct estimate could be made we do not believe it would show that California has paid one dollar per day for the actual labor performed within its limits since the first discovery of gold in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, a sum not as large as labor has commanded in manufacturing, mechanical or commercial pursuits in this section of country during the same period. But the California fever has abated and a new field for excitement is opened; a new gold mine is discovered. The Kansas Nebraska Bill has drawn bad blood which is now to be staunch. The blood of the martyrs has been coined into gold, and "Pike's Peak" raises its snow capped hills only as a Beacon to beckon on the weary traveler of hope to the golden fields at its base. Whether or not there is gold there, to any extent, is, in our opinion, yet to be demonstrated. We have seen none, neither have we heard of but small quantities, too insignificant in value to turn the heads of a hundred thousand of sober, industrious, well off and well to do citizens in that direction. We fear thousands will find, when too late, that they have been deceived—that the golden fields are lost in golden dreams. But we will pursue the subject no further, and give place to the following communication:

MR. EDITOR:—I learn it to be the intention of several citizens of this vicinity to visit "Pike's Peak" in early spring. The recent advice from that section of country, lightly considered may lead them to hope, even to expect, their enterprise to be liberally rewarded. To those I commend the "sober second thought" bearing in mind the axiom that "all is not gold that glitters." I have been upon the frontiers—have visited the rich prairies of Kansas and Nebraska, of Iowa, the plains of Illinois, the cultivated fields of Missouri, and have read glittering promises from the south fork of the Platte, and I was inspired with a degree of enterprise leading me to abandon New England for new fields of labor and a new home—possessed of a stout heart, muscle trained to labor—destined by the sweat of my brow to earn bread, and possessed only of sufficient "scrip for the journey," of all these places I should select a home upon the west bank of the Missouri, in northern Kansas or southern Nebraska, as far richer in promise for a happy future than the gold fields of the farther west. The adventurer may ask what, if there is gold to be had for the mere "bagging" do you advise against going to the mines? I answer from my knowledge of the frontiers and the sources of your information I would not advise a man to go to the gold mines unless he has time for an excursion, and money unless sufficient to bear expenses, for the reasons, first, that I have seen nothing yet to satisfy me that gold is so abundant as to be sufficiently remunerative for the expense of the journey, the vicissitudes, hazards and hardships to be encountered; and secondly, because a person can for the money, do better by squatting upon the first vacant quarter section he reaches between the Kansas and Platte west of the Missouri. This will cost him comparatively little, and if he will cultivate the soil as diligently as he would dig for gold at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in three years he will find himself an independent husbandman, with a farm that will command from five to ten thousand dollars according to his proximity to steamboat navigation or a railroad. But if you to the gold mines you must, there is no harm in calculating the chances of gain, putting out of sight the hardships to be endured. What are they? Those mines are not of recent discovery, it is the agitation of their richness which is new.—A year ago last November the Nebraska papers attempted to get up an excitement, but the Utah difficulties eclipsed for a time the gold field, and the excitement gave way to the great interest felt in Brigham Young. Next came the gold discoveries in Iowa, which are too recent to demand comment. But there is gold in Kansas, and according to the best current evidence from the most reliable and least interested sources, a hard day's labor will pro-

duce the skillful miner from \$1 to \$2 per day. This is the prospect before the adventurer, drawn from a respectable witness, as we will show. The citizens of Nebraska City on the 4th of January extended congratulations by a public reception to Mr. Majors of the firm of Majors, Russell & Waddell, the contractors for carrying supplies to our army in Utah, on his return from the mountain. Mr. Majors composed the conscientious element of the firm and in a speech on the occasion referred to in alluding to Pike's Peak, he said—

"In the vicinity of the mines he had conversed with several persons who had been there.—The country had not been sufficiently 'prospected' to test its full capacities for gold. Where miners had washed they had made from one dollar to two dollars and fifty cents per day. Every pan full of dirt taken up and washed had some gold in it."

Such is doubtless as flattering as the truth warrants. Mr. Majors, after referring to the mode of traveling on the prairies says he "decidedly prefers oxen to either mules or horses for the inexperienced traveler," and concludes by saying that—

"In his opinion, people would not be justified in the present state of information in breaking up a household to try the gold mines."

If, after fully understanding the prospect, you are inclined to make the venture we have no hesitation in saying to those who can afford it, the journey will be novel and exciting. On the route you will doubtless come in contact with several Indian tribes, including many "braves," "chiefs," and squaws—filthy and loathsome. You will also encounter herds of buffaloes numbering tens of thousands, and deer and elk in any numbers. Determined to go, the quickest and most economical route is by rail to St. Joseph, which lies seventy-five miles above Leavenworth, and is now only 28 hours distance from Chicago. Here buy your outfit, including every necessary article for amateur gold hunting, and take the trail of the mail coaches, which runs from St. Joseph to Salt Lake, via Ft. Kearney and the Platte valley. Whoever goes to the mines and back again we have no doubt will find himself if not wealthier, a wiser man for the journey, and more contented after it.

As to the time for starting, it will be unwise to leave here before the 20th April. The prairie grass will not get sufficient growth for grazing till the first of May. The trains of Majors, Russell & Waddell last spring, which was an unusually early spring, first left Leavenworth the last of April, and Nebraska City not till the 6th of May. The exigency required their leaving with supplies as early as possible, and although ready by the 20th of April were compelled to wait the time of leaving as above, on account of the insufficient growth of grass for feeding till that time. There is no reason for believing this season will be earlier than the last.

GREEN STORY.—What a queer story is this, in the New Haven paper. One Kraus, a German living in that city, says that while passing through the streets very early on Monday morning, a man before him picked up a package, which proved to be broken, and out of which gold coins scattered plentifully on the snow. He rushed forward and they both gathered up the gold, the stranger getting the greater portion, and Kraus about \$150, mostly \$1 and \$2,50 pieces, which he has shown to his fellow workmen.

A BATCH OF LIBEL SUITS.—A Mr. Allan M. Sherman has brought three suits for libel against the N. Y. Times, and one against the proprietors of the N. Y. Tribune. The damages in each case being laid at \$50,000, making \$200,000 in all which he desires to receive as compensation for injuries done his character, by various publications relating to legal proceedings in which Mr. Sherman was a party. If he gains all of these suits he is a rich man.

PLEASANT FAMILY RELATIONS.—On Thursday the police of New York found a man lying on the sidewalk in Fifth street, with several severe wounds on his head, which were bleeding profusely. He was taken to the station house, and so far recovered as to be able to be carried home next morning. He refused to divulge the cause of his injuries, saying it was a family affair, and that he had no complaint to make.

FRIGHTFUL LEAF.—In New York, on Friday night, Martin O'Hearn, while intoxicated, made a murderous assault upon his wife, when the latter seized her babe, rushed to the roof of the house, and leaped from the parapet to the pavement, a height of three stories. Her leg was broken, and she was otherwise injured, but her child was unharmed.

DROGHER.—A farmer who had recently sold out, was drugged and robbed of \$150 in Bangor last Thursday. His name is Levi Bagley, and a young man named O'Mara and Mr. Mangen were arrested for the crime.

DESTITUTION AND SUICIDE.—A young German in New York, becoming disheartened for the want of employment and something to eat, committed suicide on Saturday night of last week.

A SPOILER PROSECUTED.—The "clerk in one of the Pittsfield banks," who has been prosecuted for seduction, is the teller of the Agricultural bank. The name of the victim not stated.

THE STAKE AND THE CHURCH.—It is stated that Bishop Fitzpatrick is negotiating for the National Theatre at Boston, for the purpose of changing it into a Catholic church.

BILLIARD MATCH.—The great billiard match between Michael Phelan and John Serrieter, for the championship of America, is to be played at Detroit, April 12th.

STEAMERS AND SAILING CRAFT ASCEND HUDSON RIVER AS FAR AS POCKKILL. Above that point the sleighing is excellent on the river.

A paper out West has for its motto, "Good will to all men who pay promptly." Devoted to news, fun and making money.

SINCE A DECEASED OF A LOVE AFFAIR.—The denizens of a locality in Detroit, almost within a stone's throw of Campus Martius are greatly excited by an event brought to light within a few days, the details of which would afford a delectable feast for the lovers of scandal. As we betray no confidence in the matter, we will present a brief statement of the affair.

About a year since, a young lady of about twenty came from New Albany, Indiana, to this city, where she has since resided in a family with whom she is connected. She is possessed of more than an ordinary share of personal beauty, but not being in affluent circumstances, she has been much of her time engaged in sewing for some of the clothing stores in the city. A few weeks after her arrival she was thrown into the society of a young man, an acquaintance of the family. The acquaintance ripened into mutual esteem, and ultimately into a matrimonial engagement.

The wedding day was fixed, and the innocent girl looked fondly forward to the day which was to make her the happy bride of him upon whom she had lavished the priceless wealth of her affections. But alas! "the course of true love never did run smooth," and she was doomed to a most crushing realization of the truth of the aphorism. A few evenings since a letter addressed to her betrothed, came by accident into her possession, and as the superscription was in a well known hand, she thought no harm could result from perusing its contents. Judge of her feelings upon finding the dreadful fact therein revealed, that her betrothed was guilty of a heartless seduction, and that the victim was no other than her own aunt! who, perhaps for obvious reason, had absented herself from the city!

The young man, it is said, was seen in Toledo, on Saturday last, and will no doubt pay a visit to the "sunny south." The unfortunate young lady is in a state of mind bordering upon frenzy.

CATCHED IN HIS OWN TRAP.—The Oconomowoc Free Press relates a remarkable occurrence which took place in Erin, Washington county, Wisconsin, on the night of the 1st of February, and the particulars of which are derived from a reliable source. The town treasurer had collected most of the taxes, and had the money in his house. In the afternoon he told his wife he was going to a distant part of the town, and would not be back till the next day. That evening a pedlar well known in the vicinity, and who had been in the habit, when in that place, of stopping at the treasurer's house, came along and as usual put up his team and retired to bed. In the night three men, disguised, entered the house, and two of them seized the woman and threatened to shoot her if she made any noise. The pedlar was aroused, came out with a revolver, fired and killed one of the robbers on the stairs, when the other two instantly fled. A light was procured, and upon examination, the treasurer's house, found to be the town treasurer's house. There is quite an excitement in the neighborhood, and strong efforts are being made to discover the two accomplices.

A WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN SOLD FOR FIFTY CENTS.—A man named Shipman, residing near Phillipsburg, N. J., one day last week sold his wife and two children to a man named Lewis for fifty cents, and his furniture to the same man for a coat—thus disposing of the whole interest in the concern for five dollars, more or less. Shipman was arrested a short time since and imprisoned for some offense, and during his stay in jail his wife proved false, cohabiting with Lewis, the man above referred to. Hearing of her conduct Shipman determined to set out his guilty wife, together with his whole interest in what was in the house, and on Saturday night struck a bargain with Lewis, the conditions of which are given above. It is suggested that Lewis bought everything very cheap except the wife.

MORE SLAVE TRADERS INDICTED AT THE SOUTH.—The Grand jury at Savannah, Ga., have found two bills against Selons & Mores, consignees, and Cassineras, captain of the barque Angelita, seized there on suspicion of being fitted out for the slave trade. This is a good beginning, and if a jury can now be found to convict them on evidence, it will appear that the Georgians have still some respect for law.

HORSE KILLED.—On Saturday evening, in Roxbury, Moses Rieker was driving a span of horses attached to a sleigh through Washington street, and when in the vicinity of Ashland place another sleigh came in contact with his team and one of the shafts struck his off horse, the end passing into his body near the heart, killing him instantly. The horse was valued at \$200.

A YOUNG LADY CHAWED BY A TIGER.—A young and interesting girl, aged 15 years, went to the rehearsal of the circus company in Centlowill street, in Philadelphia, with a younger brother who was engaged in the performance of Cinderella, and took some liberties with the wild beasts in their cages behind the scenes. She patted the lions with impunity, but on attempting to caress a Bengal tiger the animal seized her arm and attempted to make a meal of her. The beast was made to let go his hold by the application of a pitchfork and a crowbar, but her arm had been so badly bitten that amputation was found necessary.

FUN ON A LAKE.—They are to have three days of trotting on Butterfield's Lake, Redwood, Jefferson county, N. Y., commencing on the 23d instant. Among the novelties "not enumerated in the bill," is a match against time, of a Stag Ock. He is to be driven in harness, the same as a horse, and is to trot his mile in 3:30. Fifty dollars on the side is the bet pending. He is to perform the feat one of the three days of the races which the parties may agree upon.

ANOTHER VICTIM.—The English man-of-war (Mendon) on board of which Mr. Francis Key wrote the undying lines of the "Star Spangled Banner," while a prisoner on her decks, and while she, among others, was engaged in the attack upon Baltimore, is now permanently moored in Hong Kong. She is "an old hulk" now. Then she was in the van of an attacking squadron.

AN INDIGESTIBLE MEAL.—J. B. Ham, Esq., of Lewiston Falls, Me., slaughtered a cow a few days since, in whose upper stomach were found ten or twelve single nails, several lath nails, a piece of a board nail, four or five pins, a tin button, two or three small buttons, a quantity of gravel stones of considerable size, and two small pieces of gold which appeared to have been parts of a bosom pin.

BURNED TO DEATH.—A little child of Mr. Maxwell, of Wilbur, Ulster county, N. Y., was recently burned to death. It was playing with its sister a girl of five years, during the absence of its parents, and approaching too near the fire, the flame communicated to its clothing. It was about three years old.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

REV. LUCIA M. BOLTWOOD, librarian of Amherst College, will preach in the Baptist Church to-morrow.

LARGE PIG.—Mr. C. P. Fay of Monson slaughtered a pig only ten months old which weighed when dressed 385½ lbs. averdupois—a whopper—either pig or story.

NEW MILLINERY SHOP.—Mrs. C. P. Collins is about to re-establish herself in the millinery business, in this place. She opens rooms next week in the McGilvray block next west of M. W. French & Co.

POLICE.—Alexis Wade of Ludlow has been sentenced to the House of Correction, for drunkenness, for thirty days, on complaint of his father. He was mulcted in about \$20 for a like offense some three months ago, on a trial before Justice Collins. Tetotalism is the only safety for a man of his appetite.

M. W. FRENCH has associated with him in business JOHN GAMWELL, under the name and style of M. W. French & Co. Mr. Gamwell is favorably known as a young man of strict integrity and good business qualities, and we congratulate him upon the favorable auspices under which as a business man he enters upon the "tide of life." Success attend him, and may he ever remember the true merchant's maxim—"Integrity is the soul of business."

PRESENTATION.—Several members of Rev. Mr. Vaill's church have presented Dr. Wm. Holbrook a splendid edition of the Holy Bible, and a silver cup, as a tribute for his services as leader for several years of the church choir. The ceremonies accompanying the gift occurred in the vestry last Sabbath evening. Dr. Vaill delivering a written address, to which Dr. Holbrook briefly and extemporaneously replied, promising to bear in grateful remembrance the donors, and accept the "Holy Bible" and its precepts as a guide to his feet and a lamp to his path. Query—What is he to do with the cup?

UNFORTUNATE.—A lady, young and pretty, belonging in Monson, where her parents reside, left that place some four months since for an unspecified section of western New York. She returned on Tuesday evening from Syracuse, bearing in her arms unmistakable evidence of her "indiscretion" some three months of age. She stopped at the Nassawanno for a day or two, sending word to her parents of her misfortune. Her father, H. B. B., did not come to meet her here, but her mother hastened with a mother's love to forgive her erring daughter, and receive her back to a home she had left a few months before, heart broken and in despair.

A CASE OF INHUMANITY.—On Saturday afternoon last the selectmen of Lenox brought a man to the Monson Almshouse, dying with consumption. In ten hours afterward he was a corpse. The expense of bringing the man from Lenox to Palmer must have been at least ten dollars—about the sum it would have cost to buried him decently in Lenox. Yet for fear he might live long enough to be a greater expense to the town he was hurried off to be buried by the State. This is but one of many instances of a similar nature that have come under our observation. It would be well if some of the great amount of law-making in regard to State paupers had in view the ends of humanity as well as rigid economy.

SLEIGH RIDES.—The good sleighing, pleasant skies and full moon of the week have been improved by our citizens quite generally.—On Tuesday our village was fairly besieged with parties from Wales and Stafford, and the Antique beleaguered. First came a party of forty couples from Wales, and just as they grew merry, their right of possession was disturbed by an invasion of some sixty couples from Stafford, headed by a brass band. Friend Shaw as a landlord is *au fait*, but his house has its limits, and an incursion of some over two hundred guests was a charge he was unaccustomed to meet. Like a good general he at once proclaimed martial law, and then turned his attention to the mutinous in his own camp. The Wales party claimed possession of the hall by priority of settlement—the Stafford by the power of numbers, which after a brief conflict and a few soft strains from the band was successful. Wales surrendered with grace and Stafford celebrated its victory with becoming magnanimity, and all asperities of feeling were silenced by the good cheer and smiling face of the landlord. The parties at last became quite merry, and separated about 4 o'clock Wednesday morning after several treaty stipulations for a joint occupancy of the premises should they chance to meet on another such occasion.

On the same day, a number of our own citizens who had made arrangements for a ride to Ware, but were disappointed on account of the appearance of rain, sat down to a most sumptuous entertainment prepared by mine host of the Nassawanno. We were prevented from being present, but learn the table was *recherché*, the company gleeful and happy, and the music and the dance kept up till the short hours of night.

STILL ANOTHER.—A company of sixty-five couples from Brimfield took possession of the Antique Hall with music, and colors flying, on Wednesday. It was the sleigh ride of the season. Their occupancy was undisturbed by any contending party, and with Shaw's entertainment, a good band of music, dancing and their own affluent social powers, if they were not happy for a time we are at a loss to know where happiness is to be found.

Two companies from this town, one for Holland, the other for Springfield left on Wednesday. We haven't seen them back again, and now while we write the sleighing is *loving* under the influence of a genial sun, reminding us of a coming spring, the singing of birds, of buds and blossoms, when the merry month of winter is succeeded by the merry month of May. So time flies.

A remarkable instance of providential compensation happened at Perkienon bridge, Pa., the other day, when a lady lost two children by the measles, and gave birth to twins the evening after the funeral.

Communication.

MR. EDITOR:—"Zenias," a correspondent of your excellent paper, is out in the last issue with an onslaught on "endless punishment." Now sir, while reading the article, a thought came to my mind, and with your permission I will put it in the form of a query to Zenias, who appears skilled in theology, and can doubtless throw light upon the subject. Nothing is more evident to the most common observer than the fact that there are many persons in a community who take no pleasure in the worship or praise of God their Creator and final Judge; in fine there are those who do not love God. Friend Zenias, in your theology, where will such appear in the world to come? *Dic bona fide.* Soeirs.

WARE RIVER RAILROAD.—We understand that the Charter for this Road, will be suffered to expire by consent of its officers. It is now nearly 8 years since this valley road was chartered, and nothing has been done since toward building save keeping alive the charter at the expense of a few individuals. It is now thought best to let it expire to be revived in case the Palmer and Southbridge Road is ever built, as the advantage to be derived is much greater, as that route would lessen the distance some miles, and be a great saving in the lessening of curvature and grade. May it be done.

HARDWICK.—On Saturday, 5th inst., Mr. Thomas Ellis of Hardwick was chopping in the woods, and in falling a leaning tree, it struck him on the hip, crushing him instantly to the ground. But for the timely aid of his son, and A. J. Harwood he would have perished. He was carried home nearly insensible, greatly injured. He has recovered somewhat, and it is thought he will survive, but cannot out-grow the injury received.

TERRIBLE RECORD OF ACCIDENTAL DEATHS IN THE MINES.—The San Joaquin Republican estimates that the number of persons killed by accident in the mines of California, amount to four hundred, or more than one a day during the year, and the number of those injured at some five or six hundred. The number of violent deaths in that time, exclusive of mining accidents, has not been far from three hundred, in addition to some three hundred or more Indians who have been killed. The destruction of life by accident and violence, in some mining districts, exceeds the total loss by all natural causes.

\$3000 LOST.—Some time since a Cuban lady lost a roll of money amounting to \$3000 in the Girard House, New York, and it is supposed to have been picked up by a colored man named Henry Moore, Henry purchased new clothes, stating that he had drawn a lottery prize, and made tracks for Canada and the West, where he has been travelling in a state of great splendor. He returned to New York Monday and was arrested and locked up for examination.

A CURIOUS ELOPEMENT.—A Mrs. Cherry, a married woman—a ripe cherry she was, being 35 years old—eloped one day with a youth of seventeen summers named Barney Small. The bereaved husband pursued them to Albany and caused their arrest. He then had a talk with his wife and agreed to give her \$25 a month spending money if she would return. She refused to go unless he also took Barney, and this being finally agreed to, the party returned to Rochester rejoicing.

PERISHED IN THE MOUNTAINS.—The overland mail brings intelligence that about Dec. 1, Mr. West Luce and two others left a house on Walker's River, with the intention of crossing the mountains through the Mono Pass to Mariposa, California, since which time the party has not been heard from. A snow storm fell upon the mountains about that time, and it is reasonable to suppose that they perished in the snow. Mr. Luce has a family in New Bedford, Mass.

ENTICING AWAY SLAVES.—The captain of the ship Fanny Forrester has been arrested at New Orleans on the charge of enticing away slaves. The ship was watched, and two negroes were seen going on board of her. The police boarded her and found one of the negroes—a woman in man's clothes—in the cabin. The captain and negroes were taken to the calaboose.

RAPE.—An aggravated case of rape by an old man of sixty, the father of a respectable family, upon a girl of 11 years of age, has come to light in Holyoke within a week. The man is in jail, but the Mirror, which publishes no names, says he will probably be dispatched to some less civilized country, and the matter hushed up without gaining further publicity.

BUILDING IN MILFORD.—In Milford, during the past year, thirty-four dwelling-houses, eleven stores, two first class boot shops, 100 feet by 40 feet, four stories high, twelve barns, and two large school houses have been erected. Every house in the town is occupied, and some of them crowded with tenants.

ADMISSION OF OREGON.—Oregon was admitted to the Union by Congress as a free state last Saturday. In the House the only members from Massachusetts who voted yes were Messrs. Comins and Thayer. Among the nays are Messrs. Buffinton, Burlingame, Chaffee, Gooch, Hall, Knapp and Davis.

WAXED ENDS.—In one of the schools of New York, last week, a mischievous urchin took an opportunity to deposit soft wax on the benches of all the boys, and on the chair of the teacher. It wasn't long before the school room was as full of "waxed ends" as a shoe maker's shop.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.—A large Sabbath school convention was held at Belchertown on Thursday last, Amherst alone being represented by about two hundred of her little ones and teachers.

A remarkable instance of providential compensation happened at Perkienon bridge, Pa., the other day, when a lady lost two children by the measles, and gave birth to twins the evening after the funeral.

A BANK ROBBERED AND THE CASHIER MURDERED.—On Thursday evening last week about 8 o'clock, Mr. George Miller, (cashier or teller,) of the Union Bank of Tennessee, at Jackson, called at the Gates House and inquired if Mr. McKnight, the President of the Bank, had returned on the evening train from Memphis.—On being answered in the negative he left the hotel and went in the direction of his room, which adjoins the bank.

The next morning he did not appear at breakfast, nor was the bank open at the usual hour. His unusual absence alarmed his friends, who made diligent search for him. Failing to gain intelligence of him, it was determined, after dinner, to force the door of his room. On entering they found his coat and hat. They then passed through a door which led into the bank, where they found him murdered in the most shocking manner. He was seated in a chair, resting on his left side on a table, with the check-book before him and the pen still grasped in his hand. He had been struck twice with the cancelling hammer—one blow having been given on the back of the head, and the other on the right side of the head.—Two or three leaves had been torn from the check-book and either destroyed or carried away. The bank was robbed of some \$16,000 in coin, and a very considerable quantity of small coin left scattered over the floor. The murderers unbarred the front door and passed out and pulled the door after them. As yet no arrests have been made, nor has any one been even suspected. Mr. Miller was a very worthy and exemplary young man, and was always exceedingly careful not to admit any one into the bank at improper hours. From the fact of the check-book being on the table, it is probable some one gained admittance under the pretext of getting a check.

NINETEEN SEVEN HOURS WITHOUT FOOD.—On Tuesday week, a prisoner in the Alton, Ill., Penitentiary, for insubordination was sent to his cell. After being sent there, it was ascertained that the desperado had a knife, whereupon he was ordered to strip in his cell, leave his clothing on the floor, and come out. This he refused to do, and he being well known as a desperate character, it was considered a hazardous undertaking to enter his cell for the purpose of searching him. The Superintendent accordingly gave orders that food should be withheld from him until he should come to terms, and it was not until the expiration of about nineteen-seven hours, upwards of four days, that he became so weakened as to give up the prolonged contest. He was immediately carried for, and a large knife was found upon him.

RESULT OF SPIRITUALISM.—Nelson J. Hume of Vanda, N. Y., has been arrested and taken to New York city for trial on a charge of rape committed upon Mrs. Mary H. Morrill of Newburyport. Mrs. Morrill makes affidavit that while she and her husband were boarding in New York, eighteen months ago, she was developed as a trance medium, while sitting in a circle with Hume; that on one occasion after going into the trance, she awoke and found herself upon her own bed and Hume at her side; that a child was born to her afterwards, which her husband repudiates, and of which she believes Hume is the father. Hume denies the charge, and says it must have originated in the diseased imaginations of Morrill and his wife.

MURDERERS SENTENCED.—The Toronto (Canada) Assizes terminated on Saturday last, and three unfortunate men were sentenced to be hanged on the same day. James Fleming, the youth who stabbed Thomas Madigan, in Toronto; William Hughes, an old gray-headed man, who killed Robert Ramsey, his brother-in-law, at Aurora; and John O'Leary for the murder of Kelly, at Georgina, were brought to the bar before Judge McLean, and were sentenced to be hung on Friday, the 4th of March.

SETTLED.—The long pending church quarrel in South Amherst was settled by referees, R. A. Chapman of Springfield and William Hyde of Ware, last week. The congregational society had split and the question was which organization, the old or new, should have the meeting house. It was given to the new, on the condition that it pays back to the members of the old two-thirds of the money they contributed to its erection, whenever they demand it.

FIRE IN LONGMEADOW.—The dwelling house of Sanford Lawson of Longmeadow was totally destroyed by fire about 11 o'clock, Sunday night. Most of the furniture and other contents were saved. The building was valued at \$1500, on which there was an insurance of \$800 divided between the Fire and Marine, and the Mutual offices of this city.—*Republican.*

FAR AWAY CRIME.—Catherine Steinmann has obtained a warrant for the arrest of a prominent merchant of New York, whom she accuses of seducing her, at a hotel in Switzerland, by a promise of marriage. She followed him to New York, where she gave birth to a daughter at the almshouse.

GAS EXPLOSION.—An explosion of gas occurred in the fire engine house of Company No. 4, of Hartford, Conn., on Thursday morning, shattering the building and blowing out the windows. Several members of the company were in the building at the time, but no one was hurt.

A FEMALE FUGITIVE.—A well-dressed woman in Trenton, N. J., was arrested on Thursday for drunkenness and fighting. She blackened the eyes of two men, knocked another flat, and the services of several officers were required to arrest her.

ANOTHER SOUTHERN SLAYER.—Private advice from Jacksonville, Fla., state that a vessel left that port a few weeks ago for Africa, to take in a cargo of slaves; and that a brig sailed the day previous to meet her at sea and transfer the cargo.

VERMONT STATE FAIR.—At a meeting of the Directors of the Vermont State Agricultural Society, held at Burlington on the 3d inst. it was voted to hold the next annual fair at Burlington, on the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th of September.

THE SOBER ONES.—Hall's Journal of Health states a somewhat significant fact, if it be, indeed, a fact, viz: that of the 6000 persons tried last year before the New York Court of Sessions, only 94 were sober when arrested.

ANTI TOBACCO.—The Hampshire County East Association of Congregational ministers have passed a resolve that "the raising of tobacco is an immorality."

RELIGIOUS INSANITY.—A young lady of Ipswich has been sent to the Worcester Insane Hospital, a raving maniac, caused by attending revival meetings.

A COSTLY SIDEBOARD.—A Boston cabinet firm has made a fifteen hundred dollar sideboard for Paris.

The Palmer Journal.

PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

No. 1.—A pair of little quadrupeds,
Transposed them, and you'll find,
The lords of ocean, or the air,
For disciplining minds;
Or that which cheerless midnight hour,
Or glides the flag-staff high;
Now test your transposition power,
And for the answer try.

No. 2.—I am a word of 4 letters. Take off my hat, and you have something which you do every day. Take off my head, and you have a preposition. Leave off my head and put on my hat, and you have something used before a door. Entire and taken backwards, with two middle letters transposed, I am a very convenient thing. I myself, am often eaten.

No. 3.—Of a word of one syllable, make a word of three syllables, by the addition of a single letter.

No. 4.—Why are Cashmere shawls like a deaf person?

No. 5.—Why was Daniel like Nebuchadnezzar's image?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.
No. 1.—The rat carried away one ear of the farmer's corn and two ears of his own each night.
No. 2.—His age was 3.
No. 3.—SIX.
No. 4.—IX.
No. 5.—Jail birds.

Communication.

Effects of Truth.

The effects of truth and manner of its reception are as varied as human character.—The good man humbly receives it, and rejoicing in it, is made free indeed. It is the joy of his heart, the comfort of his life, and is rich in surer of strength in the hour of death. If that he deems error crosses his path he feels called by duty to meet and endeavor by kind, Christian means to overcome it. If he succeeds he is rewarded by knowing "that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins." If he fail to convince of error he is repaid for the effort by a desire to establish truth. And if, perchance, his own opinions may have been wrong, so seeing, and desiring to know the truth, he will rejoice in that attempt which resulted in his being "brought from darkness to marvelous light." Whatever phase may be presented, the Christian always feels to encourage searching after truth. But not so it is with him whose heart is planted in the empty forms and vain imagination of men. The baffled villain perceives the truth with a howl of rage and fiendish expression. The unprincipled pettifogger hears it with chagrin, muttering curses deep, though perhaps silent. The scribes and pharisees heard the truth proclaimed by our Savior, only to be incited to take his life, and this because the angel said of him, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people," and because He taught, "The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost." "I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." Such teachings were directly opposite to the views of the scribes and pharisees. It ill suited their pompous pride to be told, "the glad tidings of great joy were for all people." They believed salvation was for a party only, and it was their pride of "pride of place" to believe themselves the favored ones of the poor, oppressed, and down-trodden, and were directly told by Him "to such as I come," they rejected Him and finally put him to death.

In these latter days are found the representatives of the scribes and pharisees, ever ready to pounce upon and destroy any one who may presume to believe the great truths of revelation in a different light from themselves. Especially vindictive are they if one dare in a public manner express his thoughts. He is selected as a mark at which to hurl all the malice of their hatred-laden hearts. Thus retaining the main points of character possessed by their exemplars, for with pharisaical tone, and we fear, heart, they seek to kill his influence and smother his desire for light.—While it may be equally galling to the pride of modern pharisees as to those of ancient times, it is equally true in their case "Ye must be born again." They have so outraged the nature which God endowed them, that they bear little resemblance to the kind, affectionate, charitable being He designed them for.

ZENAS.

My Mother.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I know not if my mother's eyes
Would find me changed in slighter things;
I've wandered beneath many skies,
And tasted of some bitter springs;
And many leaves, once fair and gay,
From youth's full flower have dropped away—
But as those looser leaves depart,
The lessened flower gets near the core.
And, when deserted quite, the heart
Takes closer what was dear of yore,
And yearns to those who loved it first—
The sunshine and the dew by which it bud was nursed.

Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?
Am I remembered in my home?
When I love for joy am met,
Does some one wish that I would come?
Thou dost—I am beloved of these?
But, as the schoolboy numbers o'er:
Night after night, the Pleiades,
And finds the stars be found before—
As turns the maiden off her token—
So, till life's silver cord is broken
Would I of thy fond love be told.
My heart is full, mine eyes are wet—
Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost wanderer yet?

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

A SAD, BUT TRUE STORY.

A few weeks ago we published a paragraph in relation to the eloquent of Harlow Case, who was collector of the port of Sandusky, Ohio, under Mr. Fillmore. He ran away with \$34,000 of the public money and the beautiful wife of one of his clerks. Nothing was heard from them till a missionary from Ohio found them as below described in Ceylon, the woman dying with remorse. After her death Case started with her little daughter for England, intending to send her to her heart-broken father in America, but on the 19th of last July, on the stormy waters of the Indian Ocean, she died and was buried in the deep, deep sea.

"What thought the spire breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

Curiously enough, I was just repeating this stanza, when my new acquaintance called for me. I had met him while on a visit to Ceylon, as a countryman of mine, and was pleased with the opportunity to know him.

I thought myself fortunate in falling in with so agreeable a gentleman, and considered his face and manners peculiarly refined. On our second meeting I noticed a singular carelessness of the handsome dark eyes, an irritable biting of the lips, and a disposition to be constantly on the move, shown in the tapping of a light bamboo cane, or the motion of foot or hand.

These things, however, did not strike me as singular at the time, but coupled with what I afterwards learned, were certain evidence that the man already felt the gnawings of the worm that never dies.

One forenoon we left the little seaport town where I was sojourning, and rode a short distance into the interior of the gorgeous island. Most glorious were the surroundings on every hand. With a prodigality quite undreamed of by the inhabitants of a colder climate, nature had showered her most exquisite floral gifts everywhere. Trees loaded with sweet smelling flowers, their intense colors vying with the foliage of richer green, from out of which they smiled; tall cacti with their crimson, goblet-shaped blossoms; lilies, gorgeous in the queenly unfolding of form and color—everything rich, lavish, wonderful, met our eyes, feasted to fullness with this tropical luxuriance.

"That is my house," said my friend, pointing to a low-roofed cottage, surrounded by a wide verandah, from whose clinging vines, sweet odors were flung upon the soft atmosphere—but from the moment the words were uttered, his geniality departed.

"Surely," thought I, here is a paradise, if only love be not wanting."

Within the cottage enclosure were walks, bowers and fountains. Chaste statuary, dispersed over the grounds with most charming effect. The house seemed almost a fairy structure, rising in the midst of flowers and foliage. And the man who sat beside me, whose smile mounted no higher than his lips—the dreamy, far-looking discontent in his eye growing every moment more perceptible—was the owner of this Eden-like home.

We were met on the threshold by a lovely child of some eleven summers. Her hair hung in ringlets. Her eyes were particularly lustrous, yet mournful in their beauty, and on the young brow I seemed to see a something—a shadow of sadness—an unchild-like quiet, as she greeted my new friend.

Dressed in pure white, she glided in before us, and to her was left the duty of entertaining me; while Mr. C., excusing himself in the remark, that sickness necessarily called him away, for a half-hour or so, left the room.

Ah, thought I, there is always some ill. This man whose manner to me seemed uneasy and at times constrained, hears upon his heart the dread, perhaps, that a beloved wife may die.

"Is your mother very unwell?" I asked of the little girl, who, with those shadow-filled eyes of hers, was regarding me, gently, but attentively.

"Yes, sir, mamma has been sick a long time," replied she, dropping her eyes, while her lips trembled.

"Did you come from America?" she asked timidly, after a long silence.

"Yes, my dear. Do you know anything of that country?" I returned, growing more and more pleased with her expressive face.

"Only that mamma came from there, and I think," she added, hesitatingly, "that I did. But Mr. C. will never let me talk about it."

"Are you not then the little daughter of Mr. C.?" I asked, somewhat astonished.

"I am my mother's daughter," answered the child, with a grave dignity unusual in one so young—and a minute after she arose and quietly left the room.

I sat watching her white robes flitting thro' the long shady walk opposite my window, and knew that the child brooded over some dark sorrow, for her eyes were filled with tears.

Why was it, I questioned myself that painful thoughts took possession of me as I sat there? It seemed as if I were sojourning in an enchanted spot, and that some horror was suddenly to break upon me.

At my side, nearly covering a beautiful table of letter-wood, were several costly gift-books. I took them up carefully, for I have a reverence for books—and turning to the fly-leaf of a splendidly bound copy of Shakespeare, read

"To Mary Frances F.—from her devoted husband—Henry E. F."

A thrill of surprise and anguish ran from vein to vein. My thoughts seemed paralyzed. The truth had burst upon me with such suddenness that the blood rushed with a shock to my heart.

I knew Henry E. F., had known him intimately for years. He was a friend, towards whom all my sympathies had been drawn, for he had seen such trouble as makes the heart grow old before its time.

His wife, whom he loved, had deserted him. She had taken with her his only child. She had desolated a household; and forgetting honor, shame, everything that pertains to virtue and to God, had fled from the country with the man whose arts had won her wanton love.

How could I remain under this roof that now seemed accursed? How meet the destroyer of virtue, the fiend who had revelled in such a conquest?

For a moment or two I strode up and down the room uncertain what to do. The child entered the apartment just then. How my heart bled for her. Sweet, innocent! she had been made in some sense a partaker in the consequences of this wickedness—a sufferer and a victim, through one whom she called by the holy name of mother. Did she remember the injured father about whose neck in the holy hours of the past, her arms had clung so lovingly? Alas! to cloud a child-life with bitter, heart-breaking memories, never, never to be blotted out this side the gate of death!

God forgive me, if in my feelings of desperation, hard, unkind thoughts towards the erring, kind Christian charity from my soul! I could only think of the evil they had done not what they might suffer through the tortures of remorse. It was some time before the seducer came into the room where I still sat with the child, determined to meet him once more before I left the house.

O! how guilty! how heart-stricken his appearance! Remorse sat on his forehead—looked out of his eyes—spoke when he was silent.

"Will you come to dinner?" he asked. I hesitated. Should I partake of his hospitality; the hospitality of one of those fiends in human shape whose steps take hold on hell? I knew his guilt—why delay to declare it? Why not at once, in burning words upbraid him for his villainy, and flee as from a pestilence his sin-cursed house? The man noticed my hesitation. He could not, of course, interpret its cause. As he repeated his request, the look of distress upon his face, excited a feeling of pity, which for the moment slightly disarmed my resentment, and under the influence of this feeling I passed into the dining room.

"I am sorry little Nellie's mamma," (I was glad he did not dare to use the sacred name of wife)—"is not able to sit down with us," he said.

"It is many months since we have had her presence at our meals. She is suffering from the effects of a slow fever induced by the climate," he added, gravely, as he motioned me a seat before him.

The table glittered with silver-plate. Obsequious servants brought, on the most costly servers, delicacies such as I had never seen before.

But, the skeleton sat at the feast! I could not talk, save in monosyllables. My host sat hastily—almost carelessly—waiting upon me with many abrupt starts and apologies.

Wine came. He drank freely. Soon he sent the little girl and the servants from the room, and seemed striving to nerve himself to conversation.

"You are from—city, I believe," he said nervously.

I answered an affirmative.

"Did you ever know a gentleman there by the name of—L. E. F.?"

"I knew him, sir," I said sternly, looking him steadily in the face, and I knew him as a ruined, heart-broken man."

With an ejaculation of anguish, he put his handkerchief to his eyes. It would have seemed hypocritical, but the suffering on his face was unmistakable.

"Perhaps you have suspected then,"—he began in a quivering voice.

Not calm, but with the words of an accuser, I told him what I had seen, and that, and felt.

"Sir," said he, in tones which I shall never forget, "if I have sinned, God in heaven knows I have suffered; and if in F's benevolence, he has cursed me, that curse has been fulfilled! Poor Mary is dying—has been dying for months, and I have known it. It has been for me to see the falling step—the terrible struggles of her nearly worn out frame; it is for me to listen to her language of remorse; that sometimes almost drives me mad."

Yes, mad—mad!—he said in frenzy, rising and crossing the floor with long, hasty strides. Then, burying his face in his hands he exclaimed, "Too late—too late—I have repented." There was a long pause, and he continued more calmly, "No human means can now restore my poor companion. Her moral sensibilities become more and more acute as she fails in strength, so that she reproaches herself constantly."

A weary, mournful sigh broke from his lips, as if his heart would break.

"O! if he knew," he exclaimed again, "if he knew how bitter a penalty she is paying for the outrage she has committed upon him, he would pity her, and if it could be forgiven."

"Will you see her, sir?"

I shrank from the very thought.

She has asked for you, sir; do not deny her request. Hearing that you came from America, she entreated me to bring you to her. I promised that I would."

"I will go, then."

Up the cool, wide, matted stairs he led me, into a chamber oriental in its furnishing, its chaste magnificence.

There, half-reclining in a wide, easy chair—a costly shawl of lace thrown over her attenuated shoulders; the rich dressing-gown, clinging, and hollowed to the ravages sickness had made; her thin, transparent fingers clasped and interlaced; sat one whose

great beauty, and once gentle gifts, had made the light and loveliness of a sacred home.

But now! O pity! pity!
The eyes, only retained their lustre; they were woefully sunken. The blazing fire kindled at the vitals, burned upon the sharpened cheeks, burned more fiercely, more hotly, as she looked upon my face. I could think no more of anger—I could only say to myself, "O! how sorry I am for you!"

She knew probably, by her husband's manner, that I was aware of their circumstances.

Her first question was, "Are you going back to America, sir?"

The hollow voice startled me I seemed to see an open sepulchre.

I told them it was not my intention to return at present.

"O! then who will take my little child back to her father?" she cried, the tears falling. "I am dying, and she must go back to him!—It is the only consolation I can make—and little enough, O! little enough, for the bitter wrong I have done them."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she added a moment after, checking her sobs; "I hoped that you might tell him that his image is before me from morning till night, as I knew he must have looked when the first shock came. O! sir—tell him my story—warn, O! warn everybody. Tell him I have suffered through the long, long hours, these many weary years; ah, God only knows how deeply."

"Mary, you must control your feelings," said my host, gently.

"Let me talk while I may," was the answer. "Let me say that since the day I left my home, I have not seen a single hour of happiness. It was always to come—always just ahead—and here it is what has come—the grave is opening, and I must go to judgment. O! how bitterly I have paid for my sin. Forgive me—O my God, forgive."

It was a solemn hour, that which I spent by that dying penitent. Prayer she listened to—she did not seem to join—or, if she did she gave no outward sign. Remorse had worn away all her beauty, even more than illness.

She looked to the future with a despairing kind of hope, and but feeble faith.

Reader, the misguided woman of Ceylon lies beneath the stately branches of the palm-tree. Her sweet child never met her father, in her native land. She sleeps under the troubled waters of the great wide sea. Where the betrayer wanders I cannot tell, but wherever it is, there is no peace for him. How often rings that hollow voice in my ear—"O! my story!—O! my story!—O! my story!"

Ah! it is true, that so certainly as the wife forsakes the duty that she has with sacred vows taken upon herself, just so surely shall the curse of God follow her—just so surely will the soul seek for some place of rest, and seek in vain—IN VAIN!

O! heart—wrap thyself in the white garment of virtue, and let no profane hand defile thy purity—for God hath said—He will not let the wicked go unpunished.—Watchman and Reflector.

RESPIRATION AND VENTILATION.—A person inhales 300 feet of air in twenty-four hours. The inhaled air should contain one-fifth oxygen. At every inhalation a portion of the oxygen penetrates the vascular membrane of the lungs, and unites with the blood, which at the same time, emits a certain amount of carbonic acid gas, which unites the air to be respired a second time. There is passing from the skin and the lungs, more than two pounds of waste matter in twenty-four hours. This is diffused through the air in the room, and if this impure air be not changed, it will be inhaled into the lungs. Let the air become vitiated, whether from the abstraction of oxygen, or excess of carbonic acid gas, or the saturation of the lungs and skin, and it will have a deleterious effect on the system, by rendering the circulating fluid, (blood), impure. For this reason, in workshops, churches and dwelling houses, impure air should be permitted to escape. This is of more importance than the warming of houses. We can compensate for the deficiency of a stove by an extra garment, or an increased quantity of food; but neither garment, exercise, nor food, will compensate for pure air. Every room should be so constructed that pure air can be admitted freely, as impure air tends to weaken and destroy the system. The impure air of sleeping rooms is probably as ruinous as intemperance.

AIR AS A STIMULANT.—The exciting and stimulating properties of pure oxygen are well known, and every one has felt the invigorating influences of fresh air, yet no practical application has been made of the beneficial properties of a substance so cheap and universal. When the body is weak, the brain fatigued, and the whole system in a state of lassitude, just go into the open air, take a few vigorous inspirations and respirations, and the effect will be instantly perceived. The individual trying the experiment, will feel invigorated and stimulated, the blood will course with freshness, the lungs will work with increased activity, the whole frame will feel revived and nature's stimulant will be found the best.

RESPECT FOR THE LAW.—An English paper tells a good story of a clergyman, who having received a public document, which was ordered to be read in all the churches, and which was a particularly obnoxious to the people, very shrewdly told his congregation that though he had positive orders to read the declaration, they had none to hear it—they might therefore leave the church. They took the hint, and the clergyman read the document to empty pews.

WANTED TO HELP ALONG A LITTLE.—A citizen who was a moderate drinker was sought by a temperance agent to affix his signature to an abstinence pledge. He declined, giving various reasons, at last however, he finished by observing: "Well, I'm willing to subscribe a little to help you along; put me down for six months."

Quoth Patrick, "If a Yankee were cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up next mornin' an' go round sellin' maps to the inhabitants."

The weathercock, after all, points to the highest moral truth, for it shows a man that it is a waste time to strive.

ORIGINAL.

Beauty in Perfection.

TO MISS **** OF BRIMFIELD.

How shall the muse describe the spot
Where perfect beauty's found?
It is a task I envy not,
The brightest bards around.

For beauty shines through nature's vast
Unsearchable domain,
And beauties all around are cast,
Which minds cannot contain.

There's beauty in the starred sky—
The sun—a world of light,
Unto the philosophic eye,
Displays his beauties bright.

There's beauty in the adder's eye,
And in the serpent's tongue;
There's beauty in the panther's cry,
And in the lion strong.

What beauties rush upon the eye,
And contemplation sweet,
To view the countless flowers that lie,
Spread out beneath our feet.

Once sickness chained me to my bed,
And death-melancholy was nigh;
And joy and hope together fled,
And stranger's passed me by.

O! then a ministering one,
Beaut o'er my painful bed,
She seemed as sent from Heaven's throne,
On purpose me to aid.

She watched me morning, night and noon,
With parental care,
And often did she kneel to join,
With me in fervent prayer.

She gave me fruit from Ceylon's isle,
And Cuba's fruitful plain;
Her well-tuned voice did me beguile,
In pure seraphic strains.

And then she read Montgomery's soft
And soul-inspiring lines;
Whose seemed to bear my soul aloft,
Where God in glory shines.

And when my strength and reason came,
Joy beamed in her blue eyes;
Thanksgiving from her sweet lips came,
Ascending to the skies.

"Go, stranger, go in peace," she said,
"Adieu to thee, dear maid,
Is that thou lend the sick thine aid
With an unsparring hand."

We parted, yet I cast around
A lingering look behind,
For perfect beauty there I found,
In her perfect mind.

Moulton, Feb. 6th, 1853. QUINCEBROOK BARR.

Visit to a Powder Magazine.

The precautions in visiting powder magazines in Europe are greater than in this country, where the "free and equal rights democracy" would hardly submit to such rigid rules as are there enforced. It would be considered quite condescension enough on the part of an American "sovereign," particularly one of the Young America school, to throw away a lighted cigar. He would have to do something more than that before gratifying his curiosity in some of the stores of powder in some of the fortresses on the other side of the water. The Tribune gives a case in point. A friend visited a large fortress in the northern part of Holland, and being the son of an old soldier and an artist, in pursuit of objects of interest to sketch with his pencil, he was permitted to look into the powder magazine, where more than a hundred thousand pounds of powder were stored. The strong stone building was fenced around with a strong wall, outside of which was a little ante-room, where the applicant for admission entered and rapped upon the wooden door with a wooden knocker, when a little wicket opened up its wooden hinges, and the keeper showed his visage, and demanded his pass. This being all right, he was directed to pull off his boots on the further side of the room, the wooden floor of which was kept free from all possible sign of dirt. Then, after brushing his stockings, and dusting all his garments, he was furnished with a pair of cloth slippers, and then put through the course of questions that were tied up with "red tape" at the "war office" in the time of his great-grandfather.

"Do you smoke?" Then leave your pipe and tobacco, and your flint and steel, and tinder.

Each of these articles had to be deposited separately so as to be sure that the flint and steel should not by any chance get together, although a hundred feet from the powder, and behind two thick stone walls. Happily our friend had none of these inflammable articles.

"Have you any knife, key, or article of steel?" He had, and was required to lay them away carefully in separate places.

"Have you any gold, silver or copper coins?" Fortunately, although a travelling artist, he had some of these useful accompaniments of a traveler. He was required to show what he had and make a special deposit, without retaining a single red.

"Have you any other piece of metal, flint, glass or mineral of any kind about you?" If so, you must leave them behind.

Having gone through with all the "formalities," the door opened upon its "noiseless wooden hinges, and the 'safe visitor' was permitted to enter the court-yard, which was crossed upon a path of anti-friction material to the wooden door of the magazine, which he entered, and walked up and down with noiseless tread between the long rows of powder casks piled tier on tier, in quantity sufficient to destroy a many lives and as much property as the late great explosion at Havana.

"You are very particular," said the visitor to the keeper, "to avoid all possible chance of accident."

"We simply obey the rules," he replied.

"How those rules do need amending and adapting to the present age of the world," thought our friend, just at that moment, as he drew his handkerchief from his pocket and applied it to his face, more to hide any change of his countenance than for any other purpose, fully satisfied with what he had seen, and expressing a wish to retire, and without wasting time, making a decided movement toward the door.

"Here," thought he, "under the rules, they have divested me of every harmful less copper, lest I might carelessly drop one upon the floor and ignite a grain of loose powder. They have questioned me, as they did an old Dutch burgomaster a hundred years ago, about my habit of smoking, so as to take away my flint and steel. They have ordered me to divest my pockets of all metallic substances, lest by some possible mischance some

of them should ignite. Fortunately they allowed me to retain my cambric handkerchief, and in feeling in my pocket for that, I discovered the box of friction matches that I use to light my cigars. I think I will retire, resume my coppers and my keys, my watch and finger-rings, put on my boots, and give the customary coins to the attendants, and go away quite satisfied that I have conformed to all the rules, and have visited a powder magazine with a box of friction matches in my pocket. It is all right; but, thank Heaven, I am now on the outside of the outer wall."

Homes at the West.

NEW TOWNS—IMMIGRATION FROM NEW ENGLAND.—REV. L. BOLLES, JR.—Among the new towns which have been commenced in Iowa this year or have received a new impetus to their growth, may be enumerated Sand Spring, in Delaware county, and Farley in Dubuque county. The former has been settled mostly by people from Massachusetts, whose purchases were made last spring through the agency of Rev. L. Bolles, agent of the Exodus Colony. There is no union of pecuniary interest in the settlers beyond the combination for the purchase of the land and town lots. Several thousand acres were procured for five dollars per acre, a part of it laid out in town lots and the balance in small farms for immediate cultivation. The town is upon the line of the Western Railroad, thirty-seven miles from Dubuque. The locality was well selected, and its present and future citizens will thank Mr. Bolles for his sagacity in forcing the advantages he has secured for them.

In his second visit to the West, Mr. Bolles purchased about three thousand acres at eight dollars per acre, including a part of the town of Farley, a station on the Dubuque and Pacific Railroad, twenty-four miles from Dubuque. This purchase, amounting to \$25,000 is quite as fortunate as that of Sand Spring and the benefits thus obtained for those who receive the lots and lands will be equal to a good profit upon the investment at the outset, as these purchases are probably better than any other that have been made in the West this year. The farm lands at Farley have been re-surveyed under the direction of Mr. Bolles by W.R. Hopkins Esq., and a beautiful map representing them made by Mr. Batty.

We welcome such men as Mr. Bolles and that class of people whom he induces to settle in Iowa. They bring with them the enterprise and intelligence of New England mind, and establish here the virtues of New England character, and we hope that during another year we shall receive thousands of New Englanders to aid in building up our towns, to cultivate our prairies, increase our prosperity, and share with us the numerous advantages that are offered by the West at this time to the hardy, honest immigrants.

Mr. Bolles made still another purchase, a short time since, of a large tract of land, timber and prairie, well watered and situated, we understand, a few miles southeast of Sand Spring. He had this re-surveyed also before he returned to the East, and a new settlement will be made there next year. Mr. Bolles gave this prospective town the name of Banks.

The favor Mr. Bolles thus confers upon our State has already made him well known to the press and the people at the East, and we hope he will continue to operate as the efficient and philanthropic agent of those who look westward for a field of labor, and for the comforts of future homes.

The Secretary of the Emigrant Association informs us that the first letter written in the line of his duties after the organization, was an invitation to Mr. Bolles at Ware, Mass., to visit Dubuque, and examine the selections he had in view for such purchases as were understood to be wanted. One of these was the neighborhood of Sand Spring.

The honest, correct and reliable information which has been given through the agency of this Association, by its publications and otherwise, will, no doubt, bring a large number of people next year to Iowa. Other publications are ready for the press and we trust the Association will continue its efforts to give such information to all persons intending to migrate to the West as will be more and more appreciated by those who make Iowa the place of their new homes.—Dubuque, (Iowa), Paper.

ASSOCIATED IMMIGRATION.—If we were going to emigrate to the far west, for the sake of getting a cheap farm, we should endeavor to go with a company, who would at once occupy a township and establish the institutions of social life. In this way not only are the hardships and deprivations of isolated emigration avoided, but an immediate pecuniary gain is realized in the greater value of the land. If a hundred families scatter themselves about on the government lands, it may be many years before the means of education and religious worship, and the comforts of civilized life grow up to them. If on the contrary the hundred families locate together, they form at once the center of a community, to which others will be attracted, to the advantage of the original settlers in every respect.

We had occasion more than a year ago to allude to the scheme of L. Bolles, Jr., of Ware, to promote organized emigration to Iowa, and we are gratified to learn that his Exodus colony No. 1, which is located at Sand Spring, is flourishing, and that the original settlers of the land have already greatly appreciated, notwithstanding the general decline at the West last year. Mr. Bolles now has two other colonies in

The Palmer Journal.

SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1859.

The Republic of Hayti.

The flight of Souloque from Hayti to Jamaica in a British vessel, and the accession to power of Geffard, the mulatto, again restores the Haytian Republic which Souloque cast away in 1849, when he usurped the imperial power. Souloque is an ebony negro, with more vanity than brains, and with less good sense than a Yankee boy of fourteen. He was born a slave and belonged to a French planter. He joined the army during the negro insurrections at the close of the last century, and gradually rose till 1847, when he became President of the Republic. The next year he came out and declared himself Emperor, under the title of Faustin I. He established high-sounding titles for his officers, created orders of nobility, and issued proclamations of a magniloquent style, on the most trivial affairs. His officers and nobles were decked with gaudy pieces of ribbons and colored feathers. One was titled "His Grace, Duke of Lemonade," and another "His Highness, the Duke of Marmalade." He aped the French court in every particular in his power. If he heard that Louis Napoleon had created a new title of honor, or established a new institution of any kind, immediately the African Emperor issued a verbose proclamation announcing the establishment of a similar title or institution in Hayti. His only commendable qualifications are energy and perseverance. Some years ago he desired to acquire Dominica, but having poor success in schemes of conquest, an armistice was concluded for three years. He was about to commence hostilities again upon Dominica, when disturbances in his own petty empire arose, the result of which is seen in his hasty flight and the restoration of the Republic. Foreigners in the island have much hope in the new ruler, believing that he will seek to educate the negroes, rather than flatter them with gay finery and high-sounding titles. The population of the island is 750,000, a small, and the most intelligent portion, being mulatto. This portion has now succeeded to power, as intelligence is always sure to do though numerical strength is against it. With a well administered government, Hayti may be almost as productive as Cuba. Our government has never recognized the existence of Hayti as a Republic or empire for fear it would have a bad influence upon the slaves of the south. Perhaps, however, it is from a dread that a black, greasy negro from Hayti will present himself at Washington as minister from the Haytian court. That would be rather unsavory to southern Congressmen and President Buchanan, but if they like the African odor so well down South, why cannot they stand a little of it at Washington?

The New Gold Region.

The excitement in regard to the Kansas gold mines is stimulated by every fresh batch of news from those regions. Companies are forming all over the New England States to go out in the spring, one of which will go from Springfield. The Nebraska Advertiser of Feb. 4th, says that an old California miner just from the mountains, pronounces the Cherry Creek mines equal to any in California. Those now mining under many disadvantages, are making from two dollars to twelve, and often fifteen dollars per day—five to thirty-three cents per pan. Gold is found from the surface down to bed rock, a depth averaging fifteen feet. The only difficulty at present is the want of water, but as companies have already organized to furnish this needed element, it is thought no trouble will hereafter be experienced. Plaster of Paris abounds; Pike's Peak is thought to be principally composed of it. Wild game is abundant. The Indians are perfectly quiet, and no danger need be apprehended from them.

The same paper states that those who till now have doubted the reliability of the news, are preparing to depart, and large parties from the East are arriving. Before a twelve month has passed the indications are that another new State west of Kansas will demand admittance into the Union.

A private letter received from the interior of Wisconsin says there is great excitement there about the gold in Kansas, and that one hundred men from one town are making arrangements to start for the mines some time in April, with ox teams, carrying their own provisions and tools.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY.—Last Tuesday, 22d, was the birth-day of Washington, and it was celebrated in many places with "Mount Vernon Festivals," to aid in buying up the place where his bones rest. There was one of these festivals in Springfield. There is a degree of propriety in celebrating the birth-day of Washington, and the reason it has not been more generally observed is a wonder.

STATE OFFICERS IN OREGON.—The following are the officers chosen under the Oregon State constitution; they will assume their functions immediately after the receipt of the news of their recognition by Congress: Governor, John Whitaker; Secretary of State, Lucian Heath; Treasurer, John D. Boon; State Printer, Asaheel Bush. All Democrats.

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.—About one o'clock Monday morning, a gang of ruffians forced an entrance into the house of a widow woman in Mulberry street, New York, and successfully outraged her person. The cries of the woman attracted an officer, who succeeded in arresting two of the wretches. The others escaped.

A PARSON IN TROUBLE.—Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs, pastor of a colored Presbyterian church in Albany, N. Y., has got into trouble with his wife, who accuses him of the crime of adultery with a colored woman, and has applied for a divorce.

VERDICT IN A SLANDER CASE.—In the slander case, at Pittsburgh, Pa., mentioned by us a few days ago, the plaintiff got a verdict for \$1500. This case should serve as a warning to malicious gossipers.

CACUOT.—Jones, the defaulting cashier of the Colchester Bank, Ct., has been caught at New York and is now in prison at Norwich.

Letter from Boston.

Washington's Birth-Day.—Some feeble remarks on dress.—Burning of Russell's Bakery.—Great social occasion.—Our Public Institutions.—The Legislature, and several odds and ends relative hereto.

I write this on Washington's Birth Day, with the sounds of military music striking, with martial tone upon my ear. The day is beautiful, and thousands crowd our streets and public promenades, drinking in the healthy air, and enjoying themselves. Ladies are in the majority—well dressed and over-dressed. I question if fashionable extravagance ramifies the general population of any city to the extent it does that of Boston. It would seem that nothing but silks, and these of the most gaudy and expensive description, deserve the terrible expansion which is demanded by *erminology* as cultivated here. The same rotundity is assumed by a lady four feet in height as by one six feet, and proportions are hugely inconsistent therefore; but this is a matter, my better half informs me, that I ought to know nothing about, and she adds that if I persevere in this line of remark, I may be very apt to exhibit a deplorable ignorance of the physiology of fashion, which is too respectable a science to be lightly handled. So, friend Journal, thus enjoined, I let *erminology* roll, I was about to say *slide*, but ballooning has nothing to do with the sliding process.

The great subject of conversation in town to-day is the origin of the burning of Russell's mechanical Bakery, a couple of weeks ago. The Inquest, and the verdict of the jury, of course you have seen. Opinions are greatly divided as to the suggestions of the evidence. I may not even specify what is said, or what is defended. The case is a bad one in whatever shape it is viewed, and in whatever manner it may result, character must be sacrificed. It seems almost incredible to me that any one could impute blame to the owner of the building, whose loss from the fire is proved to have been at least \$18,000.

The "Tiger's Ball"—The "Mount Vernon Ball," and the second grand blow-out of the Sons of Vermont—noble fellows, all of them—are the great local social features of the coming three weeks. Capt. Rogers of the Journal is at the head of the former affair—all the world and the rest of mankind seem to have a hand in the second matter—and Gen. John S. Tyler, one of the most popular men in Boston or anywhere else, is the leading spirit among the Vermonters. Grand times are ahead.

As opportunity has offered, I have visited some of our principal public institutions, jails and almshouses, and from what I could observe, have found them severally well managed, and the inmates furnished with as many comforts and privileges as circumstances and the authority granted the Superintendents can allow; and I regret to hear that there is an exception to this rule in the case of one of our most important charitable institutions, which prudence hinders me from specifying further. Our legislative labors you will find, of course, fully recorded in the Boston papers, and I merely allude to them in order to say that they will probably conclude—for the present session—in about a month hence. A session will be held in autumn to arrange the codified statutes, to which will be imparted such changes and additions as the existing session shall make up, and, to our laws.

There will be some music, I think, before the session is wound up. "Slavery up and run!" will have to be overhauled some; otherwise I mistake the determination of certain parties who design that the dominant party shall be forced to uphold or repudiate its favorite theory on these subjects. The silence of Gov. Banks on the slave question, will provoke this process, as there are men among the Republicans and Americans in the Legislature, and of course among the Democrats, who are rather anxious to give His Excellency an opportunity to endorse some of his heretofore more radical anti-slavery opinions, and let his friends throughout the Union, who may favor his claim to the Presidential nomination, have a chance of knowing his mind.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A young man named James Talbot was accidentally shot while hunting at Putnam, Conn., on the 5th inst. While setting a trap, one of his guns dropped and struck the hammer of the other, which was leaning against his side, with force enough to spring the lock, when the gun was discharged, and the contents entered his right breast, killing him almost instantly.

A TERRIBLE PICTURE.—In New York there are 6000 public prostitutes most of them between 15 and 25 years of age, and one half have given birth to children. After entering upon their life of degradation they do not average more than 4 years before disease carries them to Potter's field. Nearly all of them drink liquor and swear. The annual expenditures in the business of prostitution is more than seven millions of dollars.

MOUNT VERNON.—Ann Pamela Cunningham, Regent of Mount Vernon, announces that \$100,000 have been paid towards the purchase of Mount Vernon, and the Association has \$15,000 invested. Two payments have been made this month—\$5,000 on the 5th, and \$10,000 on the 11th—thus leaving but \$16,666 of the second installment of \$41,666 due on the 22nd of February, 1859.

HOUSES AT THE WEST.—We would call attention to the articles on first page under this head. Mr. Bolles is now at Ware, where he will remain, till May 1st, to give information in relation to the places spoken of or give deeds for farms and building lots. He is disposing of the latter at the rate of three or four a day.—First come first served, every man has his pick.

MURDER OF AN INFANT.—In Fall River, Monday evening last, Edward Reardon, living in Pearl street, while laboring under delirium tremens, and in the act of abusing his wife, kicked his infant child, from the effects of which it died shortly afterwards. The murderer is under arrest.

A bill has passed the House of Representatives of Ohio, making seduction a penitentiary offense. As the law now is, the only penalty on conviction of this crime is the payment of such pecuniary recompense as may be awarded by the jury.

CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.—Some nights since the house of Mr. Zimmerman in Clark's Valley, near Lykens, Pa., was destroyed by fire, and three children perished. The rest of the family were away on an evening visit.

LIGHTNING IN FEBRUARY.—On Tuesday evening of last week a negro man belonging to R. D. Taylor in New-Orleans was struck by lightning, and instantly killed.

Small Paragraphs.

—The snow and sleighing are about used up. Occasionally we notice a man on runners, but such sights are getting rare. In all probability the season of sleigh-riding is ended for this year. Bare ground shows its face to welcome the genial sun, and we all begin to feel anxious for the return of Spring.

—A man in Wales, 75 years of age, has just broken off the use of tobacco which he has chewed for 55 years. It required as much decision of character to do that as it would to tunnel Hoosier mountain.

—The firemen of Hartford mistook the northern lights Tuesday evening for a fire, and turned out en masse to find after an unsuccessful run towards the north pole, that the fire could not be reached.

—An old lady nearly 90 years of age, went 30 miles to hear Beecher lecture at Westfield one evening last week. She was determined to hear him before she died, and she did.

—The Mendota Press says that two citizens of that town have recently lost their wives by elopement, and that the customary salutation in the streets, instead of "How do you do, sir?" has become, "Is your wife safe this morning?"

—Here is the touchstone of friendship: "He ought not to pretend to friendship's name, who reckons not himself and friend the same."

—Gov. Banks has been presented an elegant gold watch by the workmen in the watch-manufactory at Waltham.

—They have a committee in the Pennsylvania Legislature which is very appropriately entitled the "Committee on Vice and Immorality"—they have charge of the business of licensing rum shops.

—The factory operatives in Fall River have been notified that their wages will be advanced on the first day of next month.

—They had a dance the other night at Madison, Wis., for the benefit of the church. The Sentinel supposes it was a religious movement.

—Andrew N. Damrell, son of William S. Damrell, member of Congress from the third district has been appointed Cadet at West Point.

—The Edgartown Gazette advertises for a young lady to teach skating in that town. What a chance for some of the ice-fairies.

—The carpet factory at Greenville was entered by a burglar on Tuesday night, and about \$50 worth of carpeting stolen therefrom.

—Rev. Mr. Seely's American Chapel at Paris has failed. So says an exchange, but we don't exactly see how a "Chapel" can fail.

—A new Polish waltz has been invented, in which each gentleman holds in his hand a glass of wine and whirls around with his partner without spilling it.

—We are on the last days of winter. Spring is at hand and though we shall experience a few more snow squalls and freezing days, the warm sun will not be long in bringing birds and flowers.

A MURDERER ATTACKED BY INFURIATED WOMEN.—At Lynnville, Oregon county, Ill., a few days ago, a shoemaker named Ozias G. Elliot was arrested on the charge of having murdered his wife, whose body was found buried under mysterious circumstances, and whom he had always greatly ill-treated. While the coroner's jury were holding an inquest on the body, the prisoner was attacked in the hotel where he was in custody, by a number of infuriated women who tore out his hair and handled him so roughly that his life was in danger.—He was then locked up in an upper room by the officers, to keep him from the fury of the women; and while there he jumped out of the window and escaped.

DANGER OF CATS SLEEPING WITH CHILDREN.—A small girl, seven or eight years old, on the night of the 27th ult., came pretty near losing her life by a cat, at Galesburg, Illinois. Her mother heard a strange noise which awakened her; she hastened to the bed where the child was lying, and found the cat with her mouth close to the child's mouth.—At first they thought the child to be dead, but they soon perceived it seemed to catch for breath occasionally. After two or three hours she was restored to consciousness, but has been very stupid and unwell since.

ARRESTED.—A youth of 17 years, named Savage has been arrested at Norwich, Conn., for robbing several houses and stores. He was detected by having taken the liberty, after breaking into a house, the family being absent, of taking the key with him, and making his lodgings there several nights in succession. When arrested he had not removed any thing, but had packed up plate and valuable articles, to the amount of several hundred dollars, which he designed to remove the next night.

A NEW RELIGIOUS SECT.—A new religious sect has sprung up in the vicinity of New Bedford, as we learn from the Standard. Among their peculiarities is, that the minister salutes the sisters with a kiss. The writer says he recently saw a brother kissing the sisters with an unctious, and warning their husbands to flee from the wrath to come. We should think this course would bring wrath less distant than the future world.

A WEIGHTY MAN GONE.—A jolly oysterman named Asher A. Skillings, died in New York on Saturday last of disease of the liver. At the time of his death he weighed 678 pounds, and the fat on the abdomen was 16 inches in depth, and on the chest seven inches. His liver weighed 16½ pounds, and the heart two pounds 7 ounces. The deceased was unmarried, only 39 years of age, and a native of Portland Me.

NOVEL ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—A lady at St. Paul, Minnesota, who had become unsettled in her mind from anxiety in matters of religion, attempted self-destruction by drinking boiling water from a tea-kettle. Medical aid was immediately summoned, and, although severely injured, she was at last accounts recovering, and her mental delusions had vanished.

WIFE BEATEN.—A few nights ago, John Warner, who lives in Springfield, brutally beat his wife, her own son holding her the while. In order to escape she jumped through a window, carrying sash and all, and thus escaped.

DIVORCED.—The Territorial Legislature of Kansas has granted a divorce to Mr. and Mrs. Edward O. Coburn, parties in the famous Coburn and Dalton case, tried in Boston.

Wendell Phillips before the Legislature.

Wendell Phillips appeared in the House of Representatives on Thursday last week, to address the committee on Federal Relations in support of the petition asking for a law to prevent the recapture of fugitive slaves. The speech is reported entire in the Boston Bee, and is worthy of perusal. We can imagine how Phillips stood there, as stern as a Roman Senator, and in his effective manner plead in arguments not easily refuted for the poor fugitive. He was less radical in his ideas than usual, but no less severe in his denunciations of the fugitive law, or clear in his exposition of rational law, or impartial justice. Phillips never says dry things. He deals in ideas, truths and arguments. He told the representatives that if they believed it wrong to allow slaveholders to catch slaves in Massachusetts, and did not legislate against it, they did not act conscientiously, and they had better put on their hats and go home. His speech was frequently interrupted by applause. He closed as follows:

It is no answer to my request to say, that you will hedge the citizen with such safeguards that none but a real fugitive can ever be delivered up. That is not the Massachusetts we want, and not the Massachusetts we have a right to claim. If the South has violated the Constitution repeatedly, atrociously, for her own purposes,—to get power in the government, to perpetuate her system, to control the nation,—we claim of you that you should take the right which that violation has given you. We claim of you that you should give us a Massachusetts worthy of its ancient name.—We claim of you that you should listen to our petitions, and give us a State that is not disgraced by the trial, in the nineteenth century, in the midst of so-called Christian churches, "Is not man a chattel?" We will not rest until it is decided as the law of the Commonwealth, that a human being, immortal, created by the hand of God, shall not be put upon trial in the Commonwealth to show that he was not legal property. It shall not be competent for the courts of the Commonwealth to insult the civilization of the nineteenth century by asking that question, or making it the subject of evidence and proof. I ask you, then, to give us a law which shall be tantamount to this,—the moment a man sets his foot in Massachusetts, he is free against the world! (Loud applause.) He shall not be tried upon any issue involving his right to liberty. The fact that he lives, breathes and speaks,—this is evidence that he is a freeman under the Constitution of 1780. (Prolonged applause.)

THE WIND ON A BENDER.—Last Sunday night from the threatening West, the wind sprang up from its cloudy nest, and down the mountain and over the plain, it headlong rushed with might and main. It clattered the shingles, creaked the signs, rattled the windows and slammed the blinds; and its terrible roar in the distant wood, was like the voice of a multitude. All night long and the following day, the wind kept on in its fearful way; reeling, rollicking everywhere, down in the street or up in the air. It encountered a man with a broad-brimmed hat—tipped him over and laid him flat; then with his beaver, soft and nice, it danced and played o'er the slippery ice. The man got up and began to swear, while the wind whistled through his streaming hair; then started off for his fleeing tile, in a race that lasted at least a mile; and the last we saw of the man or hat, the latter went up, and the former went flat. A lady rigged out with wide-spread hoops, made of steel and bone and ropes, was bro't to a stand at a corner block, where her modesty met with a terrible shock. Her silken folds like a large balloon, started up towards the moon; and then there followed a crash of steel, and a singular sight which made one feel like giving utterance to great surprise, and putting his handkerchief over his eyes. But around the corner, across the ice, away went lady and all in a trice. So all day long old Boreas blew, whistling, howling, as he flew, doing some things not over polite, but doing just as was his delight, or just as anybody would do if endowed with the wind's prerogative to blow up everybody when it chooses.

NOT THE FIRST.—The frightful maiming of Miss Noble, by a tiger, at the Circus in Philadelphia, is not the first accident of the kind which has happened upon the same spot.—Several years ago, when a menagerie was located in this building, a huge elephant became enraged and killed one man and injured others before he could be subdued. The fury of the animal was such that a field-piece was brought to the front of the building in readiness to fire upon him in case of his escaping. Dr. E. K. Kane was among those who brought the beast to terms finally.

ROASTED HUM.—The Cleveland, (O.) Plaindealer says that on the 14th inst. the body of an infirm old negro named Boyd, was found near that city roasting over a blazing lime-kiln. His companion having become tired of him on account of his age and incapacity to support himself, had taken this means of getting rid of him.

SOLEMN PLACE FOR A WEDDING.—Mr. Barr and Miss Ripley were married at Spring Hill, Va., a few days since, in a room where the bride's father, who died that morning from consumption, lay a corpse. That day having been appointed for the marriage, the lady insisted upon the fulfillment of the ceremony.

A FATHER OF MANY CHILDREN.—There is now living in the town of Florida, Mass., a man who is the father of 24 children, by two wives, who were sisters, one of whom is now living. Nineteen of the children were born in Florida. The old gentleman is 70 years of age, and good for ten years more.

WAR IN EUROPE.—Every steamer brings intelligence of preparations for war in Europe, in which France, Italy, Austria and England will be involved. France is concentrating her troops as though preparing for a vigorous campaign, and the tone of the English press seems to indicate unavoidable hostilities. It may be, however, only a tempest of wind.

THE VAGRANTS OF PHILADELPHIA obtain commitments to prison for thirty days, and then sell them for three cents to comrades who desire to go to prison more than they do.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

BREAK OF THE WIND.—During the high wind of Monday the tin roof of one of the Duckville company's tenements blew off.

REV. H. R. NYE (Universalist) will preach to-morrow in Antique Hall at the usual hours of church service.

LADIES FAIR IN MONSON.—The ladies of the Methodist Society at Monson propose holding a festival in the vestry of their church, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings next.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—It may be late in the day to mention it, but it is stated for truth, that Joseph Ramsdell of Warren, aged 84 years, one day last August raked 1200 bundles of oats in five hours.

NEW LONDON AND PALMER RAILROAD.—At the annual meeting for the election of officers, on Wednesday, last week, W. R. Storrs was re-elected Superintendent, and T. W. Williams was re-elected President.

THE LAST SLEIGH RIDE.—The little folks, to the number of a dozen couples, took a sleigh ride last Saturday. They felt as happy, if not more so, than the older boys and girls who had been on runners before them. They wound off with a supper and a jolly time at the residence of Mr. Trumble on Pleasant street.

SNAKE OUT OF SEASON.—A few days ago Abner Shaw of Powers' Corner, while out fox hunting discovered a peculiar track in the snow. He followed it until he came upon a large black snake, which was lively enough to resist the attack he made upon it. He killed it, however, and found the "serpent" to be seven feet long.

RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday a horse attached to a buggy, in which was a little girl named Hannah Cutler, was left for a few moments standing on South Main street. The girl attempted to start the horse along a little when he set off upon a run, and turned the little girl out and broke the wagon. Besides getting covered with mud and being severely frightened the girl escaped injury.

ACCIDENT ON THE AMHERST AND PALMER RAILROAD.—Last Tuesday as the down train from Amherst was passing the bridge over the canal at Three Rivers, a freight car ran off the track, taking with it the baggage and passenger cars, the latter being nearly full of passengers.—The track was badly torn up, some of the timbers of the bridge broken, and a freight car badly damaged. The passenger car came within a few inches of being precipitated into the canal. No one was in the least injured except Mr. Abercrombie, the baggage master, who received a few slight bruises.

DRAWING THE REINS TIGHT.—The participation of members of a church in a sleigh ride and its accompanying amusements, was made the subject of discussion among the grown up members of one of our Sunday Schools, last Sabbath. A few of those who didn't go to the ride, and lost a good time in consequence, rolled up their eyes in holy horror at the idea that others, associated with them under covenant rules, should be so wicked as to enjoy themselves a little with a nice ride, a good supper, and a social time generally! It was really awful. One of the offending party defended himself and others with a liberal spirit and christian feeling. He saw and countenanced all that the sleigh-ride party did—and he saw nothing that his own conscience told him was wrong. This was frank and manly, but not satisfactory to the sticklers for rigid propriety, and the matter was referred to the judgment of a long-experienced member. The result has not yet transpired.

This forcibly brings to mind an occurrence which happened in this town at a sleigh-ride six years ago. The pastor of one of our churches and his young wife were with the party. At the hotel where refreshments were provided some of the company commenced dancing. The wife of the pastor, who had never seen such amusement, went into the hall to witness it, while her husband sat down to a game of backgammon. These two crimes (!) became known to those who are constantly on the alert to point out the notes in the eyes of their brethren. Grave deacons shook their heads and old women with mysterious gestures whispered in private corners. Was there ever such a thing heard of? The pastor retreated before the gathering storm—asked for a dismission, and the society lost one of the best pastors it has ever had. How true it is that sharks grasp at little fish while large ones move by unmolested. Gossiping and backbiting, whether in the church or out of it, are the work of the devil and not of Christianity.

NARROW ESCAPE.—It has often been predicted that the heavy glass sky-lights over the Representative Hall in Washington, were not sufficiently secure. Early on Tuesday morning, from some unknown cause, a heavy pane fell from the sky-light upon the desk and chair of Mr. Nichols of Ohio, who had a moment before left his seat.

ANXIOUS FOR WAR.—President Buchanan is out with a message asking the privilege to make war upon Mexico or some of the South American republics in case they don't toe the mark. The President is acting to distinguish himself in some warlike manner, and having failed to get permission to pounce upon Cuba, he is now turning attention to less glorious fields of enterprise.

A DEEP INTEREST.—The religious influence pervading the congregation of the Methodist church on William street, Baltimore, on Sunday last, was such that the services were protracted from 11 o'clock in the forenoon till 5 in the afternoon.

COURT OF DEATH.—Peal's famous painting of the "Court of Death," has been purchased by a western speculator for \$20,000. He intends to have it engraved and the engravings colored, and one hundred thousand copies sold at one dollar each.

Items From the Ware Standard.

RECEIPTS.—The net receipts at the Unitarian Fair on Thursday, evening last week, amounted to \$131.

SCHOOLS.—The district schools in the village closed on Friday. The High School will close this week.

PARTNERSHIP.—Geo. H. Lyon has become partner with Virgil Guild in the shoe business, which they will start in the spring.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE.—Bills of exchange on England, Ireland and Scotland, can be furnished on application to B. P. Goff, who keeps a supply on hand from one pound upwards.

H. S. BLOOD AGAIN.—This gentleman who was called a doctor in a Chicago paper writes to us very indignantly because we intimated that he knew nothing about doctoring before he went West. He states that he is now a student in the Rush Medical College at Chicago, and don't profess to be a doctor yet, but means to be some time. The letter exhibits some bad blood, but after he gets his diploma and takes a dose of calomel and jalap his system will be cleared of ill humors.

ALARM OF FIRE.—On Monday afternoon a chimney in the old tavern house on Main street was burned out, and about nine in the evening fire was discovered coming through the roof.—A few pails of water extinguished the flames, when it was found that the fire must have been burning slowly all the afternoon. Had it got under full headway the fire must have swept the street. This is the third time this block has caught fire within a few weeks.

POLICE.—Mary Sullivan was brought before Justice Bakerbridge on Wednesday of this week, for selling liquor. The Justice in this case, by the urgent request of the party which prosecutes the majority of cases, departed from his usual practice in requiring some one of the evidence to swear to certain facts before the issuing of a writ, and issued his warrant for Mrs. Sullivan, and offered as evidence Joseph Marden, John Taaf, Thomas O'Keefe, Thomas Locke, and others. Some of the above named witnesses made such crooked statements, or so unreliable, that the defendant was discharged. This is but one of many cases that have occurred where persons have been sent to go into these dens of death sober and come out staggering, then on oath testify that they had not drunk a drop of intoxicating liquor. What reliance can a magistrate put on such men as these?

Solus Answered.

MR. EDITOR:—In the last No. of the Journal appeared a query under such friendly colors, I am constrained to reply. Thanking Socius for his doubtful compliments, I will answer to the best of my ability, with the same frankness, kindness and good faith which characterized the question. The form of the query does not, I think, convey its meaning. "Friend Zenas, in your theology where will such appear in the world to come?" The locality of their appearance is designated by Socius, by "in the world to come." I understand his meaning to be, "What will be their condition in the world to come?" It is my pleasure to feel the truth of the command, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye may have eternal life." They are the foundation of "my theology." On the point in question see 1st Cor. 15th, 41 to 44 verse. We there find a plain description of the universal condition of the race in the resurrection. Not all enjoy the same degree of glory as all have not the same capacity for it. Those who in this world lead pure, upright, Godly lives, studying to know and do the will of our Father in Heaven, are prepared to enter upon a higher degree of bliss than are those who may have led opposite lives. "For one star differeth from another star," not in misery, but "in glory." The attribute of every star is "glory," some possessing more than others. So in the resurrection; all are raised to a state of glory and happiness, but like the stars, vary in degree. We are taught by these passages that we are to be raised "incorruptible"—in "power and glory," and as we have borne the image of the earthy shall also bear the image of the Heavenly. These passages being devoid the mystery which surrounds some parts of the Bible, none, it appears to me, can be ignorant of their meaning, save such as "have hearts and understand not." If we may not agree as to the condition of all in the next world, we will disagree with kind, friendly feelings; and I, in error, am ready to so acknowledge upon being convinced. If true to your assumed name, upon you devolves the duty of enlightening me. ZENAS.

COMING RIGHT TO THE POINT.—The Committee on Federal Relations of the Michigan Legislature have introduced a bill making it a State prison offence for any person to bring a negro into the State claiming him as a slave.

DIVORCED.—The Detroit Free Press says that the girl, Judson, whose strange marriage with an old negro has made much talk, was divorced the other day. It is probable that the public will now hear no more of this disagreeable subject.

THE SMALL POX IN BOSTON.—The first death from small pox which has occurred in Boston for over a year, took place at the West End, on Monday last.

THE CITY GOVERNMENT OF LAWRENCE, Mass., have voted to enforce all laws of the Commonwealth for the suppression of the illegal traffic in intoxicating drinks.

A "MIXED COMPANY."—A negro man married an Irish woman in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Monday evening. There were present seven negroes with white wives.

SUICIDE BY A BOY.—A precocious boy, only nine years old, recently drowned himself at Carthage, Ohio, because his father had punished him for some misdemeanor.
